



P. La Vergne Inv.

H. P. Gault Sculp.

Andrew Baynes a Foot Pad



P. La Vergne Inv.

M. P. Gault Sculp.

Andrew Baynes a Foot Pad

A Compleat
HISTORY
OF THE
LIVES and ROBBERIES

Of the most Notorious

HIGHWAY-MEN, FOOT-PADS,
SHOP-LIFTS, and CHEATS, of
both **SEXES**, in and about *London,*
Westminster, and all Parts of *Great*
Britain, for above an **Hundred** Years
past, continu'd to the present Time.

By Capt. **ALEX. SMITH.**

VOL. II.

LONDON,

Printed for *Sam. Briscoe,* and sold by
A. Dodd, at the *Peacock* without
Temple-Bar. 1719.

W. Musgrave.



(i)



THE
PREFACE.



THE First Volume of
this History having
met with a kind Re-
ception in the World,
I have, at the Request
of several worthy and
very honest Gentlemen, been per-
swaded to oblige my Country with
a Second Volume, or Inventory of
other Mens Faults, which are not
made publick with an Intention the
VOL. II. A World

World should imitate them, that the Reader should be deterr'd by them from committing the like Crimes, and make his Advantage of their Misfortunes. I believe no Body of common Sense, who sees how miserable these Wretches have made themselves by their evil Courses, will be tempted to tread in the same Steps, which lead so directly to the Gallows: therefore I only shew which Way they took, how they stumbled, and hope that no Man in his Wits will be incited to follow them.

Such is the unaccountable Impudence intail'd by a R O G U E making his *Exit* at the *Tree*, on a R O G U E that's surviving, that if you examine him concerning the infamous Life he leads, he'll tell you, every Man robs in his own Way; and will not believe you (though ever so honest) an honest

honestest Man than himself : Thus we may perceive this is a very wicked Age we live in ; and, if in *Diogenes's* Time, Search was made after one honest Man with one Lanthorn, whoever does it now, will want two ; therefore the Incorrigible are to be fear'd, and all such as are profess'd Enemies to true Morality.

I acknowledge, Times past were as bad as the present ; and four or five thousand Years of Antiquity can furnish us with many Examples of Wickedness ; for there was many a Man that had his *Foible*, and could commit a Sin *apropos* ; but yet hath Vice thriv'd more in *England* since *Queen ELIZABETH's* Days, than ever it did in this Kingdom in all the Reigns before.

Herein we present the Reader with the Lives of the most notorious Murderers and Thieves

A 2 reigning

reigning from Sir *John Falstaff*, or rather *Thomas Dun*, who was a long Time before this robbing Knight, down to this present Time; being all such unhappy Wretches, whose bad Manners evidently shew'd the Malignity of their Hearts, and aggravated the Scandal of City, Town, and Country, to their Disadvantage. Indeed, they were so very miserable, as to deserve our Pity rather than Derision; but, nevertheless, give me Leave to say, (considering how very bad they were) the World has had a fair Riddance of them; for had they not been hang'd, we might have said, that *Right* and *Law* are every Day sold, and the Scales of Justice rise or fall as Gold turns the Balance, or Favour prevails.

Tho' Virtue is too apt to be rejected by many of both Sexes, yet is she ever supream over Vice, whose momentary Temptations very often bring

bring Men and Women to the Gallows; as evidently appears by the sad *Catastrophe* of the unfortunate Persons mention'd in this Piece of *Biography*, who all came to an untimely End, except Sir *John Falstaff*, and *Jane Frith*, commonly call'd *Moll Cutpurse*, whose Life, nevertheless, we here have inserted, because, in her Time, she was accounted the only *Sybilla Tyburnia*, and Oracle of Felony then in Request among all Highway-men, Foot-pads, House-breakers, Shop-lifts, Pick-pockets, and other Thieves. For Truth of this History, besides the most material Circumstances of Time, Place, Persons, and Crimes, very exactly observ'd, I have borrow'd several Relations from the Writings of some learned and eminent Divines of the *Church of England*, who gave to some of these unhappy Wretches their spiritual Advice, whilst under Sentence of Death.

But, by the Way, I must not forget to pay my Respects to Sir *Richard Steele*, for the Notice he was pleas'd to take of the first and second Volume of this History in his *English-man*, bearing this Motto :

—Little Villains must submit to
Fate,
That Great Ones may enjoy the World
in State. Disp.

Then that learned Gentleman, after making an excellent Discourse on Ambition, thus proceeds. “ But
“ let us turn our Thoughts from
“ those who have had Abilities and
“ Opportunities to make such ge-
“ neral Disasters, and consider, for
“ the Use of common and low
“ Life, Criminals of lower Order.
“ I had this Day sent me two Vo-
“ lumes, under the remarkable Ti-
“ tle of, *The History of the Lives*
“ of

“ of the most noted Highway-men,
 “ Foot-Pads, House-breakers, Shop-
 “ lifts, and Cheats of both Sexes, in
 “ and about London, and other
 “ Places of Great Britain, for above
 “ 50 Years last past; wherein their
 “ most secret and barbarous Mur-
 “ ders, and unparaell’d Robberies,
 “ notorious Thefts, and unheard of
 “ Cheats, are expos’d to the Publick,
 “ by Captain Alexander Smith.
 “ I have not had Time to peruse
 “ this curious Piece of Biography;
 “ but indeed my Curiosity is ex-
 “ tremely rais’d by a Table of all
 “ the memorable Passages contain’d
 “ in this History. There is a Sa-
 “ tisfaction to Curiosity, in know-
 “ ing the Adventures of the meanest
 “ of Mankind; and all that I can
 “ say of these Great Men in their
 “ Way, recorded by Capt. Smith,
 “ is, that I have more Respect for
 “ them, than for greater Criminals.
 “ Du Vall and others, whose Lives
 “ are

“ are written by the learned Capt.
 “ *Smith*, discover in many of their
 “ Actions, that they have a re-
 “ maining Sense of Honour; but
 “ only it is employ’d to a very bad
 “ Use, in being obnoxious to their
 “ Fellow-Creatures.

Now, to conclude, give me Leave
 to say, you shall seldom meet with
 Books of any Sort, but some Advan-
 tage may be had by reading them;
 where you will find Virtue che-
 rish’d and Vice punish’d. I doubt
 the Reader will find but little Men-
 tion of the former in this History,
 because the Persons of whom it
 treats ever practis’d the contrary.
 However, the sad Fate which at-
 tends the latter, being often tragi-
 cal, it is my hearty *Utinam*, that vi-
 cious Persons will so far reclaim, as
 not to put honest Men to the Trou-
 ble of seeking that Justice which
 brings them to an untimely End.

ALEXANDER SMITH.



A

T A B L E

Of all the

Memorable PASSAGES

Contain'd in the

Second VOLUME.

A.	Page
A ndrew Baynes goes off with 400 Pounds Worth of Goods into the Mint	17
Ditto, <i>sues the County for Money he never lost</i>	18
Archer, a Taylor, baited with a Bull-Dog	20
Andrew Baynes hang'd at Tyburn	23
<i>Alle congeal'd, used by Thieves for stealing Gold-Rings</i>	31
Abel sung to the King of Poland's Bears	40
Archbishop of Armagh robb'd	54
Archbishop of Tuam robb'd	54
Addison hang'd	62
A §	Aaron

The TABLE.

Aaron Jones hang'd for Murder	74
Austin murders his Aunt and her five Children, and his own Wife and two Children	161
Austin hang'd, with his last Request for Curds and Whey	162
Atkinson, a Highwayman, turns Tow-wow-setter	174
Atkinson hang'd, and his last Saying	183
Apothecary takes a Groat for eight and forty Shillings and Four-pence	228
Adams a Lieutenant robb'd	240
As's hunted for a Hair	258
Apothecary bit by a sham Fortune	265
Anthony Geary hang'd	316

B

Blanchard, a Shoe-maker, robb'd	20
Blister apply'd to the Generation-Tool of Dent, the informing Constable, who was deservedly kill'd in Covent-Garden	23
Booksellers robb'd	47
Bishop of Rapho robb'd	54
Barister of Lincolns-Inn robb'd	60
Black-Pudding flung at Daniel Burges's Head in his Meeting-House	72
Bookseller loses his Pocket-Book with a Filt	75
Bustock and File	76
Bond and Judgment, a mercenary Shoe-maker so call'd robb'd	92
Buckinghamshire Lace-man usually robb'd for Pastime	100
Butler hang'd in Chains	101
Bishop of Salisbury's Discourse with Capt. Uratz in Newgate	112
Borosby hang'd in Chains at Mile-End	119
Barn set on Fire	129
Butter Woman robb'd	170
Bully	

The TABLE

<i>Bully Dawson robb'd in a Gaming-House</i>	197
<i>Baker's Wife ravish'd and robb'd</i>	204
<i>Buckley hang'd at Nottingham</i>	209
<i>Bishop of Winchester robb'd</i>	235
<i>Bastard got in a Meeting-House</i>	242
<i>Bob Conyden unknowingly kill'd his Father's Man</i>	243
<i>Bob Conyden hang'd in Chains</i>	250
<i>Beveridge's Masquerading-School</i>	ibid
<i>Beau Medlicote robb'd</i>	274
<i>Bradshaw, Son of Bradshaw, who judg'd King Charles the First, knock'd o'th' Head</i>	275
<i>Black-Guard Boy chose Lord High-Steward</i>	294
<i>Betty the Cook hang'd</i>	317

C

<i>Country-man's Horse kill'd, and came to Life again</i>	280
<i>Centinel lost his Musquet</i>	261
<i>Character of a Quaker</i>	22
<i>Cafe, Student in Physick and Astrology, robb'd</i>	28
<i>Charles Moor hang'd</i>	30
<i>Country-man lost his Shirt off his Back unknown to him, 'till he went Home</i>	39
<i>Country-man had his Horse stoln from under him, unknown to him</i>	40
<i>Calf suck'd a Priest's Generation-Tool</i>	50
<i>Captain of the Foot-Guards robb'd</i>	59
<i>Chamber-Maid to the Dutchess of Marlborough robb'd</i>	61
<i>Character of a Sergeant</i>	ib.
<i>Character of a Whore</i>	246
<i>Christmas-Box, fill'd with Gunpowder, blown up</i>	71
<i>Captain of a Ship made to pick Oakum</i>	98
<i>Capt. Uratz hang'd at Pall-Mall</i>	119
<i>Capuchin Fryer robb'd of his Confession Box</i>	158
<i>Cook-Maid with Calf</i>	177
<i>Country-man loses his Fishing-Tackle</i>	186
<i>Character of a Mountebank</i>	203

The TABLE.

Character of a Baker	204
Character of a Pawn-Broker	205
Character of a Stock-Jobber	207
Confession of a dying Woman	220
Cheney try'd, condemn'd, and hang'd in one Day	222
Capt. Horn hang'd	223
Col. Kendal loses his Coach-Horses	227
Chancellor Jefferies lost his Purse and Mass	237
Capt. Shooter shot	241
Character of a Dutch Woman	244
Character of a Tal'y-man	275

D.

Duke of Monmouth robb'd	2
Description of the Poultry-Compter	ib.
Dudley hang'd for attempting to rob the Duke of Lauderdale	8
Description of the Marshalsea Prison	9
Duke d'Aumont, the French Ambassador, robb'd	62
Doctor Case, the Astrologer, robb'd	70
Doctor of Physick helps his own Goods on a Thief's Back	81
Drover robb'd, and dy'd in his Drunkenness	86
Dutch Co'onel robb'd	99
Dewster hangs his Brother, by being an Evidence	101
Dutchess of Norfolk personated by a Shop-lift	125
Duke of Beaufort's Stables broke open	131
Duke of Berwick robb'd	169
Douglas kill'd 29 Men, Women, and Children	188
Dutchess of Albemarle robb'd	189
Douglas vomits up a Pearl Necklace he had stoln	191
Douglas hang'd, and bury'd in Tyburn Road	194
Dr. Oats gagg'd and robb'd	197
Duke of Norfolk attack'd by a Highwayman	213
Dorbel hang'd	216

Dutchess

The TABLE.

204	<i>Dutchess of Mazarine and a Highwayman play at Dice</i>	
205		234
207	<i>Dutchess of Marlborough's Chamber-Maid robb'd</i>	247
220	<i>Duke of Medina-Celi robb'd</i>	299

E.

222		
223		
227		
237	<i>Earl of Rochester robb'd</i>	3
241	<i>Earl of Westmorland's House robb'd</i>	39
244	<i>Estrick hang'd</i>	36
275	<i>Elliot, a Watchman, kill'd</i>	37
	<i>Elby hang'd in Chains</i>	41
	<i>Expression wicked, of a Thief</i>	48
	<i>Escape of Patrick Flemming out of Cork Goal</i>	55
2	<i>Earl of Albemarle robb'd</i>	133
ib.	<i>Earl of Clare robb'd</i>	134
Lau.	<i>Epitaph on Moll Cutpurse</i>	152
8	<i>Earl stopp'd a strange Bung-Hole with his Finger</i>	179
9	<i>Edward Williams murder'd</i>	198
62	<i>Eames hang'd on his Birth-Day</i>	56
70	<i>Earl of Feversham's Lodgings robb'd</i>	260

F.

Back		
81		
86		
99	<i>French Peter hang'd</i>	33
101	<i>Fuller, the notorious Cheat, robb'd</i>	47
125	<i>Franciscan Fryer dreadfully affrighted</i>	50
131	<i>Fowler, a Barber, loses his Breeches</i>	77
169	<i>French Woman gagg'd and robb'd</i>	100
188	<i>Frank Osborn hang'd</i>	136
189	<i>Fletcher made Captain of the Thieves</i>	184
191	<i>Fletcher hang'd</i>	187

G.

194		
197		
213		
216	<i>General Monk robb'd</i>	5
utcheffs		<i>Goldsmiths</i>

The TABLE.

Goldsmith's robb'd in an empty House	34
Gettings hang'd	86
General Fairfax robb'd	143
Grazier's Pocket pick'd	144
Glasses magical	146, 147
George Seager Keel-haw'd	157
Gibson, Deputy-Governor of Portsmouth, pelted with Stones	154
Gibson trick'd by a private Centinel	155
George Seager runs the Gauntlet	157
George Seager hang'd	158
Gately, a Mountebank, robb'd	203
Gentleman ravish'd in a Coach	215
General Receiver of Reading robb'd	225
Gwin, a Writing-Master, hang'd	236
Gloucester Goal set on Fire	253
Goldsmith robb'd	249
Goodman, a Turnkey of Newgate, stab'd in Newgate	262
Gilder-Roy hang'd	303
Gypsies robb'd	309

H

Hacket hang'd	35
Hughes found a Pair of Tongues in the Chimney-Corner	42
Hughes scalded his Leg, tho' he put Joe Haynes's Powder of Post on it	45
Hughes hang'd, and anatomiz'd	48
Houghton, a Thief, kill'd in Clerken-well Bridewell	90
Hudson, Tapster to Jewkes a Victualler, hang'd	95
Hinton condemn'd in the Forenoon, and hang'd in the Afternoon	106
Highwayman goes to Church	180

The TABLE.

34	Horse betray'd his Master, by following a Market-Woman's Mare	182
86		
143	Hewson the Cobler robb'd	222
144	Horse-shoe fry'd	251
46, 147	Hawk flies into the Air with his Night-cap	257
157	Highwayman took for the Devil	281
ed with	Hofler robb'd	311
154	Hermaphrodite	313
155		

I

157	Justice of the Peace robb'd, and sent Home on an Ass	7
158		
203	Joe Johnson hang'd	11
215	Jemmy the Mouth hang'd	24
225	John Heath, alias How, hang'd	87
236	James Goswel hang'd	95
253	Jane Cook hang'd for having four Husbands	1b.
249	Jacob Delafae's Pocket pick'd	120
ewgate	Justice Brydal commits Moll Jones to Newgate	1b.
262	Jack Collins hang'd	231
303	Jack Collet robs in a Bishop's Robes	234
309	Jack Collet hang'd	235
	Johnson, a Grocer, robb'd	259
	Judge robb'd	301
	James Butler, a Highwayman, turns Mountebank	342
35	James Butler commits a horrid Murder	346
Corner	James Butler trick'd	348
42	James Butler hang'd with one Nodes.	352
aynes	James Vilet put to his Neck-Verse	355
45	James Vilet betray'd by an Alarum of a Watch	356
48		

K

ell 90	Keele pillory'd for Blasphemy	89
95	Keele hang'd on Clerkenwell Green	91
in the	King of Poland robb'd	109
106		
190		
Horse		Knight

The TABLE.

<i>Knight robb'd of a Purse of Counters</i>	166
<i>Knowles, an Apothecary, his Daughter loses a Pearl Necklace</i>	190
<i>King Charles the Second robb'd</i>	226
<i>Kir Moor and Daniel Hughes hang'd</i>	232
<i>King William's Tent robb'd</i>	262
<i>Kelsey hang'd three Hours in Newgate-Street</i>	270
<i>Kirkham, a Player, hang'd</i>	270
<i>Kit Dickson robs an old Man of a Pair of Spectacles</i>	279
<i>Keele and Lowther hang'd on Clerkenwell Green, and then in Chains at Holloway</i>	314
<i>Knap, a Gentlewoman, kill'd</i>	353

L

<i>Landlord robb'd for being cruel to a Tenant</i>	13
<i>Lord Mohun and a Highwayman swear for a Wager</i>	16
<i>Letter from a Thief to 'Squire Glover</i>	36
<i>Lieutenant Lord robs a Foot-Pad, and ryes him Neck and Heels</i>	39
<i>Lady Baltimore robb'd of her Son</i>	54
<i>Lowther hang'd</i>	73
<i>Lamas murder'd</i>	74
<i>Lord Bolinbroke apprehends Gettings, a Highwayman</i>	86
<i>Lady Dartmouth's House robb'd</i>	97
<i>Lord Cutts's House broke open and robb'd</i>	158
<i>Lord Delamere robb'd</i>	167
<i>Lawyer out-witted by a condemn'd Thief</i>	213
<i>Lady Fairfax robb'd</i>	220
<i>Lady Auverquerque robb'd</i>	239
<i>Lord Brandon Garrard</i>	242
<i>Lady Grace Pierpoint robb'd</i>	261
<i>Lorimer's Ghost appears in Newgate</i>	293

The T A B L E.

M

166 a Pearl		
190	Mercer robb'd, and put into Adams's Madhouse at Ful-	
226	ham	25
232	Marquis of Antrim robb'd	53
262	Miss of the Town robb'd	60
ib.	Maw carry'd to be bury'd alive	64
270	Maw hang'd	67
279 spectacles	Martin Wew kill'd	79
279	Madam Churchill hang'd	ib.
279 een, and	Moll Jones hang'd	125
314	Mary Motte hang'd, for killing her Bastard Child	129
353	Mercy Harvey hang'd, for killing her Bastard Child	132
	Mary Frith's Parentage, otherwise call'd Moll Cut-	137
	purse	140
13 ager 16	Moll Cutpurse dress'd in Man's Apparel	145
36	Moll Cutpurse accus'd an Hermaphrodite	148
m Neck	Moll Cutpurse turns Bawd	149
39	Moll Cutpurse dies of the Dropsy	197
54	Misery of Prisoners in the Gatehouse	198
73	Morgan hang'd at Preston	217
74	Mul-sack, a Murderer and Highwayman	218
wayman	Mul-sack marries an Hermaphrodite	224
86	Mul-sack robb'd the Rump-Parliament of the Common-	226
97	wealth's Money	241
158	Mul-sack hang'd in Smithfield-Rounds	242
167	Macqueer hang'd	289
213	Mr. Cook, an Upholsterer, robb'd	308
220	Mustapha Poccowatchler, a Turk, hang'd for Buggary	354
239	Maccartney hang'd	
242	Man loses his Horses out of his Cart, whilst asleep	
261		
293		
293 Mercer		Norwich

The TABLE.

N

Norwich Will hang'd	25
Nan Harris hang'd	32
Nicholas Hatfield	41
Noy, the Attorney-General, robb'd	181
Norton, a Silversmith, robb'd	259
Newgate set on Fire	271
Nan Hereford hang'd	ib.

O

Oliver Cromwell's Pocket pick'd	223
Oliver Cromwell robb'd on Hounslow-Heath	ib.
Oldys the Poet lost his Sword	239
Ogden, a Highwayman, dy'd dancing	277
Orders of the Black-Guards	294
Oliver Cromwell robb'd	300
Officer lost his Cloak	360

P

Proverb	71
Pontack, the Mutton-Chop seller by Christ's-Hospital, robb'd	37
Patrick Flemming hang'd at Dublin	57
Peter Cartwright hang'd	58
Parson lost his Gold, for not telling what Speech it was	59
Palmer, a Victualler, robb'd	ib.
Perry, Sattler at Clerkenwell Bridewell, kill'd	73
Persons, attending a Thief to his Grave, robb'd	107
Pick-pocket puts himself into a Country Pillory, whilst his Comrades pick the Gazers Pockets	126
Pick-	Pick-

The TABLE.

Pick pocket caught with Fish-Hooks sew'd in a Gentle- man's Pocket	127
Pieces of Gold put into Tully	172
Presteen Church robb'd	198
Pawn-Broker robb'd	248
Pat King, a Strumpet	250
Parson treats a Man for robbing him	273
Price the Hangman Keel-hawl'd	321
Price the Hangman ravish'd an old Woman	329
Price the Hangman hang'd in Chains	330
Pigs transform'd into Puppies	338
Priest that cheated Queen Mary, robb'd	344
Parson privately robb'd	358

Q

Quakers of the Female Sex robb'd, and ty'd stark-naked to a Tree	21
Question propounded by a Thief to a Virtuoso of the Royal Society	71
Question asking caus'd a Man to be hang'd	290
Quaker kill'd	292

R

Richardson, Keeper of Newgate, robb'd	4
Rowland hang'd	131
Roderick Audrey robs with a Sparrow	332
Roderick Audrey hang'd	341

S

Sergeant barbarously kill'd at Tangier.	2
Saying of a Highwayman to the Earl of Rochester's Chaplain	4
Swift Nicks rid 150 Miles in a Day	5

The TABLE.

St. Peter's Beard presented to the Pope by an English Highwayman	6
Stratagem us'd by Women who plead their Bellies in Court	32
Shotland flings away his Shoes at the Gallows	34
Stanley hang'd for Murder	37
Saying of Sir Peter King, Recorder of London	44
Sir Donnagh O-Bryan sadly mangled	56
Sergeant of the Poultry-Compter robb'd	61
Saying of a Thief as he was going to Tyburn	65
Seabrook, a Broker, went to sell a Minister his own Gown and Cassock	66
Silver Spoon fetch'd from Hell	69
Saying of William Fuller, the notorious Cheat, when robb'd of Twopence Half-penny	84
'Squire Dashwood and his Lady robb'd	ib.
Sir James Bateman robb'd in his own Garden	ib.
Saying of a Thief to one that had bought stoln Goods of him	97
Sir John Friend's House broke open and robb'd	98
Smith, a Victualler, went to take Possession of an Estate, which was never left him	121
Saying of a Criminal at Tyburn	142
Sow went to Moll Curpurse for her Pigs	147
Seager set on a wooden Horse, to ride it to water	155
Sayings of Thieves at the Place of Execution	159
Sympson debauches a Woman on a Chest, in which her Husband lay hid, who had a little before cuckolded him	163
Sympson's Sayings when he was repriev'd	165
Sympson robs in Skates upon the Thames]	166
Sympson hang'd	170
Scotch Oaths	189
Sayings of a Thief to a Bellman and Hangman	193
	194
Stockjobber's House set on Fire	208
	sayings

The TABLE.

sayings of condemn'd Persons	232
English Sharp, a Buccaneer, robb'd	247
6 Laying of David Hughes at the Gallows	260
lies in Laying of a Thief to the Ordinary of Newgate	287
32 Laying of Jack Barber at the Gallows	288
34 Laying of James Leonard at the Gallows	289
37 Scripture perverted	291
44 Sir Thomas Rochford's House broke open	305
56 Sir Ralph Delaval robb'd	312
61	
65	
T	
on Gown 66 Roby, a Strumpet, robb'd by a Thief that pretended to	
69 be dumb	17
t, when 69 Tom Bets stole one of the Czar of Muscovy's Bears	
84	18
ib. Toothless Tom hang'd	35
ib. Thomas, a Shoemaker, loses a Guinea out of his Mouth	
Goods of 38	
97 Tripeman hang'd	42
98 Thomas Smith hang'd	74
n Estate 98 Tradesman, lately turn'd an Officer in the Army, robb'd	
121	83
142 Trial of Hinton	101
147 Thomas Thynn, Esq; murder'd in his Coach	110
r 155 Tom Taylor hang'd	129
159 Tom Rowland lay with a Whore on the Morning he	
lich ber was hang'd	131
uckolded 163 Thief abuses the Judges and Lord-Mayor on the Bench	
163	136
165 Hurston, Mayor of Thornbury, robb'd	188
166 Thomas Wynn, Esq; robb'd	200
170 Thief sav'd from the Gallows, by another Thief, owning	
189 a Crime which he did not commit	212
193 Trial of Jack Collings	229
194 Hurstby, a Barister, robb'd	237
208	Thief
sayings	

The T A B L E.

Thief not hang'd for being a Liar

329

V

Verses put into a Bible

18

Venetian Ambassador robb'd

19

Victualler robb'd

20

W

Wicks hang'd at Warwick

17

Water-Pad

33

Waldren hang'd

44

Woman buys a Rope for her Husband, when he went to be hang'd

48

Wanfel, a Hosier, robb'd

120

Welsh Drovers robb'd

160

Woman frighten'd by going to see a Man hang'd in Chains

199

Winterringham hang'd

201

Welshman recovers his Loss of Money from a Highway man, whom he perswaded to shoot his Coat full of Holes

211

Woman shav'd from Top to Bottom

218

Williams a Gunsmith robb'd

237

Wife, Child, and Maid of Capt. Githings, murdered

249

Woman call'd at a Pawnbrokers for her Smock, as she went to be hang'd

310

Will Clark and James Vilet cunningly cheated a Vintner

351

Yalden

The TABLE.

Y

Yalden's House broke open	35
Yarrold hang'd for stealing a Gelding	136

Z

Zouch murder'd her Bastard Child	120
Zachary Wilmot, a Knight, kill'd	161



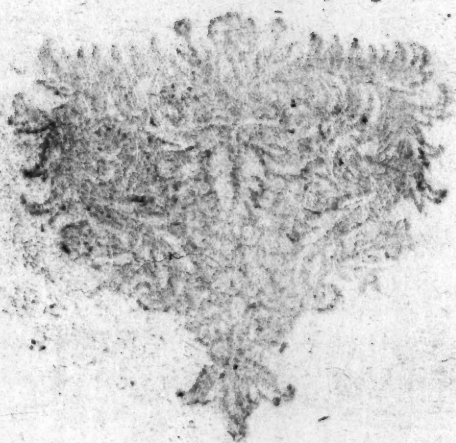
TABLE I

1871
1872

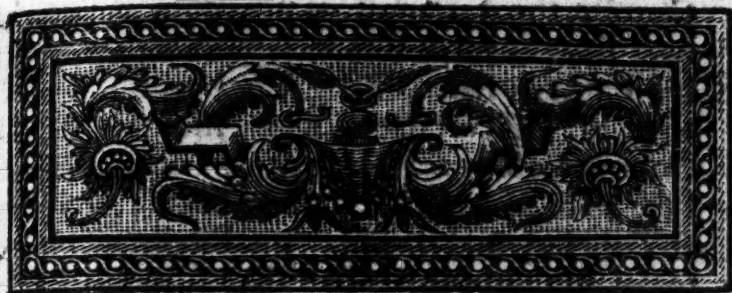
Notes: These books are
not to be used for anything but

1873
1874

Notes: These books are
not to be used for anything but



1875



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Lives of *Highwaymen, &c.*

~~~~~  
*Captain DUDLEY, Murderer and  
Highwayman.*



*Richard Dudley, was a Gentle-  
man descended of a very good  
Family in Northamptonshire,  
but his Father being ruin'd for  
exerting his Loyalty in the  
Time of the unhappy Rebel-  
lion, when a curs'd Repub-  
lican Party most villanously murder'd King  
Charles*

Vol. II.

B



*Charles* the First before his own Palace, he had little or no Estate left him; yet, for his Father's Sake, King *Charles* the Second, after his Restauration, gave him a Captain's Commission in a Regiment of Foot; in which Post he behav'd himself very severe; for being at *Tangier*, and one Day the Regiment order'd to be drawn out in Battalia, Captain *Dudley* perceiving one of the Men belonging to his Company, to stand a little out of his Rank, he presently commanded a Serjeant to knock him down; accordingly the Command was obey'd, but not to his Liking; for calling the Serjeant to him again, and taking the Halbert out of his Hand, quoth he, *When I command you to knock down a Man, knock him down thus:* So with the right End of the Halbert, he cleft his Skull in Two; of which he immediately dy'd.

When *Tangier* was demolish'd, and all our Forces were then recall'd from thence, *Dick Dudley* came into *England* at the same Time; but living here at a very extravagant Rate, he could support himself no manner of Way, but by taking on the Road what he thought was a fair Prize. The Highway he quickly made his Exchange, and would venture very boldly for what he got; but one Time being apprehended (in *London*, for robbing the Duke of *Monmouth* near *Harrow i' th' Hill* he was committed to the *Poultry Compter*, whither a Man need not fail, for this Prison is a Ship of it self.

## Murderer and Highwayman. 3

self, where the Master-side is the upper Deck; They in the Common-side, lie under Hatches, and help to ballast it. Intricate Cases are the Tacklings, Executions the *Anchors*, *Capias's* the Cables, Chancery-Bills the huge Sails, a long Term the Main-Mast, Law the Helm, a Judge the Pilot, a Barrister the Purser, an Attorney the Boatswain, his Clerk the Swabber, Bonds the Waves, Outlawries sudden Gusts, the Verdicts of Juries rough Winds, and Extents the Rocks that split all in Pieces. Or, if it be not a Ship, yet this and a Ship differ not much in the Building, for the one is a moving Misery, the other standing. The first is seated on a Spring, the Second on Piles. Either this Place is the Emblem of a Bawdy-House, or a Bawdy-House of it, for nothing is to be seen in any Room but scurvy Beds, and bare Walls: Nevertheless, it is a sort of an University of poor Scholars, in which Three Arts are chiefly study'd, *viz.* To pray, to curse, and to write Letters.

But *Dudley* breaking out of this Mansion of Sorrow and Tribulation, not long after obtaining his Liberty, he met with *John Wilmot*, Earl of *Rocheſter*, as coming from his Seat at *Woodſtock*, and setting on his Lordſhip, and his Retinue, which was his Chaplain, a couple of Footmen, and a Groom, he took from him above One Hundred Guineas, and a Gold Watch. The Chaplain then beginning to Catechiſe *Dudley* for his unlawful Actions,

Quoth he, *I don't think I commit any Sin in robbing a Person of Quality, because I keep generally pretty close to the Text, Feed the Hungry, and send the Rich empty away.* Which was true in the Main, for whenever he had got any considerable Booty from Great People, he would very generously extend his Charity to such whom he really knew to be poor.

After this Exploit, Dick Dudley meeting Captain Richardson, the Keeper of Newgate, on the Road betwixt London and Tunbridge, in whose Clutches he had been Three or Four Times, he commanded him to stand and deliver; but Richardson refusing to deliver, withal threatening what he would do, if ever he came into his Custody again; Quoth he, *I expect no Favour from the Hands of a Jaylor, who comes of the Race of those Angels that fell with Lucifer from Heaven, whither you'll never return again. Of all your Bunches of Keys, no one bath Wards to open that Door; for a Jaylor's Soul stands not upon those Two Pillars that support Heaven, Justice and Mercy; it rather sits upon those Two Footstools of Hell, Wrong and Cruelty. So make no more Words about your Purse, for have it I will, or else your Life.* Hereupon Captain Richardson was oblig'd to grant his Request, and betwixt Dudley and the Waters drinking at Tunbridge went Home as well purg'd and cleans'd as a Man could desire.



*Murderer and Highwayman.* 5

This daring Robber had committed several most notorious Robberies on the Road, with that famous Highwayman on whom King Charles the Second was pleas'd to confer the Name of *Swifticks*, from his robbing a Gentleman near *Barnet*, about Five in the Morning, being come then from *Boson's-Inn* in *London*, and taking from him Five Hundred and Sixty Guineas; he rid strait to *York*, and appear'd there on the Bowling-Green, about Six in the Evening of the same Day; and being apprehended and try'd for the aforesaid Robbery, before Judge *Twisden*, being acquitted of it, and the Judge mistrusting something of the Matter, after strictly examining him, Mr. *Nicks*, otherwise call'd *Swifticks*, own'd the Fact, when he was out of Danger; and was made a Captain in the Lord *Moncastle's* Regiment in *Ireland*, where he married a great Fortune; and afterwards liv'd very honest. But at last, this Country being too hot for *Dick Dudley*, upon the Account of robbing General *Monk*, who had order'd a strict Search to be made after him, he was forc'd to fly into *France*; from whence travelling to *Rome*, he was in very great Necessities indeed; but wearing the Garb or Habit of a Pilgrim, and pretending he came from visiting the Sepulchre at *Jerusalem*, and all the other Places usually visited there by Pilgrims, he desir'd to be admitted to the Pope's Presence for his Benediction, but more



truly in Hopes of getting Money out of him, which he usually gave Pilgrims at their Return from that Holy Place. Now, *Dudley* being told by a Cardinal, that he could not have Admission to the Presence of his Holiness, unless he brought some Reliques; our counterfeited Pilgrim told him he had some at his Lodging: So taking his Leave, after rambling about the City, he heard of an old fat Hostess had been lately hang'd for poisoning one of her Guests, and that she was deliver'd to the Chyrurgeons to be anatomiz'd. This put a strange Whim in his Hand; which was, to get the hairy Circle of her Merkin, and which, one of the Surgeon's Men, for half a Ducat, help'd him to. This he dry'd well, and comb'd out, and then return'd to the Cardinal, telling him, he had brought *St. Peter's Beard*, which he bought for a great Price of the Fathers of the Sepulchre. The Cardinal admir'd this Relique, and looking earnestly on it, clapp'd it on his Chin, saying, *If it was true, it was a Jewel worth a Kingdom*; and immediately introduc'd him to his Holiness, who was in as much Wonder, strictly examining the Truth of it, and saying, *They had his Skull already, but never heard his Beard was preserv'd.* But *Dick Dudley* gave them such plausible Reasons as to the Truth of it, that he gain'd Credit; and the *Pope* putting it upon his Mouth, as the Cardinal had done, and in a Manner worshipping the Merkin, with of-

*Murderer and Highwayman.* 7

ten kissing it, demanded why there was so much Hair on the one Side, and so little on the other. O! said our sham Pilgrim, *your Holiness well knows St. Peter was a Jew by Birth, and us'd to play much on the Jews-Harp; so that by often rubbing and twanging with his Fingers, he rubb'd off the Hair on the Right Side of his Face.* This gaining Credit also, the Relique was set up in the Repository of Rarities, in a Cristal Shrine, to be ador'd by Superstitious Votaries, and 100 Ducats were order'd our Pilgrim; who, fearing the Cheat should come to Light, soon left *Rome*, and travell'd into *Spain*, where embarking on Board an *English Merchant Ship* lying then at *Calais*, he return'd to *England*, out of which he had been absent Two Years.

Not long after his Arrival into this Kingdom again, meeting with a Justice of the Peace on the Road, betwixt *Midhurst* and *Horsham*, in the County of *Sussex*, *Stand and deliver*, was the Language in which he spoke to his Worship, who making a very stout Resistance, he shot *Dudley's Horse* under him; but at the same Time, being wounded in his Arm, was oblig'd to surrender at Discretion. Then the resolute Highwayman searching his Pockets, out of which he took 28 Guineas, a Gold Watch, and Silver Tobacco-Box, next, securing the Magistrate's Horse, quoth he, *Since your Worship has grievously*

youſtly broke the Peace, in committing a moſt horrid and barbarous Murder on my Prancer, which with my Aſſiſtance, was able to get his Living in any Ground in England, I muſt make bold to take your Horſe by way of Re- priſal; however, I'll not be ſo uncivil as to let a Man of your Character go Home a Foot, for, for once, and not uſe it, I'll make one Juſtice of Peace carry another. So ſtepping into a Field where an Aſs was grazing, he brought him into the Road, and putting the Juſtice on his Back, as he was tying his Legs under the Beaſt's Belly, quoth he, I know I offend againſt the Rules of Heraldry, in putting Metal upon Metal; but as there's no general Rule without an Exception, I doubt not but all the Heralds will excuſe this Solaciſm committed in their Art, which I look upon to be as great a Bite and Cheat as Aſtrology. Then taking his Leave of the Juſtice, his Worſhip rid a very ſolemn Pace, till the grave Creature brought him ſafe into Petworth, where his Worſhip had as many People ſtaring at him, as if he had been riding through the Town in Triumph.

At laſt, Dick Dudley attempting to rob the Duke of Lauderdale, as riding over Hounſlow Heath, he was conquer'd in this Enterprize and committed to Newgate; and when he came to his Tryal at Juſtice-Hall in the Old Bailey, above 80 Indictments being preferred againſt him for Robberies only committed in the



## 9

a most  
cancer,  
get his  
I must  
of Re-  
as to la-  
a Foot;  
ake one  
stepping  
ing, he  
ting the  
his Leg  
know  
a putting  
genera-  
t but a  
commi-  
to be  
e. The  
Worth  
ve Cre-  
h, wh  
flaring  
ough  
o-rob  
Hounst  
interpr  
when  
the C  
prefe  
mitte

NED WICKS, *a Highwayman.*

know I  
a putting  
general  
t but all  
commit-  
to be as  
e. Then  
Worship  
ve Crea-  
h, where  
flaring at  
ough the  
o rob the  
Hounslow  
interprize  
when he  
the Old  
prefer'd  
mitted in  
th



to be his Father's Heir in't. It is an infected Pest-House all the Year long; and, *Lord have Mercy upon us*, may well stand upon these Doors; for Debt here, as well as Felony, is a most dangerous and catching Pestilence. In this Place is a lively Representation of the Iron-Age, since nothing but gingling of Keys, and rattling of Shackles, Bolts, and Grates, are here to be heard; and it is the *Trojan Horse*, in whose Womb are shut up all the mad *Greeks* that were Men of Action.

However, *Ned Wicks* was not long under Confinement, before he obtain'd his Liberty, by his Friends making up the Business with his Adversary, to whom 60 Guineas were given, for taking from him but 30 Shillings. Then running *Jebu* like to his Destruction as fast as he could, he kept Company with one *Joe Johnson*, alias *Sanders*; with whom going once on the Road, they met, between *Hounslow* and *Colebrook*, with a Stage-Coach, having Four Gentlemen in it; who seeing them come pretty near the Coach, and perceiving they had sometimes Masks on, were apprehensive of their Intention of robbing them; and upon that, one of them shot *Joe Johnson* with a Brass Piece, or Blunderbus, and lodg'd Seven or Eight Bullets in his Body; but *Wicks* rode clear off, without any Hurt, whilst his Comrade was apprehended, and, on Suspicion, sent to *Newgate*; where he was charg'd by one *Mr. Woolly*, with robbing him

of a Silver Watch, and some Money, on the Highway; for which he was hang'd at Tyburn, on Wednesday the 7th of February, 170<sup>4</sup>, Aged 22 Years.

But the untimely End of this Fellow making no Impression on Wicks's bad Manners, he still pursues his wicked Courses with a great deal of Pleasure and Satisfaction; and one Day the Duke of Marlborough being at St. Albans, after he was in Disgrace, Ned being then in the Town, and ruminating on the old Proverb, *Fallere fallentem non est fraus*, he thought it no Injustice to finger a little of his Grace's Money; but having too great a Retinue with him when he left that Place, our Highwayman durst not venture to make an Attack; so riding towards Chestnut, in the same County, he put into a bye sort of a House a little out of the Road, in which, finding only a poor old Woman, bitterly weeping, and asking her the Reason of shedding those Tears, she told him, That she was a poor Widow, and being somewhat indebted for Rent to her Landlord, she expected him every Minute to come and seize what few Goods she had, which would be her utter Ruin. Wicks bid her rest contented, and he would make Things easy; so pulling off his rich lac'd Cloaths, and putting on an old Coat which his Landlady lent him, and had also secur'd his Horse in an old Barn; presently after, the old Miser of a Landlord came and demanded

demanded his Rent: Hereupon Ned rising out of the Chimney-Corner, with a short Pipe in his Mouth, quoth he, *I understand, Sir, that my Sister here, poor Woman! is behind-hand for Rent, and that you design to seize her Goods; but as she is a desolate Widow, and hath not wherewithal to pay you at present, I hope you will take so much Pity and Compassion on her mean Circumstances, as not to be too severe: Pray let me persuade you to have a little Forbearance.* The Landlord reply'd, *Don't tell me of Forbearance, I'll not pity People, to ruin my self; I'll have my Money; I want my Rent; and if I am not paid now, I'll seize her Goods forthwith, and turn her out of my House.* When Ned found that no Intreaties nor Persuasions would prevail with the old Cuff, to have Patience with the poor Woman a little longer, he said, *Come, come, let's see a Receipt in Full, and I'll pay it.* Accordingly a Receipt was given, and the Rent paid; then the Landlord being upon going away, quoth Wicks, *'Tis drawing towards Night, Sir, and there's great Robbing Abroad, therefore I would advise you to stay here till to Morrow, and take the Day before you.* No, no, (reply'd the Country Fellow) *I'll go Home now; I shall reach Seven Miles yet, by that Time 'tis Dark.* Ah! Sir, said Ned again, *but let me persuade you to tarry here; for indeed there's great Robbing Abroad. I don't care* (cry'd the Landlord) *what Robbing there is*

*Abroad,*



Abroad, I'll go Home now; besides, I don't fear Robbing by any one Man, let him be who he will. So taking his Horse, away he rid, and Wicks after him, dress'd then in his fine Clothes; and meeting him at a Pond, where he knew he must pass by, he did not only bid him stand and deliver, but presenting him also with a whole Volley of first-rate Oaths, he so frightened him out of his Wits, that he deliver'd all the Money he had lately received, and as much more to it. Then Wicks riding back to the old Woman again, and disguising himself as before, 'twas not long after e'er the Landlord came to the House again, and knocking at the Door, quoth Wicks, *Who's there?* The Landlord said, *'Tis I.* Replied Wicks, *What I?* *Why, 'tis I,* quoth the Country-Fellow again. At these Words, the old Woman cried, *O! dear, 'tis my Landlord.* So letting him in, he told his Grievance with a great deal of Sorrow; as how he was robbed by a Rogue in a lac'd Coat, who swore a thousand Oaths at him, and had certainly killed him, if he had not given all his Money. *Ay* (quoth Wicks) *I told you there was great Robbing abroad, but you would not take my Advise; now I hope you'll stay here, Sir, till Morning.* However, he did not; for having given an Account of his Misfortune, he made the best of his way homewards.

A little after the Performance of this Exploit, Ned Wicks being in London, and going one Night along Drury-Lane, dress'd much like



like a Gentleman, who should make a shame  
 Stumble by him, but one Madam Toby, a noted  
 Jilt; whereupon catching hold on her Arm  
 to save her from falling, she return'd him ma-  
 ny Thanks; and for his Civility, invited him  
 to her Lodging just by in *Princes-Street*, where  
 she would also make him a suitable Return for  
 his Courtesy. Now Wicks, by his Behaviour  
 in not speaking, seem'd to be dumb, but ne-  
 vertheless, by the Signs he made, he intimated  
 that he accepted of Madam Toby's Proffer  
 who thinking him to be really speechless, she  
 said as they went along, *Oh! dear Sir, 'tis a  
 thousand Pities that such a handsome likely Man  
 as you are, should be dumb.* As soon as he  
 came to her Lodgings, he made a Sign for Pen  
 Ink and Paper to be brought him; whereby sig-  
 nifying his Desire of having a couple of Bottles  
 of Claret, and a Fowl for Supper, he gave the  
 Maid a Guinea to provide it. Whilst she was  
 gone to get what was order'd, he, by writing  
 his Mind, desir'd to know of Madam Toby  
 who was every now and then crying, *What  
 Pity is it such a fine well-bred Gentleman should  
 be dumb!* the Price of a Night's Lodging  
 which was two Guineas, as she signify'd by  
 holding up two Fingers.---So the Bargain being  
 made, after Supper they went very lovingly to  
 Bed; but in the middle of the Night, Ned  
 Wicks arising, and taking a couple of Pistols  
 out of his Pockets, which he presented to Ma-  
 dam Toby's Breast, quoth he, *You jilting B---b*  
*I must*

*I must have my two Guineas again, and more  
boot; therefore if you offer to make the least  
Noise, these fatal Instruments of Death shall  
send both Body and Soul to the D--l at once.*  
Our Lady of Iniquity was in a great Surprize  
to hear her suppos'd Cully use his Tongue; but  
not daring to speak for her Life, he did not  
only tie her both Hand Foot, but also taking  
from her a very good Watch, a Gold Locker,  
a Gold Bracelet, a Silver Cup, half a Dozen  
Silver Spoons, a Velvet Hood, and Velvet  
Scarf, he then left her in a deep Study how to get  
more. When Wicks was gone, she cry'd out,  
*Murder and Thieves*, with such an audible  
Voice, that alarming all the House, the Land-  
lord, Landlady, and Maid, came running naked  
into Madam Toby's Chamber, where finding  
her bound fast to her good Behaviour, after  
they had set her loose, she told them of her ir-  
recoverable Loss, and swore she would never  
pick up dumb Men again.

Another Time Ned Wicks meeting with the  
late Lord Mohun on the Road betwixt Windsor  
and Colebrook, attended only with a Groom  
and one Footman, he commanded his Lordship  
to stand and deliver, for he was in great want  
of Money, and Money he would have before  
they parted. His Honour pretending to have a  
great deal of Courage, swore he should fight  
for it then. Wicks very readily accepted the  
Proposal, and preparing his Pistols for an En-  
gagement, his Lordship seeing his Resolution,  
he

he began to hang an Arse; which his Antagonist perceiving, he began to be Cock-on-hoop saying, *All the World knows me to be a Man, and tho' your Lordship was concern'd in the cowardly murdering of Mumford the Player and Captain Coot; yet I'm not to be frightened at that; therefore down with your Gold, or else expect no Quarter.* His Lordship now meeting with his Match, it put him into such a passionate Fit of swearing, that Wicks, not willing to be outdone in any Wickedness. Quoth he, *My Lord, I perceive you swear perfectly well ex tempore; come, I'll give your Honour a fair Chance for your Money, and that is, he that swears best of us two, shall keep his own, and his that loseth.* His Lordship agreed to this Bargain, and throws down a Purse of Fifty Guineas, which Wicks match'd with a like Sum. After a quarter of an Hour's swearing most prodigiously on both sides, it was left to my Lord's Groom to decide the Matter; who said, *Why, indeed your Honour swears as well as ever I heard a Person of Quality in my Life; but indeed, to give the strange Gentleman his due, he has won the Wager, if 'twas for a Thousand Pounds.* Whereupon, Wicks taking up the Gold, he gave the Groom a Guinea, and rid about his Business.

But not long after this, Ned Wicks being apprehended in London, for a Robbery done in Warwickshire, he was committed to Newgate; from whence attempting to break out, he was quickly



quickly removed to *Warwick* Goal; where being try'd at the *Affizes* held there in *July*; he was condemn'd to die; which fatal News coming to his Parents, they made great Friends to save the Life of this their only Child, but to no Purpose; for no Mercy being to be obtain'd for him, he was executed at *Warwick*, on *Saturday* the 29th of *August*, 1713, aged 29 Years.

ANDREW BAYNES; a Foot-Pad.

THIS *Andrew Baynes* was from his Infancy of a vicious Inclination, and tho' he had the natural Sense to know he was in an Error; yet was he resolv'd his Heart should be still the same. When he first display'd his Vanity, he began with defrauding and cheating all he had to deal with, especially by taking great Houses; and then getting Upholsterers to furnish 'em, ran away with their Goods by Night. Thus would he also trick Brasiers, Pewterers, Limners, Cabinet-Makers, and other Tradesmen, as particularly once by taking a House in *Red-Lyod-Square*, from whence he carried above 400 Pound-worth of Goods into the *Mint*; but was took out from thence by Virtue of a *Post-Comitatus*, and sent to Jail.

Ano-



## 18 ANDREW BAYNES,

Another Time being in great want of Money, (for what such Rogues get over the Devil's Back, is always spent under his Belly) he went to a Justice of the Peace at *Norwich*, before whom he swore (tho' he had not lost a Farthing) that he was robb'd of 150 Pounds within 5 Miles of that City, betwixt Sun and Sun; and brought 3 or 4 as great Knaves as himself to depose he had to their Knowledge so much Money when he left such a Place; then suing the County, he recover'd his pretended Loss.

Afterwards his profligate Course of Life tempting him to greater Villanies, he turn'd House-breaker with one *Tom Bets*, who was a notorious Offender in this kind; for being cast once for a Felony at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Baily*, he was by an Order of Court sent into the Foot-Service in *Flanders*; after which he suffer'd a great deal of Hardship; For being first commanded into *Germany*, he was there taken Prisoner by the *French*, and carried to *Lewk*; after a long starving Confinement, he made his Escape, and went to *Fern* in *Sweden*, where being list'd into the King's Service to go into *Poland*, he ran away; and coming into *Holland*, he enter'd himself on Board a *Dutch* Man of War that was to convoy a Fleet from *Muscovy*; where going ashore, he stole one of the Czar's Bears in the Night, and returning to *Holland* again, shew'd it, after his Discharge from 5 Months Service, about

s,  
of Mo-  
e Devil's  
he went  
, before  
t a Far-  
Pounds  
sun and  
haves as  
ledge fo  
e; then  
retended  
of Life  
e turn'd  
no was a  
r being  
House in  
f Court  
s; after  
ardship:  
any, he  
ach, and  
ng Con-  
went to  
nto that  
n away;  
himself  
t was to  
e going  
rs in the  
, shew'd  
Service,  
about

about *Amsterdam*; and getting Money thereby, he came over to *England*, where he was hang'd at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 15th of *May*, 1706, for robbing the House of the Lord *Gorges* in *Covent-Garden*. But his untimely End working no good Effects in his Comrade *Andrew Baynes*, he still follow'd the Faculty of House-breaking, till he was condemn'd for it in 1709, and had the good Fortune to be re-triev'd; yet not making good Use of that Mercy, a little after his Liberty was obtain'd, he robb'd the Earl of *Westmorland's* House, taking from thence several Gold Medals, his Lordship's Parliament-Robes, Damask Cur-tains, Cloaths, Linnen, and other Goods, to the Value of 500 Pounds; for which being ap-prehended upon the Information of one *Daniel Waters*, (a Shoemaker concern'd with him in the same Fact, and so hang'd in *August*, 1713, at *Maidstone* in *Kent*) he was committed to the *Marshalsea* - Prison, *Southwark*; from whence being remov'd by a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* to *Newgate*, he was condemned again; but saved his Life once more, by a Restitution of most part of the Goods which he had stollen from that Peer.

Having obtain'd his Enlargement a second Time, and being so unsuccessful in House-breaking, he resolv'd to try his Fortune in turning Foot-Pad; so he and his Comrades who likewise follow'd this Exercise, which is the high Road to Hell) meeting with one Mr.

## 20      ANDREW BAYNES,

Mr. Archer, a Taylor, living in *Blackmore-Street* by *Clare-market*, coming one Evening from *Highgate*, they set upon him; but he having some Knowledge of *Andrew Baynes*, who was indebted to him for making a Coat, when once in *Newgate*; quoth he, Mr. Baynes, don't you know me? Yes, replied Baynes, I know you well enough, and therefore am resolv'd to send you home like a Gentleman; for you shall have no Money in your Pockets. Searching him they found about eight Shillings in his Breeches and a Silver Watch; which taking from him quoth Baynes, who had a good Bull-Dog with him, By G—d I fancy it is pretty Sport to see a live Taylor baited; therefore I'll bait this Fellow to try the Experiment. So stripping him stark naked, they bound him to a Tree; then setting the Dog at him, he flew like a Dragon on the Taylor, who cry'd and roar'd like a Bull indeed, and had had a Mischief done him, if Baynes's Companions had not been more merciful, in timely taking off the Dog, which he grievously bit him in several Parts of the Body: But for this Civility, they kept his Cloaths, as looking upon him to be a sort of an Alchymist, and so could soon extract another Suit out of his Customers Apparel.

Another Time *Andrew Baynes* and his Associates meeting, betwixt *Hampstead* and *London* with one Mr. *Blanchard*, a Shoe-maker, formerly living in the *Strand*, they commanded him, without very much Ceremony, to stand



and deliver ; but not obeying the Word of Command, he begg'd 'em to use Conscience, and not to ruin him and his Family at once. Quoth Baynes, *You Son of a Whore, don't talk of Conscience to us, for we shall now stretch it as large as you do your Leather.* So rifling his Pockets, they found about 60 Pounds, most in Gold, receiv'd that Evening of a Customer ; then, as they were tying his Hands and Feet, quoth Baynes again, *Is this all the Money you have?* The poor Shoe-maker answering, *Yes indeed.* Mr. Baynes cry'd, *You Son of a B—h, you ought to have every Bone in your Skin broke, for bringing no more with you ; for this small Matter is no more in our Pockets, than a Man in Paul's.* In the mean Time he begg'd and pray'd, that if they would not give him all his Money, to give him but some ; but Baynes said, *How can you be so unconscionable, Crispin, as to ask for our Charity out of this little Sum ? Therefore pray hold your Chattering ; for was you to stand as hard with us, as for a Piece of Carrot, we would not give you a Doit ; so stay here 'till we come to unloose you, which may be about the Day of Judgment.*

Not long after this Robbery, Andrew Baynes and his Comrades meeting three Women, who were *Quakers*, coming from *Kentish-Town*, they set upon these holy Sisters, and having first search'd all their Pockets, in which was not above 2 Guineas, and 12 Shillings in Silver, they



they thought this a very small Prey, without taking their Cloaths too. So stripping them stark naked, quoth one of the Lambs, as they were tying to a Tree, *Ye Men of Belial! what is the Meaning of all this Violence, in taking away our Garments?* Andrew Baynes replied, *Nothing at all, beloved Ones, but only to make your Bodies as light as your Souls; and on this Word, if ye always keep in this manner, ye came into the World, ye will never offend the Statute made against the Excess of Apparel.* Now Andrew's Comrades, because they were tolerably handsome, were for untying them again, saying, *'Twas easy to get away without any Danger of their having us secured.* But Andrew Baynes, in a great Passion, replied, *They shall not be untied, for though I have no Religion my self, yet I mortally hate a Quaker, or any other Precisian, because he's a diabolical Creature, only full of oral Sanctity, and mental Impiety.* Though he will not swear, he lyes confoundedly; nevertheless, his Profession is so sure of his Salvation, that he will not change Places in Heaven with the Virgin Mary. He will not stick out from committing Fornication or Adultery, so it be done for the Propagation of the Godly; and can find in his Heart to lye with any Whore, but the Whore of Babylon. He thinks every Organist is in the State of Damnation, and had rather hear Ditty of his own making, than the best Hymn a Cherubim can sing. In fine, he had rather

Antichrist himself, than Pictures in a Church-Window; and propbanely thinks his Scourge is so good, that he durst challenge Almighty to talk with him extempore. True to this Character I have heard discreet Men of this sort of Cattle; and for this Reason Spirit moves me to shew no Favour here to these Female Hypocrites, who we'll leave in the Ark, 'till their own Light conducts them to a better Place. So his Companions being satisfied with what he said, they left the three Years and Nays to hold forth by themselves. Andrew Baynes being once impress'd by the informing Constable, who was sent to Covent-Garden, by one Tooty, a Soldier, and sent to Flanders, he ran away from his Colours into England, and being one Day at a House in Ghelsea, where Dent was also drinking, and knowing him again, and another way-laid him at Bloody-Bridge; where setting on him, quoth Baynes, Thou violent Rascal! who hath sold many a Man's Head at 20 Shillings per Head, I'm sensible, thou can use your long Staff well enough, I'll shew you how you can exercise your short one. So pulling out his Generation-Tool, they applied Blister-Plaister to it, bought for that purpose from an Apothecary's in the abovesaid Town, and leaving his Hands and Feet, left him in that Confinement 'till Morning, before any Passengers came by to release him.

This Malefactor, executed at Tyburn in 1711, aged 26 Years, was born in Essex, and serv'd as a Drawer

a Drawer last at the *Blue Posts* Tavern, a Corner of *Portugal-Street* by *Lincoln* Back-Gate. He was very undutiful to his Mother, who went a begging; and the Woman he kept Company with was a *Flum*, from her formerly selling Flummery, and having the Leavings of one *George Purchas* a Thief, condemn'd (but reprieved) for high Treason, with one *Damary*, a Waterman, for an Insurrection made by the Rabble in London when *Dr. Henry Sacheverell*, was try'd by the *Peers*, upon several Articles exhibited against him by the House of Commons.

---

NAN HARRIS, a Shoplift.

THIS wicked Woman, *Anne Harris*, alias *Sarah Davis*, alias *Thorn*, alias *Goth*, was born of honest (but poor) Parents, in the Parish of *St. Giles without Cripplegate*; being debauch'd by one *James Wadsworth* (otherwise call'd *Jemmy the Mouth* among his Companions, as being made a mere Bubble to them, and was hang'd for Felony and Burglary at *Tyburn*, in the 24th Year of his Majesty's late Majesty *King George I.* on *Friday* the 25th of *September*, 1702, then abandon'd all Manner of Goodness, and liv'd next with one *William Pulman*, other



ern, at the  
*Lincoln*-  
 to his an  
 g; and th  
 was call  
 nmery, b  
 chas a B  
 high Tr  
 an, for  
 in *Lon*  
 try'd by  
 ited agai

called *Norwich Will*, from the Place of his Birth; and who also made his Exit at *Hyde-Park* Corner, on *Friday* the 9th of *March*, 1704, aged 26 Years, for robbing one Mr. *Joseph Edwards* on the Highway, of a Pair of Leather Bags, a Shirt, 2 Neck-cloths, 2 Pocket-Books, 25 Guineas, a half broad Piece of Gold, and 4 Pounds in Silver.

Now *Nan* being twice left a hempen Widow in less than three Years, she had nevertheless earn'd in that Time to be as vicious as the very worst of her Sex, and was so absolutely enslav'd to all manner of Wickedness, through Custom and Opportunity, that good Thoughts could work no good Effects upon her; her Inclination was entirely excluded from Honesty, as appears by her going one Day to a Mercer's Shop on *Ludgate-Hill*, in a Hackney Coach, very finely dress'd, with a pretended footman waiting on her, and there looking on several rich Pieces of Silk and Velvet, she bargain'd for as much as came to 200 and odd Pounds; which being more Money than she had about her, she desir'd the Mercer to go with her to her House, and she would pay him all in ready Specie. So putting the Goods into the Hackney Coach which brought her hither, the Mercer and she slept in, and rid with all speed to Dr. *Adams*, who kept a Mad-House at *Fulham*; where being enter'd, and telling the Doctor this was the Gentleman of whom she had spoken to him in the

VOL. II. C Morning,



Morning, he, and Three or Four lusty Fellows  
 set upon the Mercer like so many merciless Bailiffs  
 on a poor Prisoner; one taking him by the Arms,  
 another by the Middle, another by the Head and  
 Shoulders, and another by the Legs; which rustical  
 Usage made the poor Man ask the Meaning thereof,  
 and bawl out for 200 and odd Pounds. *Ay, ay, quoth Dr.  
 Adams, the poor Gentleman's very bad indeed  
 he's raving mad, tie him quickly down in the  
 Chair, and presently shave his Head.* All the  
 while they were lathering and shaving him  
 his Cry was still for either Goods or Money  
 which made the Doctor say, *Pray, Madam  
 see how his Lunacy makes him talk at random  
 who shaking her Head, reply'd, True, Sir  
 but is there any Hopes of his Recovery?* To  
 which the Doctor answer'd, *You must know  
 Madam, that there be three kinds of Frenzies  
 according to the three internal Senses of Imagination,  
 Cogitation, and Memory, which may be severally hurt;  
 for some are frantick, which can judge rightly of those  
 Things that they see, as touching common Sense and  
 Imagination; and yet in Cogitation and Fantasy they err  
 from natural Judgment. Then some other being  
 frantick, are not deceiv'd in Cogitation and Reason,  
 but only err in Imagination; and there are some  
 frantick, who do err both in Sense and Cogitation;  
 that is, both in Imagination and Reason, and do  
 therewith also lose their Memory, which is the worst of a  
 Frenzy.*

Frenzies; and this it is which afflicts this unhappy Gentleman; but I doubt not of making him compos mentis again in less than a Month. All this while that the Doctor is setting forth the Difference of Madness, the Mercer is struggling and raving like a Madman indeed; and when he saw Nan give the Doctor Five Guineas, withal giving him a strict Charge to take great Care of her Husband, and he should want for no Encouragement, the Mercer cry'd out, *She's a lying B—h, she's none of my Wife; my Wife's at home in Ludgate-Street; stop her, stop her, stop her, she has cheated me of my Madam's Silk and Velvet. I am not mad, I am not mad, but a Parcel of Rogues here will make me run out of my Senses. Quoth Doctor Adams then to his Men, Poor Gentleman! he's very mad indeed; we must bleed him too, and give him a strong Clyster at Night; confine him to a Room where there's no Light at all; and bind him fast down Hand and Foot in his Chair; and for one Week give him nothing but Water-Gruel, with little or no Bread in't; but the Week after, if his Distemper decreases, we may venture to give him a little Ptisan-Broth, mix'd with some husk'd Barley. The Mercer hearing these Directions, cry'd out, I'll have none of my Blood taken from me, I have had enough took from me already without paying more; I want no Clysters, I tell you I'm in my right Senses; I'll have none of your Gruel and Devil's Broth; what, cheat me, and starve me*

me too! No, no, I am not lunatick. Que the Doctor, You shall not be starv'd, Sir; w Diet I prescribe now, is to restore you to yo Health again. To Health (said the Merc again? I think you are going to take it fr me, as the Whore has my Goods. But all talking was to no Purpose, for Nan being go off with her Booty, he was hurry'd to his da Room, where, being bound down to his B a Clyster was applied to the Mercer, mu against his Will. However, he obtain'd Liberty in less than four Days, for Nan Har sending a Penny-Post Letter to his Wi which inform'd her where her Husband w she, and some Friends, went, with all spe to Dr. Adams, in whose House they found a poor Mercer almost mad indeed, for the L of his Goods and Freedom too; so they broug him home; but the Doctor never saw nor hear of Nan Harris any more.

I think those who would arrive to as mu Perfection as they are capable of enjoying he must as well know bad, that they may av or shun it, as the good, which they ought r ther to embrace; therefore to procure the R formation of others, by the wicked Examp of such whom the Sword of Justice hath c off for their heinous Enormities, I shall d cover another memorable Prank play'd by N Harris; who going once to our old Frie Doctor Case, Student in Physick and Astrolog when he liv'd in Black-Fryars, she was a focu



Quoth one Charles Moor, but she thus declar'd the Cause of her waiting on him. *Sir, the Report of your great Experience in your Practice hath brought me hither, humbly imploring your Assistance, and that instantly, if you have any Respect to the Preservation of Life; but the Trouble I shall put you to, shall be gratefully recompenc'd to the utmost of my Ability.* The Doctor then enquiring of her, who it was, and what manner of Distemper the Person labour'd under, she told him 'twas her Husband, who being very drunk last Night, came to a sad Mischance in coming down a Pair of Stairs; but looking upon the Doctor to be a wise Man, she would give him leave to tell what his Ail might be, and for that Purpose had brought his Water. Our old Friend Dr. Case smelling, by her former Words, what might afflict her Husband, he put the Water into an Urinal, and after well shaking it for about a Minute, quoth he, *Good Woman, your Husband hath terribly bruis'd himself, by falling down a Pair of Stairs.* Ay (reply'd Nan) indeed 'tis really true, Sir, what you say; I see, Sir, your knowledge is infallible; but now, Sir, comes the Difficulty, can you tell me, Sir, how many Stairs he fell down? Here the Doctor was put to a *Ne plus ultra*; however, to save his Credit as well as he could, he takes the Urinal into his Hand again, and shaking it somewhat longer than before; quoth he, *Your*

Husband

C 3



*Husband tumbled down all the Stairs.* (replied Nan) *there you are out, Sir; for I fell down but half the Stairs.* The Doctor being now somewhat abash'd at his false guessing, and shaking the Urinal again, quoth he *to Nan, Is here all your Husband's Water?* Said Nan, dropping a fine Courtesy at the same time, *No, Sir, there is but half his Water.* The Doctor then, who was a mighty choleric Man, being in a great Passion, cry'd, *A curse on you, your bringing but half his Water, make me to impute your Husband fell down but half the Pair of Stairs; when, if you had brought all his Water, I could easily have told you that he had fell down all the Stairs.* But Nan excusing her Ignorance, she desir'd his Advice for the speedy Cure of her Husband's Bruise; so, whilst the Doctor was writing a *Recipe* for her, Nan pulling a Cord out of her Pocket with a Noose, she and her Spark came behind him, and nimbly clapping it over his Head, they acted the Part of a *Turkish Mute*, or *Bashaw*; for having almost strangled him with several sudden Jerks, they went away with their Silver Tankard and Cup, leaving our old Friend in a sad *Case*. indeed, till he came to himself again, which was not in half an Hour in which Time the Booty was divided between Nan and Charles Moor, a most notable Rogue who for breaking open the House of Sir John Buckworth, Bart. was executed on Friday September 27. 1707. at Tyburn; where he told the

ordinary of *Newgate*, That if he had known, when he was try'd, that he should have dy'd, he would have hang'd one or two with him for a Fancy; for then he would have made some Discovery of Persons concern'd with him in thieving, but now he was resolv'd to make none.

Thus far having proceeded, on her wicked Crimes, to deter others from the like Practices; and tho' nothing renders Man or Woman more condemn'd and hated, than he or she whose Actions only tend to Irregularity; yet *Nan* bidding adieu to every Thing that look'd like Virtue, she drove a great Trade among Goldsmiths; to whose Shops often going to buy Gold Rings, she only cheapen'd 'till she had the Opportunity of stealing one or two, which she, by the means of a little Ale held in a Spoon over the Fire, 'till it congeal'd thick like a Syrup, so rubbing some of it on the Palm of her Hand, any light Thing would stick to it, without the least Suspicion at all. She was as well known among the Mercers, Lace-men, and Linnen Drapers, on *Ludgate-Hill*, *Cheapside*, or *Fleet-street*, as that notorious Shop-lift *Isabel Thomas*, who hath been condemn'd for the same; but being pardon'd, is now at Liberty to maintain in *Newgate* that most notorious Rogue *Richard Keele*, who is at present confin'd there with one *William Lowther*, and *Aubrey Audrey*, for the Murther of *Edward Perry*, Sutler of *Clerkenwell* Bridewell,

for which 'tis hop'd they'll be all hang'd  
 But at last she was apprehended for her  
 Pranks, and being so often burnt in the Face  
 that there was no more Room left for the  
 Hangman to stigmatize her; the Court  
 thought fit to condemn *Nan Harris* for privately  
 stealing a Piece of printed Callico out of  
 the Shop of one Mr. *John Andrews*; then  
 to evade their Sentence, she pleaded her Belly  
 and, in order thereto, used the old Stratagem  
 of drinking new Ale very plentifully, to make  
 her swell, cramming a Pillow under her Petticoat  
 to make her look big; and having Matrons  
 of her own Profession ready at hand  
 who, right or wrong, bring in their wicked  
 Companions quick with Child, to the great  
 Impediment of Justice; but though she had  
 the good Luck to impose thus on the Bench  
 after she had been condemn'd once before, yet  
 at the End of Nine Months (all which while  
 she was not wanting to make her self pregnant  
 if all the Men in the Gaol could do it, but they  
 work'd in vain) she was call'd down to her former  
 Judgment, and hang'd in the 20th Year of  
 her Age, at *Tyburn*, on *Friday, July 13. 1705*.



WILL. ELBY, a Murderer, Foot-Pad, and House-Breaker.

THIS noted Malefactor was born at *Deptford*, in the County of *Kent*, of very Honest Parents, who bound him Prentice to a Block-maker at *Rotherhithe*; but was no sooner out of his Time, but instead of setting up, or working for himself, he went rambling abroad, and delighting in bad Company, he soon grew in Love with their Vices; going first of all upon the Water-Pad, which is going by Night with a Boat on Board any Ship, or other Vessel lying down the River of *Thames*, and finding therein no Persons to watch the same, or else catching them asleep, break open the Padlocks of the Cabins oratches and rob 'em.

*William Elby*, alias *Dun*, having been like to suffer Twice or Thrice for this Sort of Robbery, he kept Company with several notorious House-breakers, particularly with one *Peter Bennet*, alias *Peter Flower*, but commonly call'd *French Peter*, from the Place of his Birth, as being born at *Niort*, in the Province of *Poitou* in *France*; and in the 25th Year of his



his Age was hang'd at Tyburn, on Wednesday the 25th of October, 1704. This Elby had broke open several Houses with one Samuel Shotland, a Gardiner, who was coudemn'd for 23 Felonies and Burglaries, and hang'd for them on Wednesday the 30th of December, 1702, at Tyburn; where pulling off his Shoes, and flinging them among the Spectators, he said, *My Father and Mother often told me, that I should die with my Shoes on, but you may all see that now I have made them both Liars.* At the same Time likewise was one John Goffe executed there; with whom, and some others, Will. Elby having taken a House in Boswel-Court in Cary-Street, near Lincoln-In-Fields, under Pretence for a Lady, whose Steward Goffe pretended to be, he had the Key thereof deliver'd to him; then he went to several Goldsmiths about Town, and telling them a plausible Story, that his Lady wanted several Pieces of Plate, as Silver Casters, Spoons, Forks, and Cups, they, by his Appointment, brought what he bespoke to this empty House, where they expected to be paid for their Goods. But when they came thither, and were one after another let in by a genteel sort of a Fellow, with a Green Apron ty'd before him like a Butler, and introduc'd into a back Parlour, where was no other Furniture, but about half a Dozen Rognes, they clapt Pistols to the Goldsmiths Breasts, and told *am they were certainly dead Men, unless they* quietly

quietly parted with their Plate: Whereupon, Life being sweet, they surrender'd, as they came one after another, what they had, and suffer'd themselves to be ty'd Hand and Foot into the Bargain, and thrown into a Cellar; where they were found by a Porter's Wife, to whom *Goffe* (who lost his Life for this Fact) had given the Key of the Street-Door, with Orders to make a Fire in the House; but when she went into the Cellar for Coals, she perceiv'd nothing there to burn, but Three Goldsmiths, who by this Means escap'd perishing by Hunger and Cold. Again, *Will. Elby* had committed many Burglaries with one *James Hacket*, a Taylor's Son, living in *Exeter-Street* behind *Exeter-Change* in the Strand, who was hang'd, when 24 Years of Age, at *Tyburn*, on Friday the 6th of June, 1707, for breaking and robbing the Houses of Mr. *Churchill*, Mrs. *Battersby*, Mr. *Hays*, and Mrs. *Talden*. Moreover, he had done a few Felonies and Burglaries with one *Toothless Tom*, so call'd, from having most of his Teeth knock'd out by a Person whose Pocket he was once attempting to pick in St. *Margaret's Church* at *Westminster*; and was hang'd in the 23d Year of his Age, at *Tyburn*, on Wednesday the 22d of March, 170<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>.

*Will. Elby* was once concern'd with one *John Estrick*, in robbing his Master, *Thomas Glover*, Esq; at *Hackney*, of as much Plate as came to 80 Pounds, for which, one *Susannah Barnwell*

*Barnwel*, an honest Servant-Maid, was wrongfully accus'd and turn'd out of her Service; but when *Estrick* shortly after came to be hang'd for other Crimes at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 10th of *March*, 170<sup>3</sup>, he there confess'd his coming to that untimely End, was occasion'd by *John Preffer*, his Brother-in-Law; and the Day before he suffer'd Death, sent the following Letter to his former Master, *Thomas Glover*, Esq;

Sir,

*March 9th*, 170<sup>3</sup>.

I heartily beg God's Pardon for all my Sins, and ask you Forgiveness for the Damage I have done you. But as I am a dying Man, Susan knows nothing of your Plate, though I falsely accus'd her of it; and I beg of God to forgive me.

John Estrick.

Afterwards he went upon the Foot-Pad with one *William Stanley*, a Shoemaker; who having robb'd Two Men in *Stepney-Fields*, from one of whom he had taken a Watch; the Person who lost it, putting next Day an Advertisement thereof in the *London Gazette*, and not long after *Will. Stanley* going to pawn it to *Mr. Chambers*, a Pawnbroker, living at the Corner of *Blackmore-Street* in *Drury-Lane*, he, knowing it to be that describ'd in the News-Paper, went to stop him; but then running out of his Shop as fast as he could along

along *Drury-Lane*, and being pursu'd by some who cry'd *Stop Thief*, one *John Elliot*, a Watchman, going then on his Duty, and endeavouring to seize *Stanley*, he ran him through the Body with his Sword, so that he dy'd on the Spot; and the Murderer was hang'd for it in the 20th Year of his Age at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 26th of *January*, 170<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>.

But though *William Elby* had seen so many terrible Examples of his wicked Companions being cut off before, yet taking no Warning thereby, he rather grew more harden'd in his Sins, and never thought Justice would overtake him; so he and his Associates one Evening meeting with young *Pontack*, the Famous Mutton-Chop Seller by *Christ-Church* Hospital, as coming from *Newington*, they leap'd unawares upon him out of a Ditch; and having first taken about 14 or 15 Shillings in Money from him, they then stript him stark naked; then tying his Hands behind him, they hung Five or Six Pounds of Mutton-Chops about his Neck, and sent him Home; saying at the same Time, *Since your Impudence assumes a French Name, to put off boil'd Mutton and Broth; our Justice directs us to send you Home in a French Fashion; that's to say, without Shoes, or any Thing else.*

*Will. Elby* did never pretend to be an Artist at picking Pockets; nevertheless, being a Prisoner in *Newgate*, when one *Mr. Thomas*, a



Shoemaker, being drinking at the *Dog-Tavern* in *Newgate-Street*, laid a Wager, that he would defy the best Pick-pocket in the World to get his Money from him; he was selected to manage *Crispin*, as having, to secure a mark'd Guinea, which he was to lose, put it in his Mouth; so following him from Place to Place, 'till he came into the *Piazza's* in *Common-Garden*, *Will. Elby* pull'd a Handkerchief out of his Pocket, in which was some old Shillings; and dropping the Money, a Mob came presently round him, among whom was *Mr. Thomas*, to help him to pick up his Money; afterwards the Rabble asking *Will. Elby* whether he had all? He said, *I have all my Money, thank you, except a Guinea mark'd so and so, which I fancy that Gentleman there* [pointing to the Shoemaker] *has in his Mouth, by what I perceive of him.* Hereupon the just Mob searching the Shoemaker's Mouth by Force, and finding such a Guinea there as *Elby* describ'd, they did not only give it him, but had like to have knock'd *Mr. Thomas* on the Head; who return'd back strait to the *Dog-Tavern*, where the Guinea was got before him, and he well laugh'd at besides, for losing a Wager of Two Guineas more.

But once this Fellow meeting with one Lieutenant *Job Lord*, as coming from *Chelsea*, he attempted to Rob him; at first, the Lieutenant was at a Loss whether he should stand on his own Defence, or no, as imputing the Re-

sistance

sistance would turn to no better Account, than of one Pirate fighting another, when nothing is be got betwixt them, but Blows and empty Barrels; but rather than lose what he had, he engag'd the Foot-Pad, and obtaining the Victory, gave him several Cuts over the Head; and then tying him Neck and Heels, did not only take about 18 Guineas from him, but left him there bound, to assault the next Passenger which came that Way.

After this great Malefactor receiv'd this Misfortune, being very poor a long Time, he was so prophane as to say to some of his Comrades, that he would sell his Soul to the Devil for Money; who (as wicked as they were) exhorting him to the contrary, as telling him, that Wizards and Witches were never Rich, when they had any Familiarity with infernal Powers; he said, *I am resolv'd to do it to better Advantage.* However, being in a little Time again in *Newgate*, and one *Sunday* up at Chapel, when several Strangers were there to hear a Sermon preach'd to some Condemn'd Persons; among whom was a Country Farmer; as he was leaning against the Wooden Grates, through which the Felons peep like the Lions in the *Tower*, and taking a Nap, with the high stiff Collar of his Waistcoat unbutton'd, *Will Elby* was so dextrous as to take off his Shirt from under all his Cloaths, which was not miss'd at all by the Country Hick, 'till he came Home, and then he swore  
and

and rav'd like a Mad-man, to think which Way he should lose that, without losing his Coat and Waistcoat.

Another Time, *Will. Elby*, and some as good as him'self at Roguery, being at *Bartholomew-Fair*, where, among the Crowd, a Country Fellow on Horseback was staring at a *Merry-Andrew* playing his Tricks, Two of 'em supporting the Saddle on a couple of Sticks, *Will. Elby* privately cut the Girts, and Bridle, and carry'd away the Horse; so that the Mob dispersing after the Fool had diverted them a little from the Gallery of the Booth, the Country Fellow tumbled down in the Dirt in a great Surprize, at the Loss of his Fellow-Creature, and was oblig'd to go Home to *Enfield* a Foot.

*Mr. Abel*, that had once the Honour to Sing before the King of *Poland's* Bears, keeping a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick in *York-Buildings*, *Will. Elby*, who had been a Thief a long Time, and was resolv'd to be one till he dy'd, being well dress'd in an embroider'd Coat, and a long Wig, and getting Admittance *Gratis* among the Quality there, (for Now-a-days, a mere Mountebank, or a Player, the Two vilest Professions upon Earth, in his Lac'd Suit, shall be more respected than a Gentleman of Merit, in one that's out of Fashion,) whilst the People were in the Height of their Jollity and Pastime, he privately stole above half a Score Gold Watches.

Watches, which he carry'd clear off, without seeing the Conclusion of the Musical Entertainment.

But at last, this base Villain, though he had receiv'd both the Law and Mercy before, breaking open the Dwelling-House of one Mr. *James Barry*, at *Fulham*, and killing therein his Servant, *Nicholas Hatfield*, he was committed to *Newgate*; and whilst Sentence of Death was passing on him at the *Sessions-House* in the *Old-Baily*, his Impudence was so great as to Curse the whole Bench; besides, his ill Behaviour was not less remarkable under Condemnation, when, being persuaded to discover his Accomplice or Accomplices in the said Murder, he said, *That if any one should ask him again any such Questions, he would presently knock him down.* In this Resolution he continu'd, till he was executed and hang'd in Chains at *Fulham*, in the County of *Middlesex*, on *Saturday* the 13th of *September*, 1707, Aged 32 Years.

  
**DICK HUGHES, a House-  
Breaker.**

**T**HIS great Villain, *Richard Hughes*, was the Son of a very good Yeoman, living at *Bettus*



*Bettus in Denbighshire, in North-Wales, where he was born, and follow'd Husbandry, but would now and then be pilfering in his very Minority, as he found Opportunity. When he first came up to London, in his Way, Money being short, his Necessity compell'd him to steal a Pair of Tongs at Pershore in Worcestershire, for which he was sent to Worcester Gaol: and at the Assizes held there, the Matter of Fact being plainly prov'd against him, and the Judge asking the poor Welshman what he had to say in his Defence, he said, Why, could hur Lord Sbudge, hur has nothing to say for hur shelf, but that hur found dem. Found them!* (quoth his Lordship again) *Where did you find 'em?* Taffy reply'd, *Why truly, hur found dem in the Chimney Corner.* Whereupon the Judge telling him, that the Tongs could not be lost there, because that was the proper Place they should be in; and finding the Fellow to be Simple, he directed the Jury to bring him in guilty only of *petty Larceny*, and accordingly giving in their Verdict guilty to the Value of Ten Pence, he came off with crying Carrots and Turnips; a Term which Rogues use for whipping at the Cart's Arse.

After this Introduction to farther Punishment for Villany, *Dick Hughes* coming up to *London*, he soon became acquainted with the most celebrated Villains in this famous Metropolis; especially with one *Thomas Lawson*, alias *Browning*, a Tripe-man, who was hanged

at *Tyburn*, on *Tuesday* the 27th of *May*, 1712, for Felony and Burglary, in robbing the House of one *Mr. Hunt*, at *Hackney*. In a very short Time he became noted for his several Robberies; but at last breaking open a Victualling-House at *Lambeth*, and taking from thence only the Value of Three Shillings, because he could find no more, he was try'd and condemn'd for that Fact at the Assizes held at *Kingston upon Thames*; but was then Repriev'd, and afterwards pleaded his Pardon at the same Place. Now being at Liberty, instead of becoming a new Man, he became rather worse than before, in breaking open and robbing several Houses at *Tottenham-Cross*, *Harrow on the Hill*, a Gentlewoman's House at *Hackney*, a Gentleman's at *Hammer-smith*, a Minister's near *Kingston upon Thames*, a Tobacconist's House in *Red-Cross-street*, and a House on *Hounslow-Heath*.

This Fellow was very intimate with one *Jack Waldron*, who being a young Man, but an old Rogue, 'twill be very material to take Notice how he was condemn'd to be hang'd when he was scarce in the Teens, for picking a Gentleman's Pocket; but receiving Mercy, in Respect to his tender Age, he travell'd to *Ireland*; where, at *Dublin*, he went upon the Glaze, which is robbing Goldsmiths Shew-Glasses on their Stalls, by cutting them, as an Opportunity offers, with a Glazier's Diamond; or else waiting for a Coach coming by, break-  
ing

ing 'em with the Hand, which sometimes is not heard, through the Noise which is made by the Rattling of the said Coach. This Trade he follow'd in that Country, 'till he was pretty well noted and punish'd there; then coming to *London* again, such was his unaccountable Impudence and Insolence, that he would in a manner rob People before their Faces; and had done more Damage to the Goldsmiths, than any Six Rogues that went upon the like Villany. But having been about 18 times in *Newgate*, besides *New-Prison*, and all the *Bridewells* in Town, often whipt at the Cart's Arse, burnt in the Hand, and once in the Face, so that being very well known, whenever he came to the *Sessions-House* in the *Old-Baily*, to be an Old Offender, the Right Worshipful Sir *Peter King*, then Recorder of *London*, was pleas'd to tell him, *Thaat if ever he came there again but for an Egg, he would hang him for the Shell.* But this notorious Villain yet taking no Warning, and coming before Sir *Peter* again, his Worship was as good as his Word: for though the Fact which he last committed was but simple Felony, yet he cast him for his Life, which he justly forfeited at *Tyburn*, in 1711, Aged but 19 Years.

Now to *Dick Hughes* again: When he first came to *London*, he lit on a sad Mischance, for happening one Night into a Lumber-House, not far from *Billingsgate*, he had not been long

tong there, before one *Joe Haynes*, the Comedian, and a broken Officer, came raking thither too, without a Farthing in either of their Pockets. But by the way, *Joe Haynes* having sav'd a great deal of Dust, which he got off an old rotten Post, and wrapt up nicely in a clean Sheet of Paper, as soon as he and his Comrade were sat down at a Table, with a Tankard of Beer before them, he pull'd out the Dust of the Rotten Post, and was sealing it up in several Pieces of Paper; which occasion'd some Folks that were Drinking there, to enquire what it was that he was so choicely making up. *Joe Haynes* told 'em 'twas an incomparable Powder, which was the only Thing in the universal World, for a burnt Hand, a scalded Leg, or any Accident whatever that should befall a Man by Fire; nay, farthermore, it shall prevent also any Hurt that may happen by that raging Element; for Proof whereof, make a Kettle of Water presently scalding hot, and my Friend here, by rubbing a little of my Powder on his Leg, shall put it into the said Water, and receive no Damage. The People then were very eager to try the Experiment, and a Kettle of Water was immediately made scalding hot; then *Joe Haynes* rubbing some of his Powder out on the Stocking of his Friend's Right Leg, which was Artificially made of Wood, for his Natural one he had lost Three Years before in *Flanders*, he put it into the scalding Water,



ter, and bringing it out unhurt, it put the Spectators into such an Admiration of its Virtue, that they bought it all as fast as they could at 12 Pence a Paper; so that *Joe Haynes* and his Friend, who had no Money before, had now above 30 Shillings, to pay what they had call'd for, and something in their Pockets beside. But this *Dick Hughes* being one of the Fools that was taken in too, the next Day he was in some Company, where bragging what an excellent Powder he had for a Burn or a Scald, he would lay a Wager with 'em of Ten Shillings, that he would put his Leg into a Kettle of scalding Water, and not hurt it. Whereupon, his Companions thinking it a Thing impossible, they laid what he propos'd; a Kettle of Water was forthwith put on the Fire, whilst *Dick* went into another Room, (because they should not see how he prepar'd his Leg for the fiery Tryal) to rub some of the Powder on his Stocking, as *Joe Haynes* had on his Friend's, then coming out, and putting his Leg all at once into the scalding Water, he roard out in a most prodigious Manner, and could not pull it out again 'till he was help'd. Thus he did not only lose his 10 Shillings, but had like to have lost his Leg too; for he was above Nine Months in *St. Bartholomew's-Hospital*, before he went Abroad again.

And no sooner was this Villain roving about once more, but he soon got into *Old Bridewell*, by *Fleet-Ditch*.

Bus

But obtaining his Liberty after one Court-Day, he still continu'd in his Villany, and attempted once to go on the Foot-pad. In which Enterprize, the first Person whom he attack'd in this kind, was that very honest Coney-Wool-Comber, *William Fuller*, taking from him about 4 Shillings, in the Road betwixt *Camberwell* and *Southmark*, for all he insisted on a sort of Privilege from being robb'd, by telling *Dick Hughes*, *That tho' he was no Thief, yet he was a great Cheat; and since he first pretended to discover the Pedigree of that Son of a Whore the Prince of Wales, he had ruined more People by Tongue-padding, than ever all the Thieves in London had done Damage by any bad practices whatever.*

Another Time, he met on the Road betwixt *Clapham* and *Fox-Hall*, with *D — n* the broken Bookseller; and taking from him Three half Crowns, and stripping him stark naked besides, he tied his Hands behind him, and his Head betwixt his Legs, to contrive in that disgusting Posture, what seditious Libel might be most edifying to a Republican Party.

But Burglaries being the Master-piece of *Dick Hughes's* Villany, he went chiefly on them; till at last breaking open and robbing the House of one *Mr. George Clark* at *Twickenham*, he was apprehended for this Fact, and committed to *Newgate*, where he led a most profligate sort of Life, till he was condemn'd; and then his fatal Circumstances wrought

wrought so little on his bad Manners, that he was often heard to say, *That if he could have but a Whore before he died, he should die with great Satisfaction.* But this wicked Behaviour may very well be imputed to his great Ignorance in Matters of Religion, he being not able so much as to read. Whilst he lay under Condemnation, his Wife, to whom he had been married in the *Fleet-Prison*, constantly visited him at Chapel. She was a very honest Woman and had such an extraordinary Kindness for her Husband, under his great Afflictions, that when he went to be hang'd at *Tyburn*, on Friday the 24th of *June*, 1709, she met him at *St. Giles's Pound*, where the Cart stopping, she went to him, and whispering in his Ear, said, *Dear, Who must find the Rope that's to hang you, we or the Sheriff?* Her Husband replied *The Sheriff, Honey; for who's obliged to furnish him Tools to do his Work?* Ah! (replied his Wife) *I wish I had known so much before 'twould have saved me Two-pence, for I had been and bought one already.* Well, well, (said Dick again) *perhaps it mayn't be lost, for it may serve a Second Husband.* Yes (quoth his Wife) *if I have any Luck in good Husbandry so it may.* Then the Cart driving on to *Hyde Park Corner*, this notorious Villain ended his Days there, in the 30th Year of his Age, and was afterwards Anatomiz'd at *Chyrurgeon's Hall* in *London*.

PATRICK FLEMMING, *an Irish Murderer and Highwayman.*

His most noted Tory, or Rapparee, as they call a Highwayman in the Kingdom of Ireland, was born in that Nation at *Athlone*, a Town not only situated in two Counties, namely, those of the *East* and *West Meath*, but also in the two Provinces of *Leinster* and *Connaught*. His Parents were none of the richest, their greatest Ability lay in renting a Potatoe-Garden about 15 Shillings *per Annum*, and a small Cabin, in which the Father, Mother, Nine Children, Cocks, Hens, Pigs, Geese, and a Cow, lay all together on one Floor. Now *Patrick Flemming*, being the eldest Child, he had the most Education bestowed on him, which was one of the meanest; for he could neither write nor read: However, he had true Irish Blood running through all his Veins; for he was stock'd with Impudence and Ignorance to the highest Degree, and was not only skilful in the Theorick, but had also the Practick Part of the profoundest Villanies which could be acted on this side Hell.

*Patrick Flemming* was no sooner fledg'd, but he was such a forward Child, that he could



# 50 PATRICK FLEMMING,

run about without a Rowler, or Leading-Strings; and being a very pretty sort of a Lad; the Countess of *Kildare* took such a Fancy to him, as to take him away from his Parents when about Thirteen Years of Age, and made him her Footboy, withal putting him to School, where he learnt to Read and Write; but his Inclination leading him more to mind Tip-cat, Cricket, Trap-ball, Span-Earthing, and Nine-pins, than his proper Business, he was, after much Correction, soon turned out of Service, and being now put to his Shifts, Fortune was so kind as to put him quickly into another Place in the Marquis of *Antrim's* Family, which was also as quickly left upon this Occasion. His Lordship being a *Roman-Catholic*, who kept a Priest in his House of the Order of *St. Francis*, to be his Confessor, *Patrick Fleming* one Day perceiving him to lie in a dark Apartment on a Couch, fast asleep, and roaring like a Rattle-Snake, whatever pleasant Dream of the Confession of some pretty Wench had come into his Head, *Patrick* knew not; but his Label of Mortality, he decumbring on his Back, had broke Prison, and Mistle-pole like, disdain'd its Loafiness: Should be his Hereupon, hearing a Calf bleating, as bemoaning the Loss of his Dam, he went and loosed him from his Stall, and brought him to the Priest, to make his Confession of being hungry; and guided him so near, that he espied what he directed to; which he taking

for his Mammy's Teat, greedily seiz'd it, and fell to tugging, frisking his Tail, and soft Bleating, till he had lugg'd *St. Domine* off the Couch. In the mean while, having softly tied his Legs and Hands, to prevent his disengaging himself, *Patrick* writ upon a Board over-against him, with *Phosphorus*, which he had procur'd from a Chymist, *Woe be to you Whoremongers*: Which immediately, as its Nature is, fell into a blue Flame, burning in large Characters, plain and legible, which the Darkness of the Place render'd more dreadful. Upon which, he vauisht to listen at a Distance, undiscover'd, what might be the Event. Now this Babe of a Cow, as *Patrick* suppos'd, finding no Milk to come, sucked and nibbled so hard, that he waked the drowsy Priest; who seeing himself thus surprized, and the dreadful Hand-writing on the Wall, betwixt Pain and Fear, made him roar out, like *Perillus* in *Phalaris's* Bull. Which alarming the Maids in the Pantry, they came running to see what the Matter was; but seeing their Ghostly Father so entangled, and seiz'd on by a cloven-footed Beast, and the harmless Flame still burning (its Nature being so to continue about a quarter of an Hour) they ran out screaming; whilst he, in a lamentable Tone, cry'd after them to bring his Pot of Holy-Water, to dounce the suppos'd *Demon*, and send him packing to the *Red-Sea*. The Noise these Wenches made, brought several young Ladies, and the rest of the Servants; who, under-

## 52 PATRICK FLEMMING,

derstanding the Cause of the Outcry and Disturbance, peep'd in at the Door, but durst adventure no farther; till, with much struggling, the good Father got loose, and came running out among them, crossing himself, the Cal still following at his Breech, pushing him forward, and nuzzling in search of the mistaken Teat; which, now depriv'd of its Vigor, hung dangling out, which caus'd the Females to scamper and squeek; but one of the Men-Servants, more bold than the rest, perceiving the Priest's Error, laid hold on the four-footed Animal; which undeceiving the Assembly, turn'd their Pannick Fear into loud Laughter. The Priest, upon this, bit his Thumbs, rag'd, stamp'd, and fretted, drawing his Knife, to take bloody Revenge upon his Affronter; but was hinder'd, and the Matter excus'd, as happening by Accident, thro' the Innocency and Mistake of the Beast: But how the strange flaming Hand-writing came, they were at Loss to define; some of them concluding this happen'd as a Judgment to discover the secret Sins of the Confessor. However, it made a great Noise in the Family; so that the Priest thro' Shame and Anger, shut himself up in his Chamber, and appear'd no more that Day in publick, though he was often sent for to Prayers. But at length *Patrick* having reveal'd himself to be the principal Actor in this Comedy, to a Servant who discover'd it again, he was turn'd out of his Service at a Minute.

Warn

Warning; but privately took away in his Trunk above 200 Pounds in Money, and as much of the Marquis of *Antrim's* Plate.

Now *Patrick Flemming* making what haste he could out of the Province of *Ulster*, he quickly arrived at *Athenree*, in the Province of *Connaught*, near which Place confining himself for ten or twelve Days, in a Cabin not much bigger than a Dog-Kennel, he then supposing the Hue-and-Cry after him was over, went to *Dublin*, where in six Years Time he was concern'd in breaking open and robbing more Houses than were in an Age before; but having been twice in Danger of hanging here for his unaccountable Villanies, he left this City, and turning Highwayman, took up his chief Place of Rendezvous by the Bog of *Alan*, where he took such a Prerogative over all Passengers, that he would roughly tell them, whether Gentle or Simple, *He was chief Lord of that Road; wherefore if they had any Regard for their Lives, they must deliver what they had, as a Tribute due to Patrick Flemming, for trespassing on his Ground.* Thus he became terrible in a little Time to all Travellers, whom he daily robb'd and used with a great deal of Barbarity, if they made but the least Resistance.

In one Morning he once robb'd 125 Men and Women, on the Mount of *Barnsmoor*, at one End whereof is a Place called *Colorockedie*, that is to say, the Hangman's Wood, from above two hundred and ten of his Gang being hang'd



## 54 PATRICK FLEMMING,

hang'd there at Times. Such was his Insolence, tho' he descended but of very poor Parentage, that when he robb'd any Persons of Quality, he told them, that he was better bred and born than them; therefore if they would not deliver what they had to support his Grandeur, he would make them fall Victims to his Displeasure, by the destructive Force of Powder and Ball. Thus he robbed the Archbishop of *Armagh* and the Bishop of *Rapho*, as they were riding together in one Coach; and another Time assauking the Lady *Baltimore*, with whom was none but her young Child in the Coach, a Boy of four Years old; and tho' he took the Value of one hundred Pounds from her Ladyship in Money, a Diamond Ring, and Watch; yet not being satisfied with this Booty, he took away her Son, whom her Lord was oblig'd to ransom in 24 Hours, at the Sum of 300 Pounds, or else *Patrick* swore that he would make a Steak-Pye of him, if he was not redeemed by the Time appointed.

Not long after this, robbing the Archbishop of *Tuam* of above 1000 Pounds, he was forced to fly into the Province of *Munster*, through all the cross-ways he could find, for fear of a hot Pursuit; but his Cogitations being still upon Villany, he sufficiently play'd his Pranks also in this Part of *Ireland*; till at last, being apprehended for robbing a Nobleman of 250 Pounds, he was committed to Gaol in *Cork*; from whence he thus made his Escape. One Day

Day getting up a Chimney, he there found a hollow Cavity, made by the moulder away of the Stone, thro' the Heat of the Fire there sometimes kept; and in this he stood like an Image in a Cell or Shrine, to consider how he might in the surest Manner take his next ascending Steps, for fear of falling, or prevent Discovery, by tumbling down the loose Stones: He tried divers that were within Reach, to find their Fastness, the Mortar being moulder'd away between many of them; so that they hang like the Ruins of an old Town, long since demolish'd by War. Whilst he was doing this, the Day having been somewhat rainy, a great Bundle of Wood was thrown on under *Patrick Flemming*, by some of the Prisoners, to warm themselves; which first sent up a terrible Smoke, which in a manner turn'd him into Bacon: But that, tho' very troublesome, was not so intolerable as the Heat that seconded it, when the Fuel began to blaze. In this miserable Taking he knew not well what to do, fearing, as the Flame ascended, he should now be sacrificed to *Moloch*. Sometimes he thought to descend, and put off his being there, with a Pretence he only did it in a Frolick. But knowing, among such merciless unbelieving Dogs as Jailors, he should gain little Credit as to being believ'd, whatever specious Pretences he suggested to palliate his intended Escape; therefore, upon second Thoughts, he resolv'd to stand it, tho' he suffer'd Martyrdom. He be-

56 PATRICK FLEMMING,

thought himself in such a Conflagration, an Engine was necessary, and therefore pull'd the Spout he had out of his Breeches, and as he saw Opportunity, play'd it as long as the Water in the Cistern would supply it, which somewhat lower'd the proud Curls of the aspiring Flames. He knew not whether his Fellow-Prisoners perceiv'd it or no, but imagined they did; for, (says one of them) *it Rains, I vow, very terribly abroad*; yet construing it to the best, he concluded in wet Weather part of the Showers were wont to descend there; but now the Cistern being dry, the Flame got head again, and put him into new Perplexities. He then began to beat and blow down the Smoke with his Hands and Breath, insomuch that it clouded their dark Dungeon, and made them remove farther; when, to his great Satisfaction, he heard one say, *Take off the Fire, the Wind is turned to the South, I perceive, by the smoaking of the Chimney, or we shall be smother'd*. The unconsum'd Fuel was hereupon immediately taken off, and raked away; so that his fiery Tryal, by this means, was over; and now all sooty and smoak-dry'd, having taken a little Breath, he attempted his climbing Business, and soon got to the Top, so that he could peep into the open Air; but here another Difficulty startled him, for though he could get his Head out, his Shoulders would not follow; however he push'd forward with all his Strength, but finding he was like the Fellow at the little

End

End of the Horn, he knew not what to think of it; he trembled for Fear, and was almost at his Wits-end, to be so near a happy Deliverance, and yet not procure it, but return into worse Misery than ever: Therefore *Sampson*-like, redoubling his Strength, by good Luck the Stones that obstructed him, tumbled away, and out he leapt with more Joy than a Fellow that's repriev'd at the Gallows.

After this Escape from hanging, he follow'd his Villanies some few Years longer, in which Time he had most inhumanly murder'd five Men, two Women, and a Boy of 14 Years of Age; besides most inhumanly mangling one *Sir Donagh O. Bryan*, by cutting off his Nose, Lips, and Ears, for making a Resistance when *Patrick Flemming* robbed him; but at last a Proclamation being issued out, with the Promise of the Reward of 100 Pounds for the taking him dead or alive, the Man of the House where he frequented, near *Mancsth*, betray'd him, by acquainting the Sheriff of the County he might have him there on any Night in the Week, as soon as it was dark. So surrounding this Nest of Rogues with a strong Guard, *Patrick Flemming* and his Associates finding themselves hemm'd in on all sides, they betook themselves to their Carbines and Pistols, which, by the Landlady's privately filling the Barrels with Water, were all useless; so being apprehended, he and 14 of his Gang were hang'd at *Dublin*, on *Wednesday* the 24th of *April*, 1690;



## 58 JACK ADDISON,

1650; and afterwards he was hanged in Chains in the Road just without the *West Side* of the City.

### JACK ADDISON, a Foot-Pad.

THIS Fellow was born of very honest Parents in the Parish of *Lambeth*, and for some Time had been in the Sea and Land Service; but for the most part of his Life followed the Trade of a Butcher, to which he was brought up. He kept Company much with ill Women, especially one *Kate Speed*, a Person both Whore and Thief; and for the Maintenance of her, he went upon the Foot-Pad, committing several most notorious Robberies of that Nature, with one *William Jewel* and *Peter Cartwright*; the latter of which was hanged at *Tyburn* on Wednesday the 18th of July, 1711.

One Time meeting with a Parson between *Washburn-Green* and *Paddington*, he took from him five Guineas; which putting into his own Pocket, quoth Jack, 'Tis as safe there as in yours. That I believe, replied the Parson; but I hope, Sir, you'll be so civil as to give me some of it back again. Said Jack then, Alas! Sir, I wonder how a Man in your Coat can be so unconscionable as to desire any Thing out of this

this small Matter; but I tell what, Sir, if you can tell me what Part of Speech your Gold is, I'll return it all again. The Parson thinking the Money was his own again, he told him it was a Noun Substantive, as any Thing was to which he could put *A* or *The*. No, no, replied Jack, you are out now; I perceive you are no good Grammarian, for where your Gold is at present, it is a Noun Adjective, because it can be neither seen, felt, heard, nor understood. So leaving the Parson to ruminate on his Mistake, away Jack went about his unlawful Business again.

A little after this, meeting on the Road betwixt Hammersmith and Kensington, with one Palmer a Viſualler, who formerly kept the Kings-Head Ale-house in Kings-Head-Court in Drury-Lane, he took from him a Silver Watch, and 18 Shillings; and Mr. Palmer desiring Jack to give him some small Matter to bear his Charges to London, quoth he, Had you been an honest Tradesman, perhaps I might have considered you; but as I know you wear a blue Flag, I will not give you a Farthing, because all of your Profession neither eat, drink, or think, but at other Mens Charges.

Another Time meeting with a Captain of the Foot-Guards betwixt Marybone and Tottenham Court, knocking him down, quoth Jack, Thou great Defender of Women, whose Sword is your Plough, which Honour and Geneva, two very metal'd Jades, are ever drawing, I must  
make

60 JACK ADDISON,

*make bold now to bid you stand, and doubt not but you'll forgive my Rudeness, because your Charity goes beyond the Clergy's, in loving your greatest Enemy best, that is to say, much Drinking. So stunning the Officer with a second Blow, he took Three Guineas from him, and a Gold Watch.*

*One Evening meeting with a Town-Miss, whom he knew very well, coming from Chelsea, after he stopt her, he said, Oh! you B---h of H---ll, where have you been all this while, that I must wait two or three Hours for your Strumpetship? I suppose you have been dressing all Day, to be tasted with the better Appetite at Night. Come, come, let's see what Money you have in your Pockets. So taking about three or four Shillings from her, he gave her a green Gown, by tying her Neck and Heels on the Grass, where she remained till next Morning before she was released by some Hay-makers.*

*Afterwards meeting betwixt Hampstead and Kentish Town, with a Barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and taking from him a Gold Watch, a Silver Snuff-Box, and two Guineas; quoth he to Jack, I'd have you take care what you do, for I am a Lawyer; and if you should come into my Hands, I should be very severe upon you. Addison replied, I value not the Severity of all the Lawyers in England, who only learn to frame their Cases from putting Riddles, and imitating Merlin's Prophecies, and so set all the Cross-row together by the Ears; yet your whole Law is not able to decide Lucian's old Controversy.*

versy, 'twixt Tau and Sigma. So binding the Lawyer Hand and Foot, he left him to plead his Cause by himself.

Another Time Jack meeting with a Chambermaid, whom he knew belong'd to the Dutches of Marlborough, betwixt Kensington and Knights-Bridge, he civilly desir'd her to stand and deliver; but squawling out, and making a great Clutter, rather than part with what she had, he laid violent Hands upon her, saying at the same Time, *Thou covetous B——h, how loth are you to lend an honest Man a little Money to do him a Kindness; when, I warrant you, if you had a good swinging Clap now, you would divide it so equally betwixt your M—— and his Foot-man, as if you had put out the getting of it by a Thread.* So taking about 23 Shillings from her, he made the best of his Way to London.

Not long after this Exploit, Jack meeting Serjeant of the Poultry-Compter coming from Islington, he commanded him to stand and deliver, or else he would shoot him through the Head. The Fellow being surpriz'd, gave him Forty Shillings, desiring at the same Time, that he would be so civil as to return him what he pleas'd back again. But Jack knowing his rascally Function, quoth he, *Errah, was the Tenth Part of a Farthing to save your Life, nay, your Soul, I would not give it, because thou art the Spawn of a broken Shop-keeper, who takest Delight in the Ruin of thy*

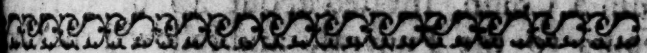


62 JACK ADDISON,

thy Fellow-Creatures. The Misery of a poor Man, is the Offals on which you feed; and Money is the Crust you leap at. Your Walks in Term-time, is up Fleet-street; but at the End of the Term, up Holbourn, and so to Tyburn, for the Gallows is your Purlieu, in which you and the Hangman are Quarter-Rangers, the one turns off, and the other cuts down. In these Words, quoth the Serjeant, And I hope I shall have the Happiness of cutting you down too one of these Days. Perhaps so, (reply'd Jack) but you shall devour a great many more of the Sheriff's Custards first. So tying him Neck and Heels, he bound the Serjeant to his good Behaviour, till some Passengers came by to release him.

He had committed above 36 Robberies thus on Foot, and at last being apprehended, upon the Information of one Will. Jewel, a Prisoner in the Marshalsea-Prison in Southwark, for robbing his Excellency the Duke D'Armont, the French Ambassador here of late, he was committed to Newgate, and try'd at Justice-Hall in the Old-Bailey, for assaulting and robbing on the Queen's Highway, Mr. Matthew Beazly, Mr. William Winslow, Mr. Disney Stanniford, Mr. Robert Sherwood, and Mr. Joseph Aston, on the 30th of November, and 20th of December, 1710, and the 6th of February, 1711, and for which being call'd and condemn'd, he was hang'd at Tyburn on Friday the 2d of March following, Aged 27 Years.

But before I conclude this Fellow's Life, I must not forget his once robbing mad *Wigmore*, whom meeting betwixt *Kentish-Town* and *London*, raving along with a Quarter-Staff in his Hand, and a great Pair of Boots on his legs, he oblig'd him to stand and deliver, without much Opposition; for presenting a couple of Pistols at him, *Wigmore* was not so mad as to lose his Life for the Value of Ten Twelve Shillings, which *Jack* took from him; besides cutting the Mad-Man's Boots to pieces, so that he was oblig'd to go through thick and Thin, it being then very dirty weather, bare-foot Home.



*WILL. MAW, a Foot-Pad and House-Breaker.*

THIS noted Villain, Aged 50 Years when he was hang'd, was born at *Northallerton* *Yorkshire*, from whence he came up to *London*, about 20 Years of Age, and serv'd his Apprentiship with a Cabinet-maker, and for great while follow'd that Occupation in the Parish of *St. Giles's-Cripplegate*, where he staid for above 18 Years together; and for many Years, having left off working at his Trade,

Trade, he betook himself to some illegal Way of Living, as the buying of stoln Goods, and thereby encouraging Thieves and Robbers. He had also been addicted to Coining; and for some of his irregular Actions, had a Fine of Ten Pounds laid upon him in September 1705; was burnt in the Hand in April 1710 and in September following, and Twice ordered for hard Labour in *Bridewell*.

Having once committed a Robbery, for which he was afraid to be apprehended when he liv'd in *Golden-Lane*, he pretended to be very Sick at Home, and order'd his Wife to give out that he was Dead. His Wife being a cunning Baggage, so order'd the Matter, that she cleanly executed his Commands, bought him a Coffin, invited about 40 or 50 Neighbours to the Funeral, and follow'd the Corpse in such a mournful Condition, as if her poor Husband had been dead indeed. As the Buriall were coming by the *Red-Cross* Ale-House, the End of *Red-Cross-Street*, to St. Giles Church-Yard, near *Cripplegate*, some Company being drinking at the Door, who were inquisitive to know who was Dead, they were told it was Old *Maw*, whom they knew very well. About Five Years afterwards, one of those Persons that were Drinking, as aforesaid, being a Prisoner in *Wood-street-Compter* for Debt, and *Maw* coming in also a Prisoner a little after him, the former Person was so surpris'd at the Sight of the latter, that at first

*a Foot-Pad and House-Breaker. 65*

he had not Power to speak to him; but at length recovering some Courage, as dreading he had seen a Ghost, quoth he, *Is not your Name Maw, Sir?* Maw reply'd, *Yes, Sir; as sure as your Name is Watkins.* Who said again, *Why, I thought you had been dead and bury'd Five Years ago!* Yes, (reply'd Maw) *I was in Trespasses and Sins. But I mean (said Watkins) laid your self corporally in the Grave.* No, (reply'd Maw) *I was not dead; but being at that Time under some Trouble, my Wife gave out I was not in the Land of the living, as supposing then my Adversaries would not look for me in my Grave.* So shortly after this Imprisonment, being hang'd, as he was going up *Hilborn*, another Person, who, he Mr. Watkins, had thought him dead and bury'd, seeing him in the Cart, he was in a great Admiration, calling thus out to him in the Cart, *Oh! dear Mr. Maw, I really thought that you had been dead and bury'd Five Years ago and more.* Why so I was, (reply'd Maw) *don't you know that we must all rise again the Day of Judgment?* Yes, (reply'd his acquaintance) *but the Day of Judgment is not come yet.* Ay but it is, quoth Maw, and I said too *Twelve Days ago, at the Sessions-house in the Old-Bailey, where, I am sure, was the Judgment of the Court to send me to be hang'd now.* So his Friend wishing him a good Journey, and safe Return, they both parted.

*Will.*

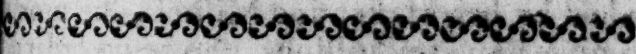


*Will. Maw* having once stole a Trunk from behind a Coach, in which were several Goods and among 'em, a Minister's new Gown and Cassock, which he sold to one *Seabrook*, Broker in *Barbican*; great Enquiry being made at most Brokers for a Gown and Cassock, by the Friend of the Minister that lost 'em, he at length found them at *Seabrook's* House, who would sell him a great Pennyworth in them; so the Gentleman desiring him to bring the Gown and Cassock to the *Sun Tavern* in *Aldersgate-street*, where the Person was that wanted them; *Seabrook* brings them thither, where trying them on, quoth he, *I vow, Sir, they fit you as well as if they had been really made for you.* Quoth the Minister, *And so they were made for me, or else they had not fitted me so well as they do.* He pray, *Sir, how came you by this Gown and Cassock, for I'll take my Oath that I lost 'em.* Now *Seabrook* began to tremble and quake and would have run away without being paid for the Goods; but being secur'd, and finding *Maw*, he was committed to *Newgate* and convicted of Felony; but an Act of Grace being pass'd a little before his Confinement, he pleaded the Benefit thereof, and so escaped the Punishment which is usually inflicted on Persons found guilty of Felony.

Indeed *Will. Maw* had been an old Offender and being sent to *Newgate* for pursuing his Villanies, he was cast on Five Indictments.

## *a Foot-Pad and House-Breaker. 67*

First, for breaking open the House of Mrs. *Johns*, and taking thence Eight Pew-ter Plates, and other Goods. Secondly, for breaking open the House of Mr. *John Avery*, and taking thence 24 Pair of Leather Clogs. Thirdly, for assaulting and robbing Mr. *Charles* on the Queen's Highway, and taking from him a Silver Watch, Five Gold Rings, Money, and other Things. Fourthly, for assaulting and robbing on the Highway, Mrs. *Grover*, taking from her Three Shillings and Six Pence. And Fifthly, for assaulting on the Queen's Highway, and robbing Mr. *Cole* of some Money, a Handkerchief, and other Goods. For which Facts this Old Rogue is justly hang'd at *Tyburn* on *Wednesday* the 10th of *October*, 1711.



## *WILL. LOWTHER, of White-Haven, a Murderer and Thief.*

HIS Offender was born at *White-Haven* in *Cumberland*, and from his Youth brought up at *Newcastle upon Tyne*, in *Norumberland*. He had used the Sea for almost Years, and once was (for a little while) Master of a small Collier (given him by his Father)

# 68 WILL. LOWTHER,

Father) trading between *Newcastle* and *London*, where becoming acquainted with ill Company, and losing his little Vessel one Night at Play, he soon learn'd the most enormous Vices of the Town, and became as bad as his Companions, in going very frequently upon the Water-Pad, or robbing Ships as they lie at Anchor in the River of *Thames*. He kept Company with an ill Woman, who is a Prisoner now in *Newgate*; and who once being a Servant at a Tavern in *King-street* in *Westminster*, she lost a Silver Spoon, and going to *Doctor Case*, the famous Student in *Physick* and *Astrology*, in *Fetter-Lane*, to know what was become of it; he would not undertake the Job under 10 Shillings, for which the Servant thought she could buy another; but supposing it might not be so exactly like the lost one, which was belonging to a Set highly valu'd by her Master and Mistress, she promised to give him 10 Shillings. So being order'd by the Doctor, after telling where she liv'd, to call upon him in Two or Three Days; in the mean Time throwing off his Gown, and disguising himself in his Cloaths, he went to the same Tavern where *Lowther's* Gallant liv'd and by calling for something to eat, had the Advantage of borrowing another Silver Spoon and carrying it Home, it happen'd that the Servant was almost at his Heels, and knocking at the Door, Quoth *Doctor Case*, looking thro' out of the Window, *Open the Latch, Call*

and walk into the Parlour, and I'll go and consult Lucifer about your Spoon. So making a great Rattling and Noise over the Servant's Head, insomuch that she verily thought the Doctor was raising the Devil indeed; after he had made the Silver Spoon red hot in the Fire, bringing it so down in a Pair of Tongues, Here, here, Wench, quoth he, here's your Spoon again, which I have been forc'd to fetch red hot out of Hell. This put her into a great admiration; but after it was cold, and finding it to be really her Master's, she gave him Ten shillings with a great deal of Joy, and went home; where putting it to the rest, and finding still one short of her Number, she then thought that whilst she had been at the Devil for one Spoon, he had come and fetch'd away another. But soon after going away from her service, and living with Lowther, to whom she had told the Story, they consulted to bite the Doctor; and accordingly, going to Doctor Case, who knew her again, Quoth she, I am come to acquaint you, Sir, that living now with a Lady at Highgate, she hath lately lost a Gold Locket, and telling her how you once fetch'd me a Spoon red hot from Hell, her Madship desires to consult you about her Loss; but being indispos'd, so that she cannot wait on you her self, she craves the Favour of your coming to her; for which Trouble she'll make you ample Satisfaction. The Doctor now thinking he had a good Rich Fool to deal with, presently



sently dress'd himself, and went along with her; but going through *Cane-Wood*, where should meet them but *Will. Lowther*. I see, Sir, you are come just red hot from *Hell*, by your great Sweat, and Beard being sing'd, nay, and very Wig too; pray what Money may you have in your Breeches? Very little, reply'd the Doctor. But *Will.* not taking his Word, he search'd him, and found in his Pockets Four Guinea's, Five Half Crown Pieces, a Silver Watch, a Case of Surgeon's Instruments, and a good Handkerchief, which he took for his own Use; then binding and gagging the Conjuror, left him there to consult *Erra Pater* about his Deliverance, which was not obtain'd 'till next Morning.

Another Time *Will. Lowther* meeting a great *Virtuoso* belonging to the *Royal Society*, taking a serious Walk in the Fields near *Paddington* to meditate on the stupendious Works of Nature, he made bold to make him stand 'till he took 28 Guineas from him; for some of which begging very heartily, quoth *Will. Will.* I know not what ill Stars I'm born under, but by G——d, let me rob who I will, the damn'd Sons of Whores are always so unconscionable as to ask for some of their Money again: And now here's a Trifle I have took from you; I suppose you are so unreasonable too, as to expect a Shilling or Two out of it: Why truly I can't tell well how to afford you so much; but nevertheless, looking upon you to be an

us Gentleman, I tell you what I'll do, if you tell me what is the likeliest Thing to a Cat coming out of a Window, I'll give you all your money again. The Virtuoso put his Wits to work presently, and after naming several Creatures, Quoth he at last, *An Owl must have nearest Resemblance to a Cat of any Thing now upon Earth.* No, no, reply'd Will. thou art out still, for the likeliest Thing to a Cat coming out of a Window, is, *a Cat looking in a Window.* So binding the Virtuoso to his Behaviour with a strong Cord, he left him to shift for himself as well as he could.

But not long after this, Will. Lowther met with a sad Mischance, for going one Day to an house in Covent-Garden, in Christmas time, where was a Box put up by the Servants in one of the back Rooms in which he was Drinking, for Customers to put what they pleas'd into it, he being by himself, heated the Poker red hot, and unfolding the Box as fast as he could, which was fill'd with Gunpowder, by Reason Two or Three Boxes had been so open'd before there, and the Money flew out; as soon as the Heat of the Poker came to the Powder, up flew the Box, out with the Money, and the Noise thereof giving great Report, the Servants went presently into the Room, where they found Will. Lowther smitten'd almost out of his Wits, with his Wig falling about his Ears, his Neckcloth all on Fire,

Fire, and his Face most sadly burnt: However not pitying his mortify'd Condition, they went for carrying him before a Magistrate; but making the Matter up, by paying the Servant Three Pounds Ten Shillings, he was discharged of his getting Box-Money of People without asking them for it, and went about his Business.

*Will Lowther* once having stolen a Black Pudding in *Clare-Market*, and clapp'd it in his Bosom, slept, as he was going along, in *Daniel Burges's Meeting-House*, where sitting himself opposite to that Reverend Doctor who was very piously delivering a Lecture to his zealous Congregation, in the midst of an eloquent Discourse, looking wistfully towards *Lowther*, and saying, *Thou Man! fling thy black Sin out of thy Bosom.* *Will.* having a guilty Conscience, and really thinking the Teacher had spoken to him, he flung it on his Head, saying, *And be pox'd to you, I have but one black Pudding, and you are so unscrupulous as to desire it of me.* Which Transaction put the Auditors into a sort of a Surprise, as well as the Doctor, who said, *This Fellow was a meer Reprobate, excluded forever from the Benefit of taking hold of a Cloak in a Time of Need.* But *Will.* went straight out of the Conventicle, to look for a better Prey.

Another Time *Will. Lowther* having stolen a Watch, was committed to *Newgate*, where, by compounding the Felony, he then escap'd.

severity of the Law, and procur'd his Liberty; but not performing his Agreement, his Adversary about the Watch, arrested him, and sent him to the *Poultry-Compter*, where was also his pretended Wife, a Prisoner for Debt, till he made his Escape out of Goal, and was retaken, and then by a *Duci* they were both remov'd to *Newgate*. Here he first became acquainted with *Richard Keele*, and procuring their Liberty much about one and the same time, they went upon Thieving; for which, being both burnt in the Hand, they were sent to *Bridewell* in *Clerkenwell* for Two Years; there making a Mutiny, in which one *Edward Perry*, a Servant to Mr. *Boreman*, the Keeper of the said Goal, was killed, he was sent to *Newgate* again, and at the *Old-Bailey* receiv'd Sentence of Death, which he accordingly suffer'd with *Richard Keele*, on *Wednesday* the 23d of *December*, 1713. Aged 22 Years.

~~~~~

Adam CHURCHILL, a Murderer,
and Pick-pocket.

Elorah Churchill, alias *Miller*, was born within six Miles of the City of *Norwich*, the County of *Norfolk*, of worthy honest parents, who gave her very good Education.

74 *Madam CHURCHILL,*

and by them was brought up in her younger Years in Religion and good Manners; but she had wickedly thrown off all those good Things, which were endeavour'd to be fix'd in her, and abandon'd her self to all manner of Filthiness and Uncleaness, which afterwards prov'd her Shame and Ruin. She was first marry'd to one *John Churchill*, an Ensign in Major-General *Faringdon's* Regiment; by whose Name she commonly went, but seldom by her second Husband's, who, two or three Years before her Misfortunes, was marry'd to her in the Fleet Prison, upon Agreement first made between them both, that they should not live together, nor have any Thing to do with each other. Which Agreement was strictly perform'd, and so she continu'd freely to keep Company with one *Hunt* a Lifeguard-man, as she had begun to do in her former Husband's Time.

She had liv'd with the aforesaid Bully *Hunt* for Seven Years together, in a lascivious and adulterous Manner, which broke her first Husband's Heart, by whom she had two Children surviving at the Time of her unfortunate Death. She had liv'd also in Incontinency about three Months, with one *Thomas Smith*, a Cooper, who was hang'd at *Tyburn* on Friday Decr 16. 1709. for breaking open and robbing the House of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Westmorland*; at which Time were likewise hang'd *Aaron Jones* and *Joseph Wells*, for the Murder of one Mr. *Lamas* near *Marybone*. This noted Jilt bore a great Sway in *Drury Lane*.

lane, as in taking Tribute of all new Whores who presum'd to walk there at Night to venture their Souls, if Men would their Bodies, for the small Price of Two-Pence wet, and Two-Pence dry. She was a common Strumpet, who prostituted herself to all Comers and Goers, whose Pockets she constantly pick'd, as particularly one Mr. Jeffery W—, a Bookfeller, living lately in St. Paul's Church-Yard, from whom taking a Pocket-book, in which were several Notes and Bills of Value, Hunt, her Sully, went the next Day to his Shop, and returning the Pocket-book to him, said, *By this I understand you have been more familiar with my Wife than became you; but take Notice I shall require Satisfaction for the Affront, or otherwise take what follows.* The Bookfeller being conscious of what was laid to his Charge, rather than the Scandal should come to his Wife's Ears, to whom he was newly marry'd, he gave him Ten Guineas, with a Promise of paying him Thirty more the next Day. But in the mean time acquainting a Book-binder, living in Drury-Lane, with the Matter, he, knowing the World pretty well, met Hunt at the Place where Mr. W— was to give him 30 Guineas, and threatening to secure him with a Constable, the Sharper was forc'd not only to surrender his Pretensions to the Thirty Guineas, but to return the former Ten, for Fear of being carry'd before his Betters.

76 *Madam CHURCHILL,*

As she was once going thro' *Cheapside*, upon the *Buttock and File*, (i. e. to pick up a Cully, and pick his Pocket,) she pick'd up a Linnen-Draper, living in *Cornhill*, who being as sharp as she, he found he had lost his Watch in the Tavern where they were drinking, which was at the *Three Tuns* in *Newgate-street*, and charg'd her with it; she deny'd it stiffly, neither could it be found upon her, tho' the Maids of the House had stripp'd her stark naked. The Linnen-Draper swearing point-blank that she had it, and sending for a Constable to secure her, she discover'd the Watch, which was hid in the Bottom of a Leather Chair; nevertheless she was committed to *Woodstreet Compter*.

But the abovesaid Linnen-Draper never appearing against *Madam Churchill*, when under Confinement, she was at last discharg'd; but had not long enjoy'd her Liberty ere she was committed to *New-Prison*, for picking a Gentleman's Pocket of a Purse wherein was an Hundred and Four Guineas. Whilst she was here, she seem'd to be really a close Woman; but yet her Religion was of Five or Six Colours, for this Day she would pray that God would turn the Heart of her Adversary, and To-morrow curse the Time that ever she saw him. However she at last got out of this Mansion of Sorrow; but soon forgetting her Afflictions, she pursu'd her Wick- edness till she was sent above 28 Times to *Clerkenwell Bridewell*, where receiving the

Correction

Correction of the House by being whipt, and beating Hemp from Morning till Night, for the small Allowance of so much Bread and Water which will but just keep Life and Soul together, she commonly came out like a Skeleton, and walk'd as if her Limbs had been ty'd together with Packthread.

Indeed let what Punishment would light on this common Strumpet she was no Changling, for as soon as she was out of Gaol she was still running into greater Evils, by deluding, if possible, all Mankind. Thus one Night picking up one *William Fowler* a Barber, living in *Bull-Inn Court*, in the *Strand*, and carrying him to her Lodging in *Castle-street*, behind the North-side of *Long-Acre*, they went to Bed, where the amorous Folly of these two Lovers consisted, no doubt more of Action than Expression: But in the Height of these Enjoyments, *Bully Hunt* unexpectedly came home, and knocking hard at the Door, startl'd our two Inamorato's, who were more strictly engag'd in each others Arms, than *Mars* was by *Vulcan's* crafty Net, when entwin'd in amorous Folds with the *Cyprian Goddess*. In the mean time *Deb. Churchill* being otherwise employ'd, than to come out of a warm Bed, and endanger the catching of Cold, was as mute as a Fish; neither could she in Reason make answer to the Disturber of her Joys, 'till the business she was about was consummated. But *Bully Rock* impatient of Delay, repeating his Strokes on the harmless Door, she

E 3 found

78 *Madam CHURCHILL,*

found herself constrain'd to demand, *Who was there?* tho' in Words imperfect, as one wak'd out of a profound Sleep; and knowing the Voice upon Reply, she capitulated with *Hunt*, till she might hide her Cully, for whom there was no other Refuge but crawling under the Bed: when being secur'd, she jump'd out, and in great Haste ran to the Door, speaking as she was wont, *Oh! my Soul, Oh! my dearest Heart, thou most welcome Man to me alive!* when in herself she thought, *What envious Devil has brought thee hither at this Juncture to disturb my Pleasure?* The Bully thus enter'd, began to salute her in his usual Language, *Thou Brim, you Whore, you Bitch, what Rogue have you got in Bed with you now?* But finding no body there, he kick'd her about the Room like a Foot-ball, saying again, *Where have you hid the Scoundrel, that da'st presume to bestow a Citizen's Fate upon my Honour, in making me a Cuckold?* Then drawing his Sword, quoth he, *I've not killed a Man this great while, but by G—d I'll send one out of the World now.* So thrusting his Sword under the Bed, poor *Tonfor* began to cry out for Quarter; at the same Time creeping out of his Nest so extremely powder'd with Dust and Feathers, that Bully *Hunt* taking him rather for a Devil than a Man, the Fright he was in gave the as much frightened *Cut-beard* the favourable Opportunity of making his Escape out of the House, with only the Loss of his Breeches, in which was a good Silver Watch, and about 4*l.* in Money.

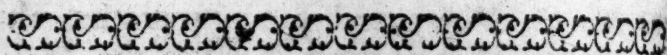
a Murtheress and Pick-pocket. 79

But for this Trick he swore, *He would never go a Whoring again*, which was as dangerous as trusting his Arms in the Throat of a Lion; or his Purse with a Highway-man.

Now after Madam Churchill had reign'd a long Time in her Wickedness, as she was coming one Night along *Drury-lane*, in Company with *Richard Hunt*, *William Lewis*, and *John Boy*, they took an Occasion to fall out with one *Martin Were*, and she aggravating the Quarrel, by bidding them sacrifice the Man, they kill'd him between *King's-Head-Court* and *Vinegar-Yard*. The three Men who committed this Murder made their Escape; but she being apprehended as an Accessary therein, was sent to *Newgate*, and shortly after condemn'd for it on *February 25. 1707*. After Sentence of Death was pass'd on her, her Execution was respos'd, by virtue of a Reprieve giv'n her, upon the Account of her being thought to be with Child; which she pretended to be, in Hopes it might be a Means to save her Life, or at least put off her Death for a Time; but when she had lain under Condemnation almost Seven Months, and found not to be with Child; she was call'd to her former Judgment; then being convey'd in a Coach to *Tyburn*, on *Friday Dec. 17. 1708*. she was there hang'd in the 31st Year of her Age. But, before she was turn'd off, she desir'd all the Spectators to pray for her, and that God would be pleas'd to be merciful to her poor Soul; moreover calling to one she call'd Nurse, an

80 WILLIAM GETTINGS,

Apple-Woman's Daughter in *Drury-lane*, she earnestly begg'd of her to take care of her poor Children, for whom she seem'd to be very much concern'd. These were her last Words which she spoke in the Cart, into which she was put as soon as she came to the Place of Execution.



WILLIAM GETTINGS, an Highway-Man.

THIS Malefactor was born in the Parish of *Wolhope* in *Herefordshire*, where he liv'd with his Father, a *Grazier*, till he was about sixteen Years old, and then he came up to *London*. Soon after this, he got into a Gentleman's Service, and liv'd with him a pretty while in the Capacity of a Footboy, and afterwards try'd other Services, and was sometimes a Butler, and at other Times a Foot-man, as it happen'd; that in all those his Services together, he spent above five Years, and might have done well, had he continu'd honest and diligent, as he at the first was; but in Process of Time he fell into bad Company, which debauch'd and corrupted him, and drove him at last into that wicked Course of Life, that soon brought him to a shameful Death. When

When he first took to ill Courses he went by the Name of *William Smith*, and sought his Fortune originally by other ways of Thieving, than that of Robbing on the Highway, as House-breaking, Shop-lifting, the Running-Smobble, or the like; thus one Evening going dress'd like a Porter into the House of a Doctor of Physick, living in, or near *Well-Close*, by the *Danes Church*, in *Ratcliff-highway*, he there took down a rich Bed, which after it was pack'd up, and bringing out of the Chamber, in order to carry it off, he fell headlong down Stairs, insomuch that he had like to have broke his Neck; and the Noise alarming the old Doctor and his Son, they came running out of the Kitchen to see what was the Matter; whereupon *William Gettings*, who was puffing and blowing, as if he was quite tir'd, and out of Breath, perceiving them nearer than they should be, said to the Doctor, Is not your Name so and so? Yes, (replied the Doctor,) And what then? Why then, Sir, quoth *William Gettings*, there's one *Mr. Hugh Hen and Penhenribus* has order'd me to bring these Goods hither, which have almost broke my Back and am forc'd to throw 'em down here, for which he'll call about half an-Hour hence, and fetch 'em away again to a new Lodging which he has took somewhere hereabouts. *Mr. Hugh Hen and Penhenribus*, (reply'd the Doctor again) why pray who's he? for to the best of my Knowledge, I don't know any such Gentleman. I can't tell for that, (said *Gettings*)

E 5

but

82 WILLIAM GETTINGS,

but indeed the Gentleman knows you, and order'd me to leave the Goods here. I don't care (quoth the Doctor) how well he knows me, I tell you, I'll not take in People's Goods, unless they were here themselves, therefore I say carry 'em away. Nay, pray Sir, (said Gettings,) let me leave the Goods here, for I'm quite weary already in bringing them hither. I tell you (reply'd the Doctor) there shall none be left here, therefore take them away, or I'll throw 'em into the Street else. Well, (quoth Gettings) I'll take the Goods away, then, but I'm sure the Gentleman will be very angry, because he order'd me to leave them here. I don't care (reply'd the Doctor) for his Anger, nor yours neither, I tell you I'll take no Charge of other People's Goods, unless they were here themselves to put 'em into my Custody. Very well, Sir, (quoth Gettings,) but since I must carry them away, I beg the Favour of you, and the Gentleman there, to lift them on my Back. Ay, ay, with all my Heart, (reply'd the Doctor) come Son, and lends a Hand to lift them on the Fellow's Back. So the Goods being lifted on Gettings's Shoulders, it was not long 'ere the Doctor's Wife came home from Market, and going into the Room where the Bed was taken down, she came running open-mouth'd at her Husband, and said, Why truly this is a most strange thing, that I can never stir out of doors, but you must be making one whimsical Alteration or other in the House. What's the Matter. (reply'd the Doctor) with the Woman's

Are you beside your self? No, (said the Wife) but truly you are, in thus altering things as you do almost every Moment. Certainly, my Dear, (replied the Doctor) you must have been spending your Market-Penny, or else you would not talk at this rate as you do of Alterations, when none in the least have been made since you have been gone out. Quoth the Wife, I am not blind, I think; for I'm sure the Bed's took out of the Room one Pair of Stairs backwards; and pray, Husband, Where do you design to put it now? At these Words the Husband and Son going presently up Stairs, they found the Bed was stollen, which, to be sure, fretted them; but nevertheless, they durst not tell the Old Woman that they had a Hand in the losing it, by helping the Thief to carry it away; but now made the best of a bad Market, since all the fretting in the World would not bring it back again.

Though Will. Gettings was so successful in Robbing this House, yet his Genius not agreeing with this sort of Theft, he was resolv'd to try his Fortune on the Highway; and one Day meeting with William Fuller the Coney-wooll-cutter, that pretended to a make a Discovery of the World in the Moon, by telling who was the Pretender's Father and Mother, trudging it on Foot along the Road betwixt Lewisham and Bromley in Kent, he commanded that Sharper to stand and deliver; then taking from him Two-pence Halfpenny, for which he stood as hard as a Shoe-maker would for a
a Piece

84 WILLIAM GETTINGS,

a Piece of Carrot, but to no Purpose: He said, *The World was come indeed to a very sad Pass, that one Rogue must (like the Fish in the Sea) prey on another.*

Shortly after the Robbing this incorrigible Rogue, *Will. Gettings* robbed a Man on the Way to *Chelsea*, and took from him about Twelve Shillings, and a Pair of Silver Buckles. Next he robbed a Stage-Coach upon *Hounslow-Heath*, taking from the Passengers a Silver Watch, and some Money. Next he robbed another Stage-Coach, not far from *Reading* in *Berkshire*, and took from the Passengers four Guineas and some Silver. And next he robbed Esquire *Dashwood's* Coach a little beyond *Parny*, and took from him and his Lady a Gold Watch, and three or four Pieces of Gold, with some Money in Silver: But the most notable Action he ever committed, was this which follows. *Will. Gettings* having been riding one Day into the Country for his Pleasure, as he was returning home in the Evening very well mounted, and dressed much like a Gentleman, just at *Tooting*, by *Richmond*, he perceived from a rising Ground Sir *James Ba-ma* walking in his Gardens, which were very fine indeed, and of a large Extent. Then riding up to a Gardiner standing at a Back-door, and enquiring of him, whether a Gentleman whom Curiosity led to see those Gardens, of which he had heard so much Talk in their Praise, might not have the Liberi of taking a Walk in them: The Gardiner knowing Sir *James* was

was free that any Person appearing in good Fashion might walk there, he gave *Gettings* Admission into them. Then alighting, he gave the Gardiner his Horse to hold; and in the Walks seeing *Sir James Ba-man*, to whom he paid Respects in a very submissive Manner, withal hoping, that he would pardon his Presumption of coming into his Gardens, when his Worship was therein recreating himself; the courteous Knight told him he was very welcome, and invited him to see his Wilderness; where sitting down in an Arbor, *Gettings* in their Discourse was pleased to say, *Your Worship has got a very fine Diamond Ring on your Finger. Yes* (replied *Sir James*) *it ought to be a fine one, for it cost me a very fine Price: Why then* (said *Gettings* again) *it is the fitter to be show on a Friend; therefore if your Worship pleases I must make bold to take it, and wear it for your sake.* At these Words *Sir James* began to startle at his Impudence; but *Gettings* clapping a Pistol to his Breast, told him, he was a dead Man if he made but the least Noise or Resistance. So taking it from him, quoth he again, *I am sensible your Worship does not go without a good Watch too; which also converting to his own Use, and some Guineas out of his Pocket, he then tied his Hands and Feet, and came away with a Booty worth 90 £.; but bid Sir James be of good Cheer, for he would send one presently to relieve him. And accordingly going to the Gardiner who held his Horse all this while, and giving him a Shilling, quoth* he

86 WILLIAM GETTINGS,

he, *honest Friend*, Sir James wants to speak with you. Then mounting, he rid presently off the Ground, whilst the Gardiner made haste to his Master, and was in a great Surprize to see Sir James bound in that Manner, which *Will. Gettings* had left him in; but immediately setting him loose, his Worship returned his Servant many Thanks, for sending a Rogue to rob him in his own Gardens.

He once went purposely from *London* into the Country, to rob the House of a dear Friend, and nearest Relation of his, which he effectually and easily did, as being well acquainted with all the Parts of that House, and the Ways to go into it; taking away from thence a Horse, some Money, Gold Rings, and other Things. And lastly, he robbed Esquire *Harrison* and his Lady, riding in their Calash towards *Fulham*, and took from them a Purse with four Guineas in it, and some Money in Silver; for which Fact being apprehended by the Honourable Lord *Bolingbroke*, one of whose Servants he shot in taking him, he was committed to *Newgate*, and hanged, in the Twenty second Year of his Age, at *Tyburn*, on *Friday* the 25th Day of *September*, 1713.

At the same Time were also justly executed *George Hillinsby* for House-breaking; *Thomas Turner* for stealing a Gelding; *John Foyner* for breaking the House of one Mr. *John Kelly*; *Sarah Clifford*, alias *Atkins*, for picking the Pocket of a Drover, whom she made so dead drunk

drunk, that he died in his Drunkenness; *Jane Wells*, alias *Elizabeth Wells*, alias *White*, alias *Dyer*, for Shoft-lifting; and *John Heath*, alias *James How*, for stealing a Mare. This last Person was about Twenty two Years of Age, born at *Thornwood* in *Essex*, in which County his Mother now keeps a Turn-Pike, or a Gate thro' which Coaches, Carts, Waggon and Horses pay Toll for passing; and was married, or at least wife kept Company with a Pipe-maker's Daughter living at *Saffron-Hill*. He was a most abominable Swearer, and was justly condemned for stealing a Horse or Mare once before; but abusing the Mercy of the Queen's Pardon, to which he, and other notorious Malefactors pleaded at the *Old-Baily*, on the 12th Day of *August*, 1713. he was deservedly hanged in less than seven Weeks after the receiving of that Royal Indulgence, which too many have the Benefit of, without making good use of it.



RICHARD KEELE, a Murderer and Thief.

THIS most unheard-of Villain was born of very good and reputable Parents at *Rumsey* in *Hampshire*; and having no other Education

education bestowed upon him than meer Reading and Writing, he was put Apprentice to a Barber and Perriwigmaker living at *Winchester*, whose Daughter he married; but after 7 or 8 Years Cohabitation, left her, and married another Woman in *London*, who has 50*l.* per *Annum*, during Life, quarterly paid her by a Justice of the Peace, living now in *St. Margaret's Church-yard at Westminster*.

His sole Delight and Pleasure was ever in keeping Company with the greatest Rogues, Whores and Thieves, from whom he had learnt so much of their bad Manners, that he exceeded them all in Villany; especially when he came to be a Bailiff, whose Beginning is detestable, Courses desperate, and End damnable. Soon after he was married to his last Wife, he kept an Ale-house in *Milk-Alley*, near *St. Ann's Church*; but he had not been long in that Employment, e'er he was arrested at the Suit of one *Thomas*, a Soldier in the First Regiment of Foot-Guards, in an Action of 100*l.* for keeping Company with his Wife *Isabella Thomas*, a most notorious Shop-lift, whom he encouraged in her Thieving till she was condemned, but obtain'd Mercy.

Being now arrested, as aforesaid, and so little belov'd, that none would bail him, he was carried to the *Gate-house Prison at Westminster*, where he had not been a Week before Forty Robberies were laid to his Charge, for which he was then loaded with heavy Irons; but no Prosecution commencing against him, he was admitted

admitted to Bail for them before Sir *Peter King*, then Recorder of *London*. But still being a Prisoner on *Thomas's* Action, he removed himself by a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* to the *Fleet-Prison*, from whence he was shortly after removed again to *Newgate*, upon an Information exhibited against him for speaking several blasphemous Expressions when in the *Gate-house*; and being tried for the same at the *Sessions-House* in the *Old-Baily*, before the Lord Chief Justice *Parker*, the Sentence of the Court was, That he should stand twice in the Pillory, once at *Charing-Cross*, and once without *Temple-Bar*, and to suffer Imprisonment for a Year.

When the Time of Confinement was expired, and this notorious Fellow (to whom, tho' the Devil is but his Father-in-Law, yet for the Love he bears him, will leave him as much as if he was his own Child) had procured his Liberty, he then turned a Bailiff's Follower; but his Incomes thereby being but very small, and supposing a Thief the more profitable Employment, he stole a Coat and Periwig, for which he was committed *Newgate*; and on his Trial for them being found guilty of Felony, he was burnt in the Hand, and ordered for hard Labour at the Work-house for Twelve Months.

Accordingly being carried with one *William Bowther*, and *Charles Halton*, two other Fellows, to *Bridewell* in *Clerkenwell*, on the 19th of *September*, 1713, they made a Mutiny, upon

on Captain *Boreman's* going to put Irons on them, to prevent their making an Escape out of his Goal. In this Fray *Charles Halton* was shot dead on the Spot, *William Lowther* shot in several Parts of his Body, but not mortally wounded, and *Dick Keele* had one of his Eyes shot out. But these Villains having killed *Edward Perry* one of the Turn-Keys of *Bridewell*, *Keele* and *Lowther* were committed by Justice *Fuller* to *Newgate* again; where the former of them was kept in the Master-side, at the Charge of *Isabel Thomas*, that notorious Shop-lift, who being now at Liberty, by pleading to her Majesty's Pardon but in *August* last, followed Shop-lifting as much as ever, till at last she was apprehended, received Sentence of Death again, on *Monday* the 14th of *December*, 1713. for privately stealing 62 Yards of Silk, Value 6*l.* from the Shop of *Philip Bass*, a Mercer on *Ludgate-Hill*.

Now *Dick Keele* being afraid of coming to a Trial for the Murder of *Edward Perry*, at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Baily*, in *October* last, he put himself into a Salivation, and perhaps it might not be without a Cause; for he was such a common Fellow, that he would debauch himself with the very worst of Whores; but now having no other Device to delay his coming to Justice any longer, he was brought to a Trial, on which the Evidence for the Queen being very full and clear to the Fact laid to his Charge, he and *William Lowther* were both found guilty of *Wilful Murder* but

but such was his Assurance and Impudence whilst in the *Condemn'd Hold*, that he was sure he should not die, and therefore made no Preparation for his approaching Death, as supposing his Sister, who lived with a Person of Quality, would procure his Pardon. However, mistaking his Aim, he and his Comrade *Will. Lowther* were executed on *Clerkenwell-Green*, on *Wednesday* the 23d of *December*, 1713; the first being 32 Years of Age, and the other but 23.

It was always the Opinion of this unhappy Person to say, that he gloried in all manner of Wickedness; and if it ever was his Fate to come under the Circumstances of Death for the Breach of any Law, he should so far behave himself above the common Nature of Mankind, as not to shed Tears for his Offence, when launching into the very Gulph of Eternity; and therefore, like other whining Fools, he should not make any Confession of his Sins to any Person that presumed to ask him at the very Place of Execution, in case he was to come to such an untimely End.

But it is evidently seen, that a shameful Death hath overtook him for his Wickedness; and tho' he pretended to out-brave the very Terrors thereof, yet when he came under the unhappy Lash of being cut off by the Sword of Justice for his Crime, no Man could bewail and bemoan himself more than he did: however, his Sorrow was not so much for the Thought of his Sins, as being sent out of the Land

Land of the Living in his almost juvenile Years; nevertheless, he stood to his Resolution of Wickedness, tho' not of Bravery, in not making a Confession of all his Sins, to those who required it; for, according to the Papers put out of him, he never discover'd in particular his robbing of a Shoemaker living once near *Lincoln-Inn-Fields*, call'd, *Bond and Judgment*: An Account whereof take as follows.

One Day *Dick Keele* being out of Money, by his paying ten, twenty, or thirty Pounds to an Adversary, whom that notorious Shop-lift *Isabel Thomas* used to rob, he was resolved to make up those Pull-backs by robbing himself. So meeting with one *Bond and Judgment* as aforesaid, a very honest Man, so call'd, from his lending Money to People upon such an Assignment made over to him; and as soon as the Time was expir'd as the Money was to be paid, upon Non-Payment, he instantly, I won't say villanously, took the Advantage thereof, and turned the Person and whole Family out of Doors, by seizing on all they had; I say, meeting with him not far from *Paddington*, and having been over-reach'd himself before upon an Occasion by the same Fellow, he commanded him to stand and deliver. (Quoth *Bond and Judgment*) " Don't you know me, " Sir? Ay (replied *Dick*) you Son of a Whore, " I know you to be a mercenary Rogue, that " would send your own Father and Mother to " Gaol for the Fillip of a Farthing; therefore

it is but a just Judgment befell you, to take all you have from you." So clapping a Pistol to his Breast, poor *Bond and Judgment* was oblig'd to stop the Fury of the Bullets, by giving him Threescore Guineas; which was such a sinking of his Stock, that he went to *Newgate* quickly after, and was hard put to it to raise Money for an *Habeas Corpus*, to remove his corrupted, as well as polluted Carcass to the *Queen's-Bench* Prison in *Southwark*.

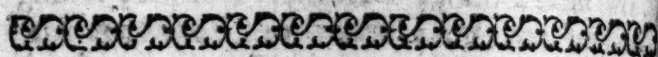
Another Time *Dick Keele* being very well mounted on a Horse, and accoutred with Sword and Pistols, who should he meet on *Hounslow-Heath*, but *C——* a late Tradesman, but when an Officer, as well mounted as himself. Nevertheless, he having as much Courage as the pretended Son of *Mars*, he gave him an only Word of Command, which was, *Stand and deliver*. Here our military Man was at a stand indeed, what to say to him; but thinking the bloody Colour of his Cloaths might frighten him, quoth he, "Don't you see whose Livery I wear? See whose Livery you wear (replied *Dick*) why, Are you a Footman? No, (said *C——* again) I am an Officer in the Army; therefore to your Peril be it, if you presume to stop me when I am about my lawful Occasions. Nay, (replied *Dick*) if you are about lawful Occasions, I am about unlawful ones. Therefore deliver what you have, or else we must try who is the best Man. Said *C——*, Truly, Sir, I don't bear a Commission to fight with High-
" waymen,

“ waymen. I only wear her Majesty’s Cloth to
 “ fight for my Queen and Country. Why
 “ then, replied *Dick*, that Cloth, nor any other,
 “ must be Protection from my Arrest; there-
 “ fore as this Pistol is my Tip-staff, I demand
 “ your Money upon Pain of Death.” So taking,
 not finding any Money about him, his Coat,
 Waistcoat and Breeches, he order’d him to
 take up another Suit on the Regimental Ac-
 count.

He utterly hated and abhorr’d his last Wife,
 for the Sake of *Arabella Thomas*, otherwise
 call’d *Isabel Jones*, alias *Bolton*, alias *Wildman*,
 alias *King*, besides several other Names, to
 throwd her from the Severity of Justice, espe-
 cially after her robbing a great Mercer in *Cheaps-
 side* of above Sixty Pounds worth of Silk, for
 which she had like to have been apprehended,
 but only she made her Escape thro’ the Back-
 Alleys to her Lodging in *Fewen-street*.

She was about 33 Years of Age, born at
Blackburn, in *Lancashire*, and about Eight
 Years since came up to *London*, where she
 was a Servant in several worthy Families, in
 which she behav’d her self very honestly; but
 about Six Years ago falling into wicked Com-
 pany, she soon learn’d to be wicked too, and
 committed divers Felonies in the Shops of
 Mercers, Linnen-Drapers, and Lace-men, living
 in and about the Cities of *London* and *West-
 minster*; some of which being clearly prov’d
 upon her, she was several Times burnt in the
 Hand. She formerly receiv’d Sentence of Death

stealing several Yards of Muslin out of Mr. Warman's Shop, a Linnen-Draper, living present at the Corner of *Barbican* and *d-Cross-street*, but receiv'd Mercy, by pleading to the Queen's most gracious Pardon the next following. Next, she was apprehended privately stealing 62 Yards of Sarcenet, value Six Pounds, out of the Shop of Mr. *Philip Bass*, a Mercer on *Ludgate-Hill*, for which this most Notorious Criminal receiv'd sentence of Death again; and was justly Executed at *Tyburn*, on Wednesday the 23d of December, 1713, with *James Gaswel*, *Thomas Adson*, Tapster to Mr. *Richard Jewkes*, a Qualler, at the Sign of the *White-Horse* in *White-Horse-Yard* in *Drury-Lane*, *Giles Spence*, *Samuel Hicks*, *James Gamelion*, *Anthony Martin*, *James Urwin*, *Richard Layton*, *Abraham Bugden*, alias *Small*, alias *Jones*, alias *Morris*, alias *Evans*, and *Mary Baker*, otherwise call'd *Jane Cook*, *Lobby*, and *Hamun*, or *Arnale*, from the Four Men to which she was marry'd, and all alive together, for which she suffer'd Death.



EDWARD HINTON, *a House
Breaker and Highwayman.*

MR. *Edward Hinton*, was born in *London* in the Year 1673, of very good Parents who in his Youth gave him Education in *St. Paul's School*, to which he seem'd to have a forward Genius; but yet, ev'n in his tender Years, he discover'd an Inclination to Thieving; for when he was but Nine Years Old, he took an Opportunity to rob one of his Sister's Closets of some single Money, to the Value of 30 Shillings, and run away with it. Being after some Days taken and brought Home, he was sent to School again; where he had not been long, before he robb'd his Father's Counting-House of a considerable Sum of Money, and ran away again; but he was soon taken with Two ill Women, at *Cambridge-Heath*. After which, his Father finding he could expect no Good from him, while he was at Home, procur'd him the King's Letter to be a Reform'd on Board a Man of War; in which Station he sail'd to the *Streights*, and behav'd himself handsomely enough in several Actions; amongst the rest, while he was on Shear at *Cadiz*, he was attack'd by a Spanish

niard, against whom he defended himself a pretty while. and at length run the *Don* through the Body, left him dead upon the Place, and return'd on Board his Ship. Upon his Arrival in *England*, he quitted the Ship, which he pretended was occasion'd by a younger Reformed being preferr'd before him, on the Decease of a Lieutenant; but whether that were the real Cause, or no, this is certain, that he join'd with a Gang of Thieves, and in a small Time after, assisted in robbing Admiral *Carter's* House in the Country; and passing off undetected, came to *London*, and from that Time forwards became a profess'd Thief. The first remarkable Robbery he was concern'd in, was that of the *Lady Dartmouth's* House at *Black-Heath*, from whence he and his Confederates stole Plate to a very great Value, which they brought to Town in a Sack, and sold to a Refiner, who then liv'd near *Cripplegate*; which Refiner *Hinton* sent for some Time after, when he was in *Newgate*, and expostulated with him, complaining how hard a Thing it was to find an honest Man, and a fair Dealer; For, you Rogue, (says he) amongst my *Lady Dartmouth's* Plate there was a Cup with a Cover, which you told your poor innocent Fellows, was but Silver Gilt, and bought it at the same Price with the rest; but when the Robbery came to be Publish'd in the Gazette, it was there inserted a Gold Cup. To see the Roguery of this World! There's no trusting any Body. For this Robbery he was

98 EDWARD HINTON,

Try'd, and condemn'd at *Maidstone* Assizes but his Youth, and the Interest of Friends prevail'd for his Pardon. No sooner was he got at Liberty, but he fell vigorously to his Trade of Thieving, in which he did not confine himself to any particular Part, but followed either robbing on the Highway, House-Breaking, picking Pockets, or any Thing else that came in his Way; in which several Practices he went on a while undetected, 'till he was taken for breaking and robbing the House of Sir *John Friend* at *Hackney*, for which he again receiv'd Sentence of Death, and was again repriev'd, upon Condition of Transportation. Pursuant to which Pardon, he was put on Board a Ship with some other Convicts, in order to be carry'd to *Barbadoes*; but by the Time they were sail'd to the Back of the *Ile of Wight*, our Thief not approving of the Change of Climates, had got some others into a Conspiracy for an Escape; and, on an Evening, when he was ready, got the Ship's Company under Hatches, and went off with the Long-Boat. *Hinton* having first stood over the Captain with a Rope's End, to make him pick Oakum, which was in Return for the Usage he had met with in sailing thither.

Being now got on Shore, he left his Comrades, and travell'd by himself through Woods and By-ways; and being in a very torn and scurvy Habit, where he had not Opportunity to steal, he begg'd, 'till he came upon *Hounslow-Heath*, where meeting with an O
Count

County Farmer, he Unhors'd him; and mounting himself, set forward to seek his Fortune; and before he got over the *Heath*, he met with a Man in a genteel Habit, better Hors'd than himself; however, he attack'd him; and leading him into a By-Place, chang'd Horses and Cloaths with him, and so came to *London*.

Thus having again got among his old Gang, they dubb'd him with the Title of Captain, and every one submitted to his Conduct. No Part of the Country was safe from his Rapine, nor was any House sufficiently strong to withstand his Attacks. He visited some of the *Northern* Counties, in one of which he met with a *Dutch* Colonel, who was excellently well Arm'd, so that he was qualify'd either for Flight or Battel, but the *Flumbumberkin* had not Courage enough for either; and our Captain made bold with both Horse and Arms, and his Embroider'd Cloak into the Bargain. Thus Mounted and Accouter'd, he play'd his Pranks a while; and then shifring the Colonel's Habiliments, made Use only of his Horse, upon which he committed abundance of Robberies, particularly one near *Epsom*, where he met with a Gentleman of Courage enough to withstand him, and they exchang'd each of them a Pistol, by which the Gentleman was wounded in the Leg; whereupon *Hinton* rode up to him, lent him his Assistance, and rode with him to the next Village, where he might get more Help, and then left him, but took
F 2 his

TOO EDWARD HINTON,

his Money first. The poor *Buckinghamshire* Lace-men he and his Gang us'd to rob for Pastime, calling it only airing their Horses; and not a Stage-Coach, that they had Account of any valuable Passenger in, could escape their Search; in short, they were so very diligent in their Calling, that scarce a Day pass'd, in which they did not rob one or other.

Thus did he and his Comrades ramble in their Rogueries, and remain undiscover'd for several Months; 'till at length, committing a Robbery upon the *Southampton* Coach on *Hounslow-Heath*, they were pursu'd, and several of them taken, but *Hinton* escap'd; and (his Gang being broke) that he might not be idle, he enter'd amongst some House-breakers, with whom he committed abundance of Burglaries and Robberies; and, amongst the rest, he with one *Butler*, and *Jo.* and *H. Dewster*, got into an old *French* Woman's House in *Spittle-Fields*, where gagging the old Woman, and tying her to her Chair, they rifled her Trunks and Drawers, and carry'd off a vast Sum of Money, which the old miserable Wretch had hoarded up. She hearing her *Mammon* rattle, and going to be removed from her, struggled in her Chair, and fell down upon her Face with the Gag in her Mouth, and the Chair upon her, by which Means she was stifled, and they all got off safe, and pass'd undiscover'd, 'till the Old Woman came to be bury'd, when one of the *Dewsters* (who was her Grandchild, and was

at least privy to the Robbery) going to be fitted with Gloves, was observ'd to change, and tremble very much; whereupon being charg'd with the Fact, he confess'd the whole Matter, and his Brother and *Butler* being try'd upon his Evidence, were both found guilty of the Murder and Robbery, and hang'd in Chains for the same. *Hinton* all this while pass'd unapprehended, though his Name was publickly mention'd as one concern'd in the Fact; but being at length taken for several Robberies on the Highway, (of which by his Dexterity he was acquitted) he was call'd to his Tryal for that also, at which Time the Evidence swore they saw him lurking about, and go into, and come out of the House of the murder'd Woman; and several strong Circumstances appear'd to prove him guilty; but *Dewster*, upon whose Oath the Two former were Convicted, not being to be found, gave our quick-witted Thief an Opportunity to put such a Sham-Defence upon the Court and Jury, as would have deceiv'd the most penetrating Judges upon Earth. He himself thought it so great a Master-piece of his Cunning, that he often boasted of it in Prison, and from his Account I shall acquaint the Reader with it in the Manner following.

The first Witness that appear'd on his Behalf was a young Gentleman, who declar'd; That he, and another Gentleman, going through *Somerset-House-Yard*, on the Day set forth in the Indictment to be that on which

102 EDWARD HINTON,

the Murder and Robbery was committed, he met with Mr. *Hinton*, who had been his School-Fellow, and who he was surpriz'd to find there, having been inform'd that he was transported for some Crimes, which he was very sorry for. That Mr. *Hinton* did tell him, he was indeed order'd to be transported, and express'd a great Concern for his Guilt, that had brought that Punishment upon him; but that his Relations doing nothing for him, he was put on Board as a common Convict; whereupon he made his Escape, and was now waiting the good Will of his Friends to put him in a Condition to Transport himself, which he was resolv'd to do with the first Opportunity. The same Witness further said, That finding him to appear so sensible of his Offence, he desir'd his Company with him and his Friend to *Chelsea*, intending to make Use of the Time they were together, to exhort him to a more regular Life for the future: That Mr. *Hinton* accepting the Offer, they took Water at *Somerset-Stairs*, and went up to the *Swan* at *Chelsea*, where they staid 'till Seven a Clock at Night, and then coming down to a Publick House on the *Bank-Side*, Supp'd on a Dish of Fowls and Bacon, and stay'd there 'till almost Eleven; when they cross'd the Water to *Somerset-Stairs*, and went together into the *Strand*, and there parted. Being ask'd how he came to take Notice it was that Day of the Month? He answer'd, That the next Day he heard a Paper cry'd concerning

cerning the Murder and Robbery of the Old Woman; and buying it, he found the Name of Mr. *Hinton* mention'd as a Person concern'd in the Fact; whereupon he made a *Memorandum* in his Pocket-Book, which he produc'd in Court; and afterwards went to his Friend who was with him, and to the Waterman who carry'd 'em, desiring them also to take Notice of the Day; for that Mr. *Hinton* being a Man of a very ill Character, some other Rogue might assume his Name, and he be hang'd for what he was innocent of. The next Witness was the other's Friend, who said, That he saw him and the Prisoner talk together in *Somerset-House-Yard*, but what they said there he knew not; that then they went to *Chelsea*, and there the former Witness was very earnest with Mr. *Hinton*, (as he then understood his Name to be, having never seen him before) to reform some ill Practices he had been too much addicted to; and that the next Day he the said former Witness, came and desir'd him to take Notice of the Day, and to bear in Mind the Person who went with them to *Chelsea*; which he did, and was positive that the Prisoner at the Bar was the very Man. He also was very positive, that they Supp'd at the *Red-Lion* on the *Bank-Side*, that they came over the Water together, and in the *Strand* parted with Mr. *Hinton* about Eleven at Night. Next, the Waterman stood up, and affirm'd, That he carry'd the Two Gentlemen aforesaid to *Chelsea*, and a Third

Person with them; and being ask'd if the Prisoner was the Third Person, he said his Eyes were bad, and went up close to the Bar to look in his Face; then turning about to the Court, said, Yes, my Lord, this is the Gentleman. He also declar'd, That he waited upon them at *Chelsea*, and carry'd them from thence to the *Bank-Side*, where he was paid Four Shillings and Six Pence for his Day's Work, upon Condition he should wait to carry them over the Water again; which he did, and Landed them about Eleven at Night. And that the next Day, his Master (the first Witness) came, and bid him be sure to remember the Day of the Month, which he did, and mark'd it down in Chalk at Home. Then came the pretended Landlord of the House where they Supp'd, who told the Court, That on such a Day of the Month Three Gentlemen came to his House about Seven at Night, (of which the Prisoner at the Bar was one) and order'd a Couple of Fowls and Bacon to be got ready with all Speed; which was done accordingly, and they Supp'd; and betwixt Ten and Eleven at Night went into their Boar, and order'd the Waterman to Row to *Somerset-Stairs*. Being ask'd how he came to take Notice of the Day? He readily answer'd, *My Lord, when these Gentlemen came on Shore, I was starting of Beer, and they bid me give the Waterman Four Shillings and Six Pence; and my Hands being dawb'd with Clay, I wip'd 'em on my Frock thus, (rubbing his Hands on his Sides)*

sides) and paid him, telling him he must stay till the Gentlemen went; and, my Lord, I find by my Book (which he had under his Arm) that it was on that Day of the Month my Beer was Started. Last of all appear'd a Man, who liv'd in *Burleigh-Street* in the Strand, who testify'd, That Mr. *Hinton* was his Lodger, and came Home at Eleven on the Night before-mention'd; and that he knew it to be the same Night, because Mr. *Hinton* not being very well, stay'd at Home all the next Day, and paid him his Rent, for which he gave him a Receipt, by the Date of which he knew the Time.

Such a Set of Witnesses as these, were enough to dash Truth out of Countenance, and prevail'd with the Court and Jury to believe he could not be concern'd in the Crime alledg'd against him, so that he was acquitted.

Being got so well off from this, which he fear'd most of any Matter against him, he was continu'd in Prison to answer several Robberies on the Highway in *Surrey*, and one in *Hertfordshire*, of which latter he had been accus'd by one of his own Gang, who made himself an Evidence; but *Hinton's* old Friends and Witnesses so manag'd the Matter, as to find an Indictment against that false Brother; as they term'd him, by which Means they brought him to retract what he had sworn, and upon a pretended recollecting himself, he swore positively that *Hinton*

106 EDWARD HINTON,

was not in the Robbery; so that the Storm on that Side seem'd to be blown over: And for his *Surrey* Matters he had provided his old Train of Witnesses, and was assur'd to manage the Jury there as he had done that at the *Old-Bailey*. In this Confidence he remain'd, when the Affizes at *Hertford* coming on, he was remov'd thither on *Monday*, and the next Day try'd, where his Fellow-Thief swore heartily that he was not in the Robbery for which he was indicted; but the Gentleman who was robb'd swearing positively he was the Person who unhors'd him, and took away his Watch, the Jury found occasion to believe him, and where our Thief thought himself to be most out of Danger, there he met his deserved Fate; for being that Day convicted, the next Morning he receiv'd Sentence of Death, and in the Afternoon was executed, the Goaler acquainting the Judge, that he was so dangerous a Man, and had so great an Interest amongst all the Thieves and Rogues in the Kingdom, that he could not undertake to keep him safe.

At his Death he behav'd himself with a Sort of Unconcern, yet not impudently; he pray'd Forgiveness of all he had wrong'd, but complain'd of his so speedy Execution, and that he had not Time to prepare himself. He was but just come to the Age of 21 Years, and was of a very ready Wit, full of smart Repartees, and of an undaunted Resolution; but *Mercury* had so great a Share in his Nativiry
tha

that he declar'd to a Person who put him in Mind of the Folly of his Practices, and told him of an Estate which might be his after the Decease of a near Relation, who was never like to have any Children. That if he had Five Hundred Pounds a Year, such was his Propensity to Thieving, that he should never leave it off. Nay, as if Thieving, which he took to almost as soon as he was out of his Cradle, were destin'd to follow him to his Grave, the Persons who brought his Body from *Hertford* to *Marybone* (where he was bury'd) were robb'd within a little Way of their Journey's-End, one Woman losing her Gold Chain and some Gold, and another a pretty deal of Money, his Corps being in the Coach with them. This was the End of him, whose Person was lamented by those who detested his Crimes, and who, had he had a Stock of Virtue equal to his natural Endowments, might have been as remarkable for his Services, as he was notorious for his Villanies to the Publick.

Thus have we gone through the Lives of some of those most wicked Wretches, whose daily Practice it was to shew their main Industry was a Design to ruin themselves, and their constant Profession an open Defiance to their Happiness. Gaming, Whoring, and Drunkenness, or any Vice that has but a Motion in it to delude the Tedioufness of their Hours, was welcome to these unhappy Persons; and thought to be Recreations not only harmless and honest, but as invented to this good End of

of passing away the Time; Recreations desirable by most, and very commendable in such Notorious Offenders. In these Vices they merrily spent both their Nights and their Days, their own and other Peoples Substance, 'till a miserable *Catastrophe* at last overtook them, as a just Judgment inflicted on them for their manifold Sins and Wickedness.

If these unfortunate Malefactors found but Mercy in the other World, it is not Pity and Compassion to bewail their Misfortunes in this, who triumphed in the Conquest of Virtue, and gloried in the Commission of the most enormous Vices. The miserable Fate which they suffer'd was but their deserved Due, since all the Royal Indulgence which some of 'em have receiv'd, was only an Inlet to the perpetrating more and greater Villanies, even to a Defiance of Justice drawing her Sword: wherefore as their unparalleled Insolence insulted over the Laws of God and Man, by taking an unaccountable Pride and Ambition in breaking both, we ought not to be sorry at the Hangman's Meritorious Act of sending such case-harden'd Villains out of the Land of the Living.

Captain

*Captain URATZ, Highwayman, and
Murderer of Thomas Thynn, Esq;
in the Pall Mall.*

Christopher Uratz, the youngest Son of a very good Gentleman, and born in *Pomerania*, a Country adjoining to *Poland*, having but a very small Patrimony left him, he was incited, through the Slenderness of his Fortune, to betake himself to the Highway; and being a Man of a great Courage, and undaunted Spirit, he ventur'd on such Attempts by himself, which would not be undertook by half a Dozen Men; for once *John Sobieski*, King of *Poland*, who, with the Duke of *Lorraine*, rais'd the Siege of *Vienna*, going Disguis'd out of the *Christian* Camp, in Company only of Three Officers, to observe the Motion of the *Turks*, he intercepted his coming back, and robb'd him and his Attendants of as many Diamonds as he sold to a *Jew* at *Vienna* for above 8000 *Ducatoons*, besides taking from them a considerable Quantity of Gold. He had also committed some Robberies in *Hungary*; but having somewhat of a more generous Soul, than always to get his Bread by that diminutive Way of Living, he was, contrary

trary to all others of that Profession, not extravagant whilst he maintain'd himself by those scaring Words, *Stand and deliver*; therefore having sav'd a good Purse by him, he bought a Captain's Commission in a Regiment in the Emperor of *Germany's* Service.

Whilst he was in this Post, he became acquainted with Count *Coringmark*, and came over with him into *England*; where the said Count being baulk'd in his Amours with a certain Lady by *Thomas Thynn*, Esq; his ill Success therein he so highly resented, that nothing could pacify his Resentment, but the Death of his Rival. Captain *Uratz* being made privy to his Disgust, he procur'd Two other Assassins, namely, *John Stern*, a Lieutenant, and *George Borosky*, alias *Boratz*, who, about a Quarter after Eight at Night, on *Sunday* the 12th of *February*, 1681, meeting Esquire *Thynn* riding in his Coach up *St. James's-street*, from the Countess of *Northumberland's*, *Borosky*, a *Polander*, shot him with a Blunderbuss, which mortify'd him after such a barbarous Manner, that *Mr. Hobbs*, an eminent Chyrurgeon, found in his Body Four Bullets, which had torn his Guts, wounded his Liver, and Stomach, and Gall, broke one of his Ribs, and wounded the great Bone below; of which Wounds he dy'd.

These Murderers being taken the next Day, and carry'd before Justice *Bridgman*, he committed them to *Newgate*; from whence being brought to the *Old-Baily* on *Tuesday* the 28th

Highwayman and Murderer. III

of February following, they were try'd before the Lord Chief Justice *Pemberton*; and being cast for their Lives, the Recorder pass'd Sentence of Death on them.

Whilst Captain *Uratz* was under Condemnation, Dr. *Anthony Horneck*, and Dr. *Gilbert Burnet*, the late Bishop of *Salisbury*, went to Visit him; the first of which Divines thus writes; That putting this Criminal in Mind of the All-seeing Eye above, who knew his Crimes, though he did conceal them from Man, he was pleas'd to tell me, That he had far other Apprehensions of God than I had; and was confident God would consider a Gentleman, and deal with him suitably to the Condition and Profession he had plac'd him in; and would not take it ill, if a Soldier, who liv'd by his Sword, reveng'd the Affronts offer'd to him by another. I reply'd, That there was but one Way to Eternal Happiness; and that God, in his Laws, had made no Exception for any Sorts or Degrees of Men; and consequently Revenge in a Gentleman, was a Sin God would not Pardon without true Repentance, any more than he would forgive it in a Peasant. He asking me hereupon, What Repentance was? I told him, it was so to hate the Sin we had done, that for the future no Argument should prevail with us to commit it again. To which he said, That if he were to live, he should not forbear to give any one as good as he brings; with some other Expressions, which I am loth to repeat; for they made

made me so melancholy, that I was forc'd to leave him. Yet I bid him consider what he had said, as he lov'd his own Soul. The last Time I visited him, was on the 8th of March, whom, when I had saluted, I told him I hop'd he had taken his dangerous Condition into Consideration, and wrought himself into a greater Sense of his Sins, than I could observe in him when I was last with him. He said, he knew not what I meant by this Address. I then explain'd my self, and gave him to understand, that I spake it with Relation to the late great Sin he had been engag'd in; and that I hop'd his approaching Death had made him more Penitent, than I had found him t'other Day. To which he reply'd, That he was sensible he was a great Sinner, and had committed divers Enormities in his Life-time, of which he truly repented, and was confident that God had pardon'd him; but he could not well understand the Humour of our *English* Divines, who press'd him to make particular Declarations of Things they had a Mind he should say, though never so false, or contrary to Truth; and at this, he said, he wonder'd the more, because in our Church we were not for auricular Confession. I let him run on; and then I told him, that he was much mistaken in the Divines of the *Church of England*, who neither us'd to reveal private Confession, nor oblige Offenders, in such Cases, to confess Things contrary to Truth; that this was both against their Practice and their Principles.

The

Highwayman and Murderer. 113

The Confession, I said, he was so often exhorted to, was no private, but a publick Confession; for as his Crime had been Publick, so his Repentance and Confession ought to be Publick too: And farthermore, I told him, that *Christ's* Blood was actually apply'd to none but the true Penitent; and that true Repentance must discover it self in Meekness, Humility, Tender-heartedness, Compassion, Righteousness, making ingenuous Confessions, and so far as we are able, Satisfaction too; else, notwithstanding the Treasure of *Christ's* Blood, Men might drop into Hell. Upon this he reply'd, that he fear'd no Hell. I answer'd, possibly he might believe none; or if he did, it might be a very easy one of his own making. He said, He was not such a Fool as to believe, that Souls could fry in material Fire; or be roasted as Meat on a great Hearth, or in a Kitchen, pointing to the Chimney. His Belief was, that the Punishment of the Damn'd consisted in a Deprivation of the gracious and beatifick Presence of God; upon which Deprivation, there arose a Terror and Anguish in their Souls, because they had miss'd of so great Happiness. He added, That possibly I might think him an *Atheist*; but he was so far from those Thoughts, that he could scarce believe there was any Man so sottish in the World, as not to believe the Being of a God, gracious, and just, and generous to his Creatures; nor could any Man, that was not either Mad or Drunk, believe Things came fortuitously,

tously, or that this World was govern'd by Chance. I said, that this Truth I approv'd of, and was glad to see him so well settled in the Reasonableness of that Principle; and as for material Fire in the other World, I would not quarrel with him for denying it, but rather hold with him, that the Fire and Brimstone spoken of in Scripture, were but Emblems of those inward Terrors which would gnaw and tear the Consciences of impenitent Sinners; but still this was a greater Punishment than material Fire; and this Punishment he had Reason to fear, if he could not make it out to me, or other Men, that his Repentance was sincere. I was at first in some Doubt whether I should Publish the Captain's Answers to my Queries and Expostulations, because some of them savour of Prophaneness; yet, considering that the *Evangelist* hath thought fit to acquaint the World with the ill Language of the one, as well as with the Penitent Expressions of the other Malefactor, I was willing to follow that great Example, hoping that those loose Discourses of the Man may serve as Sea-marks to warn Passengers from running upon those Sands. That which I chiefly observ'd in him was, that Honour and Bravery was the Idol he ador'd, a Piece of preposterous Devotion, which he maintain'd to the last, as if he thought it would merit Praise, not to recede from what he had once said, though it was with the Loss of God's Favour, and the Shipwrack of a good Conscience.

Highwayman and Murderer. 115.

science. He consider'd God as some generous, yet partial Prince, who would regard Mens blood, Descent, and Quality, more than their errors, and give vast Grains of Allowance to their Breeding and Education; and possibly the stout Behaviour of some of the Ancient Roman Bravo's (for he had read History) might roll in his Mind, and tempt him to write Copies after those Originals; or, to think that it was great to do Ill, and to defend it-to the last. Whether after my last conference with him he relented, I know not: those that saw him go to his Execution, observ'd that he look'd undaunted, and with a countenance so steddly, that it seem'd to speak as Scorn, not only of all the Spectators that look'd upon him, but of Death it self. But I judge not of the Thoughts of dying Men, those the Searcher of all Hearts knows best, to whom Men stand or fall.

Dr. Gilbert Burnet writes thus of Captain Ratz: It is certain, that never Man dy'd with more Resolution, and less Signs of Fear, the least Disorder. His Carriage in the cart, both as he was led along, and at the place of Execution, was astonishing; he was not only undaunted, but look'd chearful, and smil'd often. When the Rope was put about his Neck, he did not change Colour, nor tremble, his Legs were firm under him. He look'd often about on those that stood in Galleries and Windows, and seem'd to fix his eyes on some Persons. Three or Four Times he

he smil'd. He would not cover his Face, as the rest did; but continu'd in that State, often looking up to Heaven, with a Chearfulness in his Countenance, and a little Motion of his Hands. I saw him several Times in the Prison; he still stood to the Confession he made to the Council, 'till the last Day of his Life. He often said to me, he would never say any Thing but what he had said at first. When I was with him on *Sunday* before his Death, he still deny'd all that the Lieutenant and *Polonian* had said, and spake severely of them chiefly of the Lieutenant, as if he had confess'd those Things, which he then call'd Lies in Hopes of saving his own Life by it, or in Spite to him, that he might not be pardon'd, and all I could say, could not change his Mind in that. I told him, it was in vain for him to dream of a Pardon; for I assur'd him, if any kept him up with the Hopes of it, they deceiv'd him. He had Two Opinions that were as I thought, hurtful to him; the one was That it was enough if he confess'd his Sin to God, and that he was not bound to make any other Confession; and he thought that it was a Piece of Popery to press him to confess. He had another odd Opinion also of the new State; he thought the Damn'd were only excluded from the Presence of God, and endured no other Misery, but that of seeing others happier than themselves; and was unwilling to let me enter into much Discourse with him for undeceiving him. He said it was his own Fault

Highwayman and Murderer. 117

er, and he desir'd to be left to himself; but
spake with great Assurance of God's Mercy
him. I left him, when I saw that nothing
ould say had any good Effect on him, and
olv'd to have gone no more to him; but
hen I understood by a *German* Minister that
ended him, and by the Message which I
ard deliver'd in his Name to the Lieutenant,
d the *Polander*, the Night before his Exe-
tion, that he was in another Temper than
hen I saw him last, I went to him: He re-
v'd me more kindly than formerly; most of
Discourse was concerning his going to the
ce of Execution, desiring it might be in a
ach, and not in a Cart; and when I pray'd
n to think of that which concern'd him
e, he spake with great Assurance, that it
already done; that he knew God had for-
en him; and when I wish'd him to see that
might not deceive himself, and that his
pe might not be ill-grounded; he said it
s not Hope, but Certainty; for he was sure
d was reconcil'd to him through Christ.
hen I spake to him of confessing his Sin,
said he had written it, and it would be
lith'd to all *Europe*, but he did not say a
ord concerning it to me; so I left him, and
him no more 'till I met him at the Place
Execution: When he saw me, he smil'd on
and whereas I had sometimes warn'd him
the Danger of affecting to be a *Counterfeit*
Hero, (*Faux*, brave) he said to me, before I
e to him, *That I should see it was not a*
false

false Bravery, but that he was Fearless the last. I wish'd him to consider upon what he grounded his Confidence: said, he was sure he was now to be receiv'd to Heaven, and that his Sins were forgiven him. I ask'd him if he had any Thing to say to the People? He said No. After he whisper'd a short Word to a Gentleman, was willing the Rope should be ty'd to the Gibbet. He call'd for the *German Minister* but the Crowd was such, that it was not possible for him to come near. So he desir'd to pray with him in *French*; but I told him I could not venture to pray in that Language but since he understood *English*, I would pray in *English*. I observ'd he had some Touches on his Mind, when I offer'd up that Petition that for the Sake of the Blood of Christ, innocent Blood shed in that Place, might be forgiven; and that the Cry of the one Mercy, might prevail over the Cry of the other for Justice. At these Words, he look'd up to Heaven with the greatest Sense that I had at any Time observ'd in him. After he pray'd, he said nothing, but that he was going to be happy with God; so I left him. He continu'd in this undaunted Manner, looking up often to Heaven, and sometimes looking about him, to the Spectators. After he and his Two Fellow-Sufferers had stood about a Quarter of an Hour under the Gibbet, they were ask'd when they would give the Signal for their being turn'd off; he answer'd, that

Highwayman and Murderer. 119

were ready, and that the Cart might be driven away when it pleas'd the Sheriff to order it; so a while after it was driven away. And thus they all ended their Lives.

As for Lieutenant *Stern*, the illegitimate Son of a Baron of *Sweden*, afterwards made a Count, and *Borosky* the *Polander*, they were very penitent from first to last, being with Captain *Uratz*, aged 38, executed in *Pall-Mall*, on *Friday March 10, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$* ; but *Borosky* was afterwards hung up in Chains, a little beyond *Mile-End*, by the Command of King *Charles II.*

MOLL. JONES, a Shop-lift.

THIS unhappy Woman was born of very good Parents, living in *Chancery-Lane*; and being brought up in the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand*, to make Hoods and Scarves, she there married an Apprentice, whose Extravagancies always supplying with Money, she fell into Poverty, and so was induc'd to turn Thief. At first she began with picking Pockets; and one Day meeting, near *Rosamond's-Pond* in *St. James's-Park*, with one Mr. Price, a Milliner, keeping Shop in the same Exchange in which she was bred, pretending to ask him some

some Questions about Mrs. *Zouch*, a Servant of his, who had murder'd her Bastard-Child; he pull'd out a Tin Trumpet, which he usually carry'd in his Pocket to hold to his Ear for People to talk through, for being very deaf, he could hear no otherwise; and while he was earnestly harkening to what *Moll Jones* said to him, she pick'd a Purse out of his Breeches, in which was 15 Guineas and a Broad-Piece; but he never miss'd it, till he came home, and then where to find her he could not tell.

Shortly after, she was apprehended for picking the Pocket of one Mr. *Jacob Delafair*, a Jew, who was Chocolate-maker not only to King *James II.* but also to King *William I.* and liv'd over-against *York-Buildings* in the *Strand*. For this Fact she was committed to *Newgate*, and burnt in the Hand; which Punishment making her out of conceit with her Trade of *Diving* or *Filing*, she turn'd Shop-lift, in which she was very successful for Three or Four Years; when privately stealing her a dozen Pair of Silk Stockings from one Mr. *Wansel*, a Hosier in *Exeter-Change*, and being detected in her very committing the Theft, by one *Smith*, a Victualler, at the *Royal* and *Crown Ale-house*, over against the *lincoln's Inn Savoy-gate* in the *Strand*, who was buying a Pair of Stockings there at the same Time, he being a Constable, seiz'd her, and carry'd her before Justice *Brydal*, he committed her to *Newgate*, after which she was burnt in the Hand again.

Once more *Moll* obtaining her Liberty, she was resolv'd to be reveng'd on *Smith* the Constable, at whose House she had spent a pretty deal of Money, for discovering her in her Thieving; therefore knowing this Victualler to be vain-glorious, and altogether as covetous, usually boasting of his Friends in the Country, and his Wealth at Home, she found thereby that he had some Relations about *Ludlow*, in the Confines of *Shropshire* and *Heresfordshire*, and then put this Trick upon him. In a Summer-Evening, something late, a Rogue of her Acquaintance, booted and spurr'd, with a Horse in his Hand, and cover'd with Dust, came along the *Strand*, and very solicitously and hastily enquires out for *Mr. Smith*, and by his Neighbours was inform'd which was his House. The Fellow follows their Direction; yet, like an ignorant Countryman that dar'd not to go one Step without new Directions in the Wood of this great Town, he kept the same gaping Enquiry in his Country Tone, where *Mr. Smith* dwelt. The People thought the Fellow mad; but it prepar'd *Mr. Smith*, with very great Solemnity, to receive this importunate Visitant. Being come to his Door, he with some Earnestness and Elevation of Voice, demands which is his House? He gravely answer'd beyond the Question, *I am the Master, for want of a better*. The Fellow seeming not to understand that Town-Phrase, interrogates again,

VOL. II. G Whether

Whether Mr. John Smith liv'd there, or no?
To which he replies in some doubt, and softly, *What would he have with him?* The Spark to put him out of his Dumps, tells him, *That if he be the Gentleman, he hath some News out of the Country, which most nearly concern'd him to impart to him, having come on purpose to be the first Messenger of such glad Tidings.* Pray, Sir, come in, (quoth Smith,) you are very heartily welcome; pray how do all our Friends in the Country? Very well, quoth the Rogue, except your Uncle that is dead; but yet we hope he is best of all. A little before his Death, he made his Will, and, Sir, hath made you his Heir, and left you all his personal Estate besides, save a few Legacies. And to Day he is buried by some of his Kindred; but before I came away, knowing my deceas'd Master your Uncle's Mind, I took an Inventory of all the Goods, and lock'd up all his Bonds and other Writings, and the Money and Plate in one of the great Chests, and have brought the Key along with me, which I here present you with. To have seen the perplex'd Looks of this Ale-draper, which he labour'd to frame to a Countenance of Grief, but could not, for his more prevalent Joy, which appeared in the better half of his Mouth, would have made a Man split his Sides with laughing. At length, after a deep Sigh and Ejaculations of the Certainty of Death, he unridled his Face, and very heartily welcom'd the Fellow; brought him into his Kitchen, and cramm'd his Guts with good Victuals and Drink.

Drink, commanded his Wife to make him what Cheer she could; and since there was no recalling the Dead, tho' he was a dear Uncle of his, *Ab! Wife, (quoth he) I have lost a Friend, and the very best of Friends; however let's pluck up our Hearts and be merry.* During this Preparation, the Fellow stands at some Distance, plucks off his Hat, and so keeps it, and much ado there was to persuade him to be cover'd; then he desir'd his new Master's Favour, that he might continue the Bailiff and Steward of his Lands; to which *Smith* readily assented, fore-praising his Honesty and Faithfulness. After Supper, they resum'd the Discourse, with which *Smith* being as much delighted as assur'd, they began to consider of their Journey, the Expedition whereof this Fellow very much urg'd, in regard of those poor Kindred of his Uncle's, who, no doubt, would make Havock of those Goods which were left about the House, and perchance might venture upon the Locks, and seize the rest; whereupon all Haste was used to begin the Journey; but *Smith* would not disgrace himself among his Kindred, and therefore would stay till he had provided himself and his Wife with new Mourning-Cloaths, and Things suitable to his new Fortunes, with a Black Suit of Cloaths and a Cloak for the Man, who was to attend them into the Country, and bring them to this Inheritance. Accordingly they set forward, the Victualler having discharg'd his Man's Horse-hire, and other

G 2

Expences,

Expences, besides Diet and Lodging, during his Stay in *London*; and in his Inn was very officiously waited on by this new Servant the first four Days Journey, lodging the last Night, as this Impostor said, within Ten Miles of the Place whither they were to go: But early in the Morning up gets the Spark, saddles his Horse, with the Portmanteau and his Mourning in it, and away gallops another Road, leaving his Master to find out the *Utopia* of his great Windfall; who arising and missing his Guide and Servant, that was lost beyond all Enquiry, began to suspect the Cheat; but Covetousness prevailing against Reason, he resolv'd to pursue the Adventure; and having the Town in Mind, which he was inform'd was no farther than Ten Miles off, he rode thither, where he could hear of no such Man, nor no such Matter. Vex'd, and yet ashamed to enquire any farther, or to make a Discovery of his own Folly, poor *Nick and Froth* and his Dory turn'd their Horse-Head, and sorrowfully departed, cursing the Hour they ever saw this cheating Rogue; and to add to their Misfortunes, their Money (expecting a full Treasure and Recruit out of the aforesaid Chest) was drawn very low, so that they were forc'd to make long Journeys and short Meals in their Way homewards; and yet notwithstanding, to keep themselves, were fain to part with their Horse at *St. Albans*, whom his hard Travel and harder Feeding had brought down to a third of the Price he cost them in *London*;

London; where on Foot, wearied and wasted with Vexation, they at last arriv'd, and in the Evening crept into their House to avoid the Laughter of their Neighbours, among whom, before their setting out, they had nois'd their sudden Wealth; the Defeat whereof, at length, coming to their Knowledge, never was poor Man so flouted and jeer'd as he was for many Years after.

But *Moll* did not very long out-live this Piece of Revenge; for still following the Art and Mystery of Shop-lifting, she was apprehended for privately stealing a Piece of Sattin out of a Mercer's Shop on *Ludgate-Hill*, whither she went in a very splendid Equipage, and personated the late Dutchess of *Norfolk*, to avoid Suspicion of her Dishonesty; but her graceless Grace being sent to *Newgate*, and condemn'd for her Life at the *Old-Bailly*, she was hang'd at *Tyburn* in the 25th Year of her Age, on *Friday December 18. 1691.*

~~~~~

*TOM. TAYLOR, an Incendiary,  
Pick-pocket, and House-breaker.*

THE following Relation is one of *Tom. Taylor*, a Parson's Son, born at *Colchester* in *Essex*, who accustomed himself to



Gaming from Twelve Years of Age, he was so addicted to Idleness, that he would not be brought up to any honest Employment. Furthermore, rejecting the good Counsel of his Parents, and joining himself to bad Company, he soon got into a Gang of Pick-pockets, with whom he often went to learn their evil Profession, which was a ready Way to the Gallows. Thus going once, with three or four of these diving Sparks, to *Guilford*, a Market Town in *Surrey*, where there was next Day a Fair to be kept, fearing to be discover'd in that Concourse of so many People, they resolv'd to do their Business that very Evening, when the People were very busy in fitting their Stalls, and some little Trading was stirring besides. Their first Consultation was, how to draw the Folks together to make one Job of it, which was agreed on in this Manner; *Tom. Taylor*, (the worst then at diving) pretending to be an ignorant Clown, got himself into the Pillory, which was elevated near the Market-House, and the Noise thereof causing the whole Town to run together to see this Spectacle, his Companions follow'd their Work, while the People gaz'd, laugh'd, and star'd, that they left but few of them any Money in their Pockets; nay, the very Keeper of the Pillory, who was very well pleas'd at this curious Sight, was serv'd in the same Manner as he stood; *Tom*, who seeing the Work was done, and the Sign given him that his Comrades were departing, having con-

tinu'd

tinued an Hour in that Condition, and then at his Desire releas'd, quoth he to the Spectators, *I hope ye cannot lay any Thing to my Charge, if ye have suffer'd any Loss; for ye are sensible I was in no Capacity to do it.* When clapping their Hands into their Pockets, and then to their Hearts, they cry'd out with one Voice, their Pockets were pick'd, while in this Confusion he slunk away to his Companions, who were out of the Reach of Apprehension.

At last, *Tom* being pretty expert at picking of Pockets, he set up for himself; and one Day going to the Play-house in *Drury-Lane*, very well dress'd, he seated himself by a Gentleman in the Pit, whose Pocket he pick'd of about 40 Guineas, and went clean off. This good Success tempted *Tom* to go thither the next Day, in a different Suit of Cloaths, when perceiving the same Gentleman in the Pit, whose Pocket he had pick'd but the Day before, he takes his Seat by him again. The Gentleman was so sharp, as to know his Face again, for all his Change of Apparel, but seem'd to take no Notice of him; and pulling a great Quantity of Guineas out of one Pocket, he put them into the Pocket next *Tom*, whose Mouth sadly watering at them, it was not long before he fell to diving for them; but the Gentleman having sew'd Fishing-Hooks all round the Mouth of that Pocket, and our Gudgeon venturing too deep, by unconscionably plunging down to the

G 4

very

very Bottom, his Hand was caught, and held so fast, that he could no Manner of Way disentangle it. He angled up and down in it for near a Quarter of an Hour, the Gentleman all the while feeling his struggling to get his Hand out, but pretended still not to feel him, till at last *Tom* very courteously pulling off his Hat to the Gentleman, quoth he, Sir, *by a Mistake, I have somehow put my Hand into your Pocket, instead of my own.* The Gentleman, without making any Noise, aro'e and went out to the *Rose-Tavern*, at the Corner of *Bridges-Street*, with *Tom* along with him, with his Hand in his Pocket, where it remain'd till he had sent for some of his Cronies, who paid down Eighty Guineas to get the Gudgeon out of this dry Pond. However, the Gentleman being not altogether contented with this double Satisfaction of his Loss, he most unmercifully can'd him; and then turning him over to the Mob, they as unmercifully pump'd him, and duck'd him in a Horse-Pond, and after that so cruelly us'd him, that they broke one of his Legs and an Arm.

*Tom* meeting with such bad Misusage in his first setting up for himself in the gainful Trade of picking Pockets, was so much out of Conceit with it for the future, that he left it quite off, and follow'd House-breakiug; in which Piece of Villany he was so notorious, that he had committed above Sixty Felonies and Burglaries only in the County of *Middlesex*,

*Middlesex*, in less than Fourteen Months. He reign'd Eight Years in his Villany; but at length setting a Barn on Fire betwixt *Brentford* and *Austerly*, a little Village lying about a Mile North from that Town, while the Servants came from the Dwelling-house to quench it, he ran up into a Chamber, pretending to help to preserve the Goods, but ran away with a Trunk, in which was a great deal of Plate, and 140 Pounds in Money. He was apprehended before he got to *Hammer-smith*, where being carried before a Magistrate, he was committed to *Newgate*; and receiving Sentence of Death at the *Old-Baily*, when about 29 Years of Age: He was hang'd at *Tyburn* on *Friday Dec. 18. 1691*. Where he said he had been addicted to Swearing Drunkenness, Whoredom, and all other Sins whatever, excepting Murder.

On the same Day also suffer'd with him, one *William Horsey*, for the most horrid Murder of Two Men, one of which was his particular Friend; *William Smith*, a Vintner, for Felony; *Mary Motte*, for the barbarous Murder of her Male Bastard-Child, by putting it up in a Basket, and exposing it in a Gutter, till it was starv'd; *John Barret*, a Furrier's Son, who was put Apprentice to a Clothier, but serving only Four Years of his Time, and getting into bad Company, he committed a Burglary, which brought him to this shameful Death; *William Good*, for robbing a Gentleman in *Hackney-Fields* of a Silver-Hilted



130 TOM ROWLAND, &c.

Sword, a Gold Watch, and 28 Guineas; *Richard Johnson*, for committing several most notorious Robberies in and about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and other Places in the County of *Middlesex*; *Anne Miller*, for Felony and Burglary; and *Edward Booth*, and *Humphrey Malice*, the last of which was a Gardiner at *Westminster*, for robbing a Gentleman in *Chelsea-Fields* of a Silver Snuff-Box, a Gold Watch, a Periwig, a Bever-Hat, a Pair of Stone Buckles set in Silver, and 20 Shillings in Money. Likewise a Glazier living in *Exeter-street*, was hang'd with these Malefactors, for committing several notorious Robberies on the Highway, to the great Astonishment of all his Neighbours, among whom he seem'd to carry a very civil and honest Correspondence, and devoutly exclaim'd against all manner of Vice; but as the old Proverb is *The still Sow drinks all the Draught*.

TOM ROWLAND, and FRANK OSBORN, a Goldsmith in Cannon-street in London, Highwaymen.

THE first of these notorious Malefactors was born at *Ware* in *Hertfordshire*, and

by his Parents was put an Apprentice to a Bricklayer; but after he had serv'd his Time, being then of a slothful, idle Disposition, he kept such Company as soon brought him to follow Evil Courses; and, to support his Extravagancy in a most Riotous Way of Living, he stole a Horse out of the Duke of Beaufort's Stables, at his Seat at *Badminton* in *Gloucestershire*; and then going on the Highway, he committed several most notorious Robberies for above 18 Years; but he always robb'd in Womens Apparel, which Disguise was the Means of his reigning so long in his Villany. Whenever he was pursu'd, he then rid astride; but at last being apprehended in this unlawful Habit, for robbing a Person on *Hounslow-Heath*, of a Quantity of Bone-Lace, to the Value of 1200 Pounds *Sterling*, he was condemn'd for this Fact, and found guilty also upon another Indictment prefer'd against him for robbing another Person near *Barnet*, of 84 Pounds Nine Shillings. However, whilst he lay under Sentence of Death, he was very refractory, and was so abominably wicked, that the very Morning on which he dy'd, lying in the *Press-Tard*, for he wanted for no Money whilst under Confinement, a common Whore coming to visit him, he had the unparallell'd Audaciousness to act carnally with her, and glory'd in the Sin as he was going to Execution, which was at *Tyburn*, on *Friday* the 24th of *October*, 1699, Aged 45 Years.

# 132 TOM ROWLAND, &c.

At the same Time, and same Place, were also hang'd *Mercy Harvey*, for murdering her Bastard Male-Child, by cutting it as small as Herbs to a Pot; *Ann Henderson*, a Scotch Woman, for stealing a Silver Tankard; *Bryant Cane*, for Felony and Burglary, in breaking open the House of Mr. *Baker*, at *Mary-le-bone*, and robbing it, and gagging him and all the Servants in his Family; *John Lowbridge*, a Butcher, for stealing a Mare; *Jane Eaton*, Aged 19 Years, and *Catherine Jones*, for breaking the House of one *John Prescott*, and stealing thence Goods of a great Value. The following Persons, namely, *Peter Vallard*, a Frenchman, *Thomas Rogers*, and *Thomas Castle*, alias *Cassiey*, were drawn on a Sledge to *Tyburn*, where the Two first were hang'd and quarter'd for Clipping and Coining; but the other Criminal, the Night before his Execution, so far obtain'd their Majesty's Clemency, as to be but only hang'd.

*Frank Osburn* was born of very good Friends at *Colchester* in *Essex*, who putting him an Apprentice to a Goldsmith in *Lombard-street*, in *London*, he very truly and honestly serv'd out his Apprentiship, and then set up his Trade himself in *Cannon-street*, in the same City, where he follow'd it for Seven Years; but he had not been his own Master for above Two Years, when getting into very loose Company, who assur'd him to Drunkenness, Gaming, and Whoring, he ran very much behind-hand, and contracted several Debts; which

which coming thick upon him, to make his Creditors easy, he went on the Highway; and meeting once with the Earl of *Albemarle*, in his Coach and Six Horses, betwixt *Harwich* and *Maningtree*, in the County of *Essex*, with Four Footmen, and Two Gentlemen on Horseback to attend him, besides the Coachman and Postilion, he attempted, with only one Person more, to set upon his Honour; so whilst his Comrade stopp'd the Coach-Horses, he rid up to his Lordship, and demanded his Money. The Attendance seeing the Insolence of these bold Robbers, who being but Two, they thought it would seem a great Piece of Cowardice, if they did not engage them; whereupon one of the Gentlemen firing first, all the rest began, even the very Coachman and Postilion too, who had Pistols in their Pockets; now the Shot flying about the Highwaymens Ears very thick, whilst the Earl also discharg'd a Blunderbuss out of his Coach, but without doing any Execution; they also fir'd as fast as they could, but with better Aim, and better Success; for in the discharging of about Eight Pistols, they shot both the Horses of the Two Gentlemen dead, wounded Two of the Footmen very desperately, and the Postilion, with the Fore-Horse on which he rid; then riding up to the Earl again, whom they most grossly abus'd with ill Language, and threaten'd to shoot through the Head, unless he presently deliver'd what he had, he gave them a Purse, in which was 130 Guineas, a Gold Watch, a Diamond



## 134 TOM ROWLAND, &c.

Diamond Ring, a Diamond Pair of Buckles, and a Gold Snuff-box. But whilst they were rifling a Trunk which was ty'd in the Coach-box, Six or Seven Officers of the Army riding up towards them, *Frank Osborn* and his Comrade made the best of their Way; but when those Gentlemen came up with the Earl of *Albemarle*, and were inform'd of the Robbery, they made such close Pursuit after the Robbers, that they were forc'd to ride into *Maningtree-River*, in which one of them was drown'd, and also his Horse, but *Frank* swimm'd safe over into the County of *Suffolk*, and went strait to *London*, without any Discovery.

Another Time *Frank Osborn* meeting with the late Duke of *Newcastle*, when his Grace was but Earl of *Clare*, in the Road to *Nottingham*, riding up to his Coach, and most courteously pulling off his Hat, quoth he, *My Lord*, having heard from several creditable Persons, what a charitable Peer your Honour is, in distributing your generous Alms among decay'd Gentlemen; and it being my Misfortune, through many Losses and Crosses in the World, to be reduc'd to a State poorer than ever Job was in his greatest Calamity, I humbly make bold to implore your Lordship's Benevolence, for which I shall be ever grateful the longest Day I have to live. Now, this Nobleman being not to be Tongue-padded out of his Money, he in a very angry Mood said to *Frank*, *Prithce, Fellow*, don't stand talking to me

me of charitable Alms and Benevolence, for I know not what you mean by those canting Words; therefore go about your Business, for indeed I have nothing at all for my self scarce, and much less for Beggars. Quoth Frank again, I am not, Sir, such a mean Sort of a Beggar as your Lordship perhaps may take me to be; for what People will not give me by fair Means, I always take away by foul ones. So pulling out a Pistol, and presenting it to his Lordship's Breast; he farther said, Unless your Lordship presently deliver your Money, expect nothing but present Death, for I will certainly shoot you through the Body upon the very least Refusal. So taking Four Hundred Pounds out of his Coach, and wishing his Lordship a good Journey, he rid away with his Booty.

He reign'd about Five Years in this Villanous Practice, without the least Mistrust in his Neighbourhood, who took him for a very honest Man, because he carry'd himself with the greatest Circumspection imaginable; but at last, he and Three other Highwaymen setting upon a Nobleman on *Hounslow Heath*, who had a great Retinue with him, they made such an obstinate and resolute Resistance against them, that they took *Frank Osborn*, but his other Accomplices made their Escape, whom he would never discover to the very last Gasps. Being committed to *Newgate*, and condemn'd for this Attempt, whilst he lay under Sentence of Death he shew'd not much Penitency for  
the

the wicked Courses he had took, but would often say, that he was very sorry that he had disgrac'd so good and ingenious a Profession as his was; and, on *Friday* the 12th of *September*, 1690, he was executed at *Tyburn*, Aged 29 Years: Also on the same Day were executed with him *William Goff*, a Trooper, who had serv'd the late King *James*, and King *William*, for robbing on the Highway; *Thomas Tarrold*, a Husbandman, born at *Amptill-Town* in *Bedfordshire*, for stealing a Gelding; *John Daynter*, a Shoemaker, for breaking the House of one Mr. *Tates*, and stealing thence a Silver Tankard, a Dozen of Silver Spoons, and 21 Pounds in Money; and *James Smith*, for robbing a Gentleman on the Highway of 28 Guineas, and Two Gold Rings; when he was ty'd up, in order to receive the Sentence of Death, he exceedingly misbehav'd himself in Court, by calling the Judges, the Lord-Mayor, and Recorder, most opprobrious Names, and swearing prophane Oaths, in which wicked Obstinacy he continu'd till he was hang'd.

**MOLL CUTPURSE, a Pick-pocket  
and Highwaywoman.**

**M**ary Frith, otherwise call'd *Moll Cutpurse*, from her Original Profession of cutting Purse, was born in *Barbican*, near *Aldersgate-street*, in the Year 1589. Her Father was a Shoe-maker; and though no remarkable Thing happen'd at her Nativity, such as the flattering Soothsayers pretend in Eclipses, and other the like Motions Above, or Tides, and Whales, and great Fires, adjusted and bind to the Genitures of Crown'd Heads; yet, for a She Politician, she was not much inferior to Pope *Joan*; for in her Time, she was the great Cabal and Oracle of the Mystery of diving into Purse and Pockets, and was very well read, and skill'd too, in the Affairs of the Placket among the great ones.

Both the Parents (as having no other Child living) were very tender of this Daughter; but especially the Mother, according to the Tendernefs of that Sex, which is naturally more indulgent than the Male; most affectionate she was to her in her Infancy, most careful of her in her Youth, manifested especially in her Education, which was the stricter and



## 138 MOLL CUTPURSE,

and diligenter attended, by Reason of her boisterous and masculine Spirit, which then shew'd it self, and soon after became predominant above all Breeding and Instruction. A very *Tomrig* or *Rampscuttle* she was, and delighted and sported only in Boys Play and Pastime, not minding or companying with the Girls; many a Bang and Blow this Hoyting procur'd her, but she was not so to be tam'd or taken off from her rude Inclinations; she could not endure that sedentary Life of Sewing or Stitching; a Sampler was as grievous to her as a Winding-sheet, and on her Needle, Bodkin, and Thimble, she could not think quietly wishing them chang'd into Sword and Dagger for a Bout at Cudgels. Her Head-geer and Handkerchief (or what the Fashion of those Times were for Girls to be dress'd in) were alike tedious to her, wearing them as handsomely as a Dog would a Doublet; and so cleanly, that the driven Pot-hooks would have blush'd at the Comparison. This perplex'd her Friends, who had only this Proverb favourable to their Hope, *That an unlucky Girl may make a good Woman*; but they liv'd not to the Length of that Expectation, dying in her Minority, and leaving her to the Swing and Sway of her own unruly Temper and Disposition.

She would fight with Boys, and courageously beat them; Run, Jump, Leap, or Hop with any of her contrary Sex, or recreate herself with any other Play whatsoever. She had

an Uncle, Brother to her Father, who was a Minister, and of him she stood in some Awe, but not so powerfully, as to restrain her in these Courses; so that seeing he could not effectually remedy that inveterate Evil in her Manners, he trepann'd her on Board a Merchant Ship lying at *Gravesend*, and bound for *New-England*, whither he design'd to have sent her; but having learn'd to Swim, she one Night jump'd Over-board, and swimm'd to Shore, and after that Escape, would never go near her Uncle again. Farthermore, it is to be observ'd, that *Mercury* was in Conjunction with, or rather in the House of *Venus*, at the Time of her Nativity; the former of which Planets is of a thievish, cheating, deceitful Influence; and the other hath Dominion over all Whores, Bawds, and Pimps; and, join'd with *Mercury*, over all Trepanners and Helotors: She hath a more general Influence, than all the other Six Planets put together; for no Place nor Person is exempted from her, invading alike both Sacred and Prophane; Nunneries and Monasteries, as well as the common Places of Prostitution; *Cheapside* and *Cornhill*, as well as *Bloomsbury*, or *Covent-Garden*. Under these benevolent and kind Stars, she grew up to some Maturity; she was now a lusty and sturdy Wench, and fit to put out to Service, having not a Competency of her own left her by her Friends to maintain her without Working; but as she was a great Libertine, she liv'd too much in common, to be inclos'd

# 140 MOLL CUTPURSE,

inclos'd in the Limits of a private Domestic Life. A Quarter-Staff was fitter for her than a Distaff; *Stave* and *Tail*, instead of Spinning and Reeling. She would go to the Ale-house when she had made Shift for some little Stock and spend her Penny, and come into any one's Company, and club another 'till she had none left, and then she was fit for any Enterprize. Moreover, she had a natural Abhorrence to the tending of Children, to whom she ever had an Averseness in her Mind, equal to the Sterility and Barrenness in her Womb, never (to our best Information) being made a Mother.

She generally went Dress'd in Man's Apparel; which puts me in Mind how *Hercules Nero*, and *Sardanapalus* are laugh'd at and exploded, for their Effeminacy and degenerated Dissoluteness in this extravagant Debauchery; the first is pourtrayed with a Distaff in his Hand; the other recorded to be marry'd as a Wife, and all the Conjugal and Matrimonial Rites perform'd at the Solemnity of the Marriage; and the other lacks the Luxury of a Pen, as loose as his Female Riots, to describe them. These were all Monsters of Men, and have no Parallels either in Old or Modern Histories, 'till such Time as *Moll Cutpurse* approach'd their Examples; for her heroick Impudence hath quite outdone every Romance; for never was Woman so like her in her Cloaths. No doubt but *Moll's* Converse with her

er self, whose Disinverting Eyes and Look  
unk inwards to her Breast, inform'd her of  
er Defects, and that she was not made for  
he Pleasure or Delight of Man; and therefore  
nce she could not be honour'd with him, she  
ould be honour'd by him in that Garb and  
Manner of Rayment which he wore; for  
rom the first Entrance into a Competency of  
age, she would wear a Man's Habit, and  
o her dying Day she would not leave it  
F.

Though she was so ugly in any Dress, as  
ever to be woo'd nor solicited by any Man,  
et she never had the *Green-Sickness*, that  
epidemical Disease of Maidens, after they  
ave once pass'd their Puberty; she did never  
ut Lime, Coals, Oatmeal, Tobacco-Pipes,  
nders, or such like Trash; no Sighs, de-  
ected Looks, or Melancholy, clouded her vi-  
orous Spirits, or repress'd her Jollity in the  
etir'd Thoughts and Despair of a Husband;  
he was troubled with none of those Longings  
hich poor Maidens are subject to: She had  
he Power and Strength (if not the Will) to  
ommand her own Pleasure of any Person of  
asonable Ability of Body; and therefore she  
eeded not whine for it; as she was able to  
eat a Fellow to a Compliance, without the  
nnecessary Trouble of Intreaties.

Now *Moll* thinking what Course of Life  
he should betake her self to, she got ac-  
ainted with some Fortune-tellers of the  
own, from whom learning some Smatch and  
Relish



# 142 MOLL CUTPURSE,

Relish of that Cheat, by their insignificant Schemes and Figure-flinging, she got a tolerable good Livelihood; but her Incomes being not equivalent to her Expences, she enter'd her self into the Society of *Divers*, otherwise call'd *File-clyers*, *Cut-purses*, or *Pick-pockets*, which People are a kind of Land-Pirates, trading altogether in other Mens *Bottoms*, for no other Merchandize than *Bullion*, and ready Coin, and keep most of the great Fairs and Marts in the World. In this unlawful Way she got a vast deal of Money, but having been very often in *Old-Bridewell*, the *Compters* and *Newgate*, for her irregular Practices, and burnt in the Hand Four Times, she left off this petty Sort of Theft, and went on the *Highway*, committing many great Robberies, but all on 'em on the *Round-Heads*, or Rebels, that fomented the Civil War against King *Charles the First*; against which Villains she had as great an Antipathy, as an unhappy Man, that for counterfeiting a Half Crown in those Rebellious Times, was executed at *Tyburn*, where he said, *That he was adjudg'd to die but for counterfeiting a Half Crown*; but those that usurp'd the whole Crown, and stole away its Revenue, and had counterfeited its Seal, were above Justice, and escap'd unpunish'd.

A long Time had *Moll Cutpurse* robb'd on the Road; but at last robbing General *Fairfax* of 250 *Jacobus's* on *Hounslow Heath*, where she was shot through the Arm in opposing her, and killing Two Horses, on which a Couple of her Servants

servants rid, a close Pursuit being nevertheless made after her by some Parliamentary Officers quartering in the Town of *Hounslow*, to whom *Fairfax* had told his Misfortune, her horse failing her at *Turnham-Green*, they there apprehended her, and carry'd her to *Newgate*, after which she was condemn'd; but procur'd her Pardon, by giving her Adversary 100 Pounds. Now *Moll* being frighten'd by this Disaster, she left off going on the Highway any more, and took a House within Two Doors of the *Globe-Tavern* in *Fleet-street*, over against the Conduit, almost facing *Shoehans* and *Salisbury Court*, where she dispens'd Justice among the wrangling Tankard-Bearers, often exchanging their Burden of Water for a Burden of Beer, as far the lighter Carriage, though not so well portable, and for which Kindness she had the Command of those Water-works, being Admiralefs of the vessels that sail on Folks Backs, (as they have ships in *China* which sail over dry Land) and glade themselves in Kitchens.

In her Time Tobacco being grown a great Mode, she was mightily taken with the Passion of Smoaking, because of its Singularity, and that no Woman ever smoak'd before her, though a great many of her Sex since have follow'd her Example. But now (as I hinted before) *Moll* being quite scar'd from Thieving herself, she turn'd *Fence*, that is to say, a Buyer of stolen Goods, by which Occupation she got a great deal of Money. In her House she set up

# 144 MOLL CUTPURSE,

up a kind of Brokery, or a distinct Factory of Jewels, Rings and Watches, which had been pinch'd or stolen any manner of way, at never so great Distances from any Person. might properly enough be call'd the *Insurance Office* for such Merchandize; for the Lofs were sure, upon Composition, to recover the Goods again, and the Pyrates were sure to have a good Ransom, and she so much in the Ground for Brokage, without any more Danger; the *Hue-and-Cry* being always directed to her for the Discovery of the Goods, not the Taking. Once a Gentleman that had lost his Watch by the busy Fingers of a Pick-pocket, came very anxiously to *Moll*, enquiring if she could help him to it again; she demanded of him the Marks and Signs thereof, with the Time when and where he lost it, or by what Crow or other Accident. He replied, *That coming thro' Shoe-Lane, there was a Quarrel between two Men; one of which he afterwards heard was a Grasier, whom they had set in Smithfield having seen him receive the Sum of 200 Pounds or thereabouts, in Gold; and it being a hazardous and great Purchase, the choicest and most excellent of the Art were assembled to this Master-piece. There was one Bat Ro as he was since inform'd, who was the Buyer and observing the Man held his Hand in his Pocket where his Gold was, just in the middle of the Lane whither they dogged him, overthrew a Barrel trimming at an Ale-house Door, which one behind the Grasier push'd him over,* with



withal threw down Bar, who was ready for the Fall. Betwixt these two, presently arose a Quarrel; the Pick-pocket demanding Satisfaction, while his Comrades interposing, after two or three Blows in Favour of the Countryman, who had drawn his Hands out of his Pocket to defend himself, soon drew out his Treasure; and while he was looking on the Scuffle, some of them had lent him a Hand too, and finger'd out his Watch. Moll smil'd at the Adventure, and told him, He should hear farther of it within a Day or two at the farthest. When the Gentleman coming again, and understanding by his Discourse, that he would not lose it for twice its Value, because it was given him by a particular Friend, she squeez'd 20 Guineas out of him before he could obtain his Watch.

Moll, who was always accounted by her Neighbours to be an *Hermaphrodite*, but at her Death was found otherwise, had not lived long in Fleetstreet, before she became acquainted with a new sort of Thieves, call'd *Heavers*, whose Employment was stealing Shop-Books from Drapers or Mercers, or other rich Traders; which bringing to her, she, for some considerable Profit for herself, got them a *Quantum* perit for restoring them again to the Losers. While she thus reign'd free from the Danger of the Common Law, an Apparator, set on by an Adversary of hers, cited her to appear in the Court of *Arches*, where was an Accusation exhibited against her for wearing indecent and manly Apparel. She was advised



# 146 MOLL CUTPURSE,

by her Proctor to demur to the Jurisdiction of the Court, as for a Crime, if such, not cognizable there or elsewhere; but he did it to spin out the Cause, and get her Money; for in the End, she was there sentenc'd to stand and do Penance in a White Sheet at *St. Paul's-Cross* during Morning-Sermon on a *Sunday*. They might as soon have sham'd a Black Dog as *Moll*, with any kind of such Punishment; for a Halfpenny she would have travell'd through all the Market-Towns in *England* with her penitential Habit, and been as proud of it as that Citizen who rode to his Friends in the Country in his Livery-Gown and Hood. Besides, many of the Spectators had little Cause to sport themselves then at the Sight; for some of her Emiffaries, without any Regard to the Sacredness of the Place, spoil'd a good many Cloaths by cutting part of their Cloaks and Gowns and sending them Home as naked behind a *Esop's Crow*, when every Bird took its own Feather from her.

However, this Penance did not reclaim her for she still went in Mens Apparel, very decently dress'd; nor were the Ornaments of her House less curious and pleasing in Pictures, than in the Delight of Looking-Glasses, so that she could see her sweet self all over in any Part of her Rooms. This gave Occasion to Folks to say, that she used magical Glasses, wherein she could shew the Querists who resorted to her for Information, them that stole their Goods as likewise to others, curious to know the

Shape

Shapes and Features of their Husbands that should be, the very true and perfect Idea of them, as is very credibly reported of your *African* Sorcerers; and we have a Tradition of it in the Story of *Jane Shore's* Husband, who, by one of the like Glasses, saw the unchast Embraces of his Wife and *Edward IV.* One Night late, *Moll* going home almost drunk from the *Devil Tavern*, she tumbled over a great Black Sow that was rousting on a Dunghill near the Kennel; but getting up again in a sad dirty Pickle, she drove her to her House, where finding her full of Pigs, she made her a Drench to hasten her Farrowing, and the next Morning she brought her 11 curious Pigs, which *Moll* and her Companions made shift to eat; and then she turn'd the Sow out of Doors, who presently repair'd to her old Master, a Bumpkin at *Islington*, who with Wonder received her again; and having given her some Grains, turn'd her out of his Gates, watching what Course she would take, and intending to have Satisfaction for his Pigs wheresoever he should find her to have laid them. The Sow naturally mindful of her squeaking Brood, went directly to *Moll's* Door, and there kept a lamentable Noise to be admitted. This was Evidence enough for the Fellow, that there his Sow had laid her Belly; when knocking, and having Entrance, he tells *Moll* a Tale of a Sow and her Litter. She replied, he's mad; he swore he knows his Sow's Meaning by her grunting, and that he would give her Sawce to her

her Pigs. *Goodman Coxcomb*, quoth *Moll*, come in, and see if this House looks like a Hogs-she; when going into all her Rooms, and seeing how neat and clean they were kept, he was convinc'd that the Litter was not laid there, and went home cursing his Sow.

To get Money, *Moll* would not stick out too to bawd for either Men or Women, insomuch that her House became a double Temple for *Priapus* and *Venus*, frequented by Votaries of both Sorts, who being generous to her Labour, their Desires were favourably accommodated with Expedition; whilst she linger'd with others, delaying their Impatience, by laying before them the difficult, but certain Attainment of their Wishes, which serv'd as a Spur to the Dulness of their Purses; for the Lady *Pecunia* and she kept the same Pace, but still in the End she did the Feat. *Moll* having a great Antipathy against the Rump-Parliament, she lit on a Fellow very dextrous for imitating Peoples Hands, with him she communicated her Thoughts, and they concurr'd to forge and counterfeit their Commissioners and Treasurers Hands to the respective Receivers and Collectors, to pay the Sums of Money they had in their Hands without Delay, to such as he in his counterfeited Orders appointed: So that where-soever he had Intelligence of any great Sum in the Country, they were sure to forestal the Market. This Cheat lasted for half a Year, till it was found out at *Guildhall*, and such a politick Course taken, that no Warrants would pass



pass among themselves to avoid Cozenage. But when the Government was seiz'd and usurp'd by that Arch-Traitor *Oliver Cromwell*, they began this Trade afresh, it being very easy to imitate his single Sign Manual, as that ambitious Usurper would have it stil'd; by which Means her Man also drew good Sums of Money out of the Customs and Excise; nay, out of the *Exchequer* it self, till *Oliver* was forced to use a private Mark, to make his Credit authentick among his own Villains.

After 74 Years of Age, *Moll* being grown crazy in her Body, and discontented in Mind, she yielded to the next Distemper that approach'd her, which was the *Dropsy*, a Disease which had such strange and terrible Symptoms, that she thought she was possess'd, and that the Devil was got within her Doublet. Her Belly, from a wither'd, dry'd, wrinkled Piece of Skin, was grown to the titest, roundest Globe of Flesh, that ever any beauteous young Lady strutted with, to the Ostentation of her Fertility, and the Generosity of her Nature. However, there was no Blood that was generative in her Womb, but only that destructive of the Grape, which by her Excesses was now turn'd into Water, so that the tympany'd Skin thereof sounded like a Conduit-Door. If we anatomize her any farther, we must say her Legs represented a couple of Mill-posts; and her Head was so wrapt with Cloaths, that she look'd like Mother *Shipton*.



## 150 MOLL CUTPURSE,

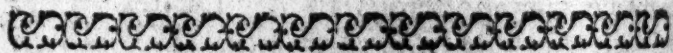
It may well be expected, that considering what a deal of Money she got by her wicked Practices, she might make a Will; but yet of 5000 Pounds which she had once by her in Gold, she had not above 100 Pounds left her latterly, which she thought too little to give to the charitable Uses of building Hospitals and Alms-houses. The Money that might have been design'd that Way, as it came from the Devil, so it return'd to the Devil again in the *Rump's* Exchequer and Treasury at *Haberdashers* and *Goldsmiths-Hall*. Yet, to preserve something of her Memory, and not leave it to the Courtesy of an Executor, she anticipated her Funeral Expences; for it being the Fashion of those Times to give Rings, to the undoing of the *Confectioners*, who liv'd altogether by the Dead and the New-born, she distributed some that she had by her, (but of far greater Value than your pitiful hollow Ware of 6 or 7 Shillings a piece, that a Juggler would scorn to shew Tricks with) among her chief Companions and Friends.

These Rings (like Princes Jewels) were notable ones, and had their particular Names likewise, as the *Bartholomew*, the *Ludgate*, the *Exchange*, and so forth, deriving their Appellations from the Places whence they were stolen. They needed no Admonition of a Deaths Head, nor the Motto, *Memento mori*, for they were the Wages and Monuments of their thieving Masters and Mistresses who were interr'd at *Tyburn*, and she hoped her Friends  
would

would wear them both for her sake and theirs. In short, she made no Will at all, because she had had it so long before to no better Purpose; and that if she had had her Desert, she should have had an Executioner instead of an Executor. Out of the 100 Pounds which she had by her, she dispos'd of 30 Pounds to her three Maids which she kept, and charg'd them to occupy it the best way they could; for that and some of her Arts in which they had had Time to be expert, would be beyond the Advantage of their Spinning and Reeling, and would be able to keep them in Repair, and promote them to *Weavers, Shoemakers* and *Tailors*. The rest of her Personal Estate in Money, Moveables, and Household-Goods, she bequeath'd to her Kinsman *Frith*, a Master of a Ship dwelling at *Redriff*, whom she advis'd not to make any Ventures therewith, but stay at Home and be drunk, rather than go to Sea and be drown'd with them. And now the Time of her Dissolution drawing near, she desired to be bury'd with her Breech upwards, that she might be as preposterous in her Death, as she had been all along in her infamous Life. When she was dead, she was interr'd in *St. Bridget's Church-yard*, having a fair Marble-stone put over her Grave, on which was cut the following Epitaph, compos'd by the ingenious *Mr. Milton*, but destroy'd in the great Conflagration of *London*.

152 GEORGE SEAGER,

*Here lies under this same Marble,  
Dust, for Time's last Sieve to garble;  
Dust, to perplex a Sadducee,  
Whether it rise a He or She,  
Or two in one, a single Pair,  
Nature's Sport, and now her Care:  
For how she'll cloath it at last Day,  
Unless she sighs it all away;  
Or where she'll place it, none can tell,  
Some middle Place 'twixt Heav'n and Hell;  
And well 'tis Purgatory's found,  
Else she must hide her under Ground.  
These Reliques do deserve the Doom,  
That Cheat of Mahomet's fine Tomb;  
For no Communion she had,  
Nor sorted with the Good or Bad;  
That when the World shall be calcin'd,  
And the mix'd Mass of human Kind  
Shall sep'rate by that melting Fire,  
She'll stand alone, and none come nigh her.  
Reader, here she lies till then,  
When truly you'll see her agen.*



GEORGE SEAGER, a House-  
Breaker.

I Have no great Inclination to tell Stories,  
which perhaps is nothing but the Effect of  
an ill-grounded Vanity, that makes me prefer  
the



the expressing of what I imagine, to the reciting of what I have seen. The Profession of a Story-teller sits but awkwardly upon young People, and is downright Weakness in old Men: When our Wit is not arriv'd to its due Vigor, or when it begins to decline, we then take a Pleasure in telling what does not put us to any great Expende of Thought. However, I will for once renounce the Pleasure which I generally take in my own Imagination, to recount the unaccountable Actions of *George Seager*, because he was as great Villain as ever lived in his Time.

This notorious Fellow, aged 26 Years, was born at *Portsmouth* in *Hampshire*, where his Father and Mother dying, his Sister took care of him for a while; but she not being able to support herself, left him to the Parish to keep him, the Overseers whereof plac'd him out to spin Packthread. After two Years he left that Employment, and went to a Silk-Throwster for a Year and half; when running away from his Master, he took bad Courses, as being addicted to Gaming, Swearing, Drunkenness, and Theft; but a Gang of the *Ruby Man* of War pressing him, he went on Board that Ship to Sea, where robbing the Seamen's Chests, he was often whipt at the Cap-stern, put in the Bilboes, and once Keel-haw'd, which is tying a Rope round his Middle, to which two other Ropes are so fasten'd, that carrying him to the End of the Main-yard-arm on the Starboard-side of the Ship, he is flung from thence into



## 154 GEORGE SEAGER,

the Water, and hawl'd under the Ship by a Man standing on the End of the Main-yard-arm on the Larboard-side, where a Gun is fir'd over the Criminal's Head as he is drawing up. However, as no Punishment would deter him from pilfering, the Captain of the Ship, rather than be plagu'd with him, put him ashore at *Plimouth*, from whence he begged his Way to *Portsmouth*, where he list'd himself in *Johnny Gibson's* Regiment, to whom he was a continual Plague; for the first Time he mounted the Guard, being put Centry on the Ram-parts, and order'd by the Corporal not to let the Grand Rounds pass without challenging, he said, he would take Care of them. So the Grand Rounds going about at 12 at Night, with *Johnny Gibson* at the Head of them, quoth *Seager*, who had got a whole Hatful of Stones by him, *Who comes there?* Being told, they were the Grand Rounds; *Oh! d--nm ye*, quoth *George*, *the Grand Rounds are ye? I have waited for you this Hour and above.* So pelting them with Stones as fast as he could fling, the Grand Rounds could not pass any farther, till they call'd out to the Captain of *Lamport-Guard*, who sent the Corporal to relieve him; but *Johnny Gibson* finding him to be a raw Soldier, who had never been upon Duty before, he escaped any Punishment inflicted on Offenders by Martial-Law.

Another Time, some arch Soldier putting a Whisp of Hay into the Mouth of the Wooden Horse, which stands at the End of the Parade

by

by the main Guard-House, Johnny Gibson espy-  
ing it, quoth he, *Ise warrant him an honest  
Fellow, who was so kind as to give my Horse  
some Hay; Ise vow if Ise knew who it was, Ise  
would give him Six-pence to drink.* George  
standing by the Governor when he said so,  
quoth he, *It was I, Sir, who gave your Horse  
that Hay.* Said Johnny then, *Ise vow it was  
well done of thee, and there is Six-pence for  
your Pains; but as you was so civil as to feed  
my Horse, you ought to ride him to Water too.*  
So commanding him presently to be mounted  
on it, with a 50 Pounds Weight at his Feet,  
he there sat for an Hour, cursing Johnny's Ci-  
vility to himself to the very Pit of Hell. But  
not long after this Riding Bout, George standing  
Centry one Night at Johnny's Door, as he was  
coming homewards to his House, quoth he,  
*Who comes there?* Johnny Gibson the Gover-  
nor replied, *A Friend.* What Friend? Stand,  
Sir. Quoth Johnny, *Ise am the Governor.*  
George replied, *I don't know that; therefore  
stand off, till I call the Corporal, or else I'll shoot  
you.* Johnny would fain have press'd upon his  
Post; but when he saw himself frustrated in his  
Design, Quoth he, *Ise see, honest Friend, that thou  
know'st thy Duty, therefore you need not call the  
Corporal, there's a Shilling for you; and if  
thou'rt hungry, thou may'st go into my Kitchen  
and fill your Belly, and in the mean time Ise will  
stand for you.* George refused his Favour several  
Times; but when Johnny as often promis'd  
him upon his Word and Honour, that not the  
least

least Harm should come to him for leaving his Post, he gave him his Musket, went into his Kitchen; and when he had fill'd his Belly, he went out by a backward Door to the Guard-House, where being several Soldiers playing at Cards, he put in among them; but at last the Corporal espying him, *Ha, ha,* quoth he, *how a Pox came you here from your Post already?* George replied, *Don't you trouble your self about that, I have got one there to stand for me.* The Corporal said no more to him then; but about an Hour and a half afterwards going to relieve the Centries, when he came to George's Post, he was much surpriz'd to see *Johnny* walking there with a Musket on his Shoulders, who cry'd out, *Come, mank bast Mon, and relieve me, for it is a vary cold Night; but, by my Sol, Ise will never stand for any Knave agen, till he goes to fill his Belly; however, Ise shall know that ill fau Loon another Time from a black Sheep.* And indeed so he did; for George being in *Johnny's* own Company, and standing another Time Centry at his Door, wanting Shoes, he ask'd him for a Pair. Quoth *Johnny*, *Hast thou ever a Piece of Chalk about thee?* George told him, *Yes;* and giving him a Piece, with which he drew out a Pair of Shoes on the Centry-Box, quoth he, *Ther's a Pair for thee.* George could not well tell what to say to him; but as soon as *Johnny* went in a-Doors, he drew out a Man standing Centry on the Centry-Box, and went off from his Post. Afterwards the Governor coming out, and seeing what *George*

George, who was not there, had done, he presently went to the Guard-House to see for him; but finding none of the Gentleman, he sent a Corporal with a File of Musketeers to look for him. After long searching about the Town, they found him playing at *All-Fours* in an Ale-house, and brought him Prisoner to Johny, who demanding how his Impudence could be so great as to quit his Post before he was reliev'd? He said, *He had left a Man to do his Duty. Yes, (quoth Johny) a Man chalk'd out for me. Why, (replies George) I thought a Centry chalk'd out for you, would do as well as a Pair of Shoes for me.* But, to be short, Johny committed him to the Hole, where living only upon the Allowance of Bread and Water for 14 Days, he was then brought forth, and ran the Gauntlet Six Times thro' the whole Regiment.

After this, George had also ran the Gauntlet several Times for robbing the Soldiers Barracks of Victuals, Linnen, or any Thing else that he could find; but no Punishment deterring him from his pilfering Tricks, he was in a Draught sent over to *Flanders*, where going one Day into a great Church in *Brussels*, he espy'd a *Capuchin* Fryar confessing a young Woman in a very private Place; and as soon as the good old Father had given Absolution to his Penitentiary, he made up to him to confess his Sins; for as it happen'd, the Fryar was an *English-Man*. But instead of confessing his manifold Crimes, his Intention was to

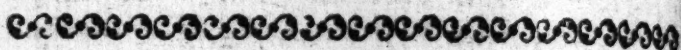


to commit more; for pulling a Pistol out of his Pocket, and clapping it to his Breast, quoth he, *Reverend Father, I perceiv'd the young Gentlewoman, whom you just now confess'd, gave you something; but let it be more or less, unless you surrender it to me, for I have most need of it, I will shoot you through the Heart, altho' I was sure to be hang'd this very Moment for it.* The Fryar being much surpris'd at these dangerous Words, and deeming Life sweet, he gave him what he had of his Female Penitentiary, which was Two *Louis d'Ors*; then binding him Hand and Foot in a Corner adjacent to his Confession-Box, he went away; and that same Day, deserting his Regiment, made the best of his Way for *England*, where he committed several most notorious Burglaries in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and the Out-Parts thereof; but at last being apprehended, and sent to *Newgate* for breaking the House of the Lord *Cutts*, and taking thence Plate and fine Linnen valu'd at above 240 Pounds, he was hang'd at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday January 27. 1697.*

At the same Time and Place were also executed one *Joseph Potter*, aged 27 Years, and born in *Southwark*; who running away from *King William's* Service at Sea, broke open the Lady *Anverquerque's* House, and took from thence 130 Pounds in Money, which he consum'd in less than a Week; and when he came to the Tree, such was his Impudence as

to say, I must needs own that I have brought my Hogs to a fair Market; but what care for hanging, since a short Life, if a merry one, is best. Benjamin Ellison, aged 25 Years, and born at Wapping, was condemn'd for breaking the House of the Earl of Albemarle, and taking thence some Jewels, and a Gold Watch of great Value; but was not much concern'd at his untimely End; for instead of repenting, he said, *If I now was to live my Time over again, I would be no other Trade but a Thief; because he has no sooner done his Work, but he is paid for his Labour.* And James Ayres, aged 30 Years, and born in Scotland, was condemn'd for committing several most notorious Robberies on the Highway; and being come to the Place of Execution, where espying a Country Fellow gazing earnestly upon him, quoth he, pointing at the same Time towards him, *I have got me half Crown in my Breeches still; and believing you to be out of Business, I will give you with all my Heart, to take but one Turn for me, for just now it will do me a great Kindness.*

T O M.



TOM AUSTIN, a Murderer and  
House-breaker.

OF all the most barbarous Fellows that ever liv'd upon Earth, no History can parallel the Criminal of whom I am now going to speak. 'Tis true, his Villanies are not many; but considering how notorious he was for the short Time he acted on the Stage of Wickedness, he deserves a *Memorandum* among the other Villanies recorded in this Piece of Biography. *Thomas Austin* was born at *Colmington* in *Devonshire*, of very honest Parents, who, at their Death, left him a Farm of their own, worth 80 Pounds *per Annum*; which pretty Estate, without any Incumbrances, quickly procur'd him a good Wife, with whom he had 800 Pounds for her Portion; but growing Purse-proud and idle, ill Company brought him to such Extravagancies that in less than Four Years he had consum'd what his Wife had brought him, and mortgag'd his whole Estate.

Being now reduc'd to a Beggar, and not knowing what Course to steer for a Livelihood, the Devil so far got the upper Hand of him, as to incite him to commit unlaw-

*a Murderer and House-Breaker.* 161

ful Things for the Support of himself and Family. In order thereto, he went upon the Highway, and assaulting Sir *Zachary Wil-*  
*not* in the Road between *Wellington* and *Taunton-Dean*, he was oblig'd to shoot that unfortunate Gentleman before he could rob him. Then he went home with his Booty, which was 46 Guineas and a Silver-hilted sword; but riotously spending that in a very short Time, he went to visit his Uncle, who liv'd about a Mile from his Habitation; but finding no Body at home but his Aunt and five small Children, he cleav'd her Skull in two with a Hatchet, and most inhumanly cut the Throats of all the young Infants. Afterwards robbing the House, in which he found 60 Pounds, he went home to his Wife; who perceiving some Spots of Blood on his Cloaths, and enquiring how they came in that Condition, quoth he, *You Bitch, so they came to be blooded*, pulling at the same Time a Razor out of his Pocket, with which he immediately cut her Throat, and ript out the Guts of his own Two Children, the eldest of which was not Three Years old.

He had no sooner acted this Tragedy, but his Uncle, whom he had been to visit, coming accidentally in to see him, and beholding what bloody Work he had been about, but as yet not knowing what a sad Tragedy he had acted at his House, he caus'd him to be apprehended, and being carry'd before a Magistrate, was committed to the Goal in *Exeter*, where



## 162 JONATHAN SIMPSON,

where he was hang'd in *August* 1694; but when he came to the Place of Execution where he was very fullen, being ask'd by the Minister who attended him, what he had to say before he dy'd, quoth he, *There's a Woman see yonder with some Curds and Whey, I wish I could have a Penny-worth of them before am hang'd, because I know not when I shall eat any again.* But his Request being not granted, he was turn'd off, without making any Confession why he had committed those most barbarous Murders, which had justly brought him to that untimely End.



## JONATHAN SIMPSON, an Highwayman.

**I**F ever there was any Malefactor notoriously wicked indeed in his vicious Course of Life, certainly this *Jonathan Simpson* may come under that scandalous Character. He was born at *Launceston*, in the County of *Cornwall*, from whence he was sent to *Bristol* when about 14 Years of Age, and bound as Apprentice there to a *Linnen-Draper*. He serv'd his Time very faithfully, and when his Time of Seven Years were expir'd, returning into the Country again to see his Friends, who were

ere very well to pass, they gave him 1500  
ounds to set up in the City where he serv'd  
Apprenticeship.

Within a Year after he was settled in the  
World, being in a very good way of Busi-  
ness, he married a Merchant's Daughter who  
bought him 2000 Pounds for a Portion, but  
being one of a very light Carriage, she always  
took the Advantage of Cuckolding him when  
he was abroad; which being known to her  
husband, he was resolv'd to watch her Wa-  
ter very narrowly one Day; when pretending  
to go out of Town, and that he should not  
return in a Week or Ten Days, he took a  
very solemn Leave of his Wife, who, as soon  
as his back was turn'd, sent for her Gallant in  
haste, who was a Neighbour to whom  
she was to have been married; but his Cir-  
cumstances being not so good as *Sympson's*, her  
father broke off that Match, and he married  
another young Woman of a great deal less  
fortune.

Whilst these Two amorous Creatures were  
enjoying themselves over a Couple of good  
pipes and a Bottle of Wine, *Sympson's* co-  
ming suddenly home interrupted their Mirth,  
Mrs. *Sympson*, to hide their Intrigue from  
her Husband's Eyes, order'd her Lover to go  
into a great Sea-Chest, which was in the  
room: But Jealousy, not without a Cause,  
making him more penetrating than *Lynceus*  
or *Argos*, he soon smelt a Rat; and sending  
for his Neighbour's Wife, he made her very  
Welcome.

164 JONATHAN SIMPSON,

Welcome with the Remnant of the Banquet which the other Lovers had left in great Precipitation unconsum'd. Afterwards *Symphon* commanding his Wife to quit the Room, he left the Gallant's Wife with her Husband, who in a very little while obtaining of his Neighbour the Favour of breaking a Commandment he made the Breach thereof on the Chest which her Husband lay, and having done his best to please her, then lifting up the Lid of the Chest, quoth *Symphon* to his Wife's Gallant, *Now come out Brother Cuckold.*

Accordingly his hornified Neighbour came out with his Ears hanging down like a Dog that had lost his Tail, to the great Surprise of his Wife, who had done her best, poor Creature, to send him to Heaven; but tho' *Symphon* took no farther Revenge on his Brother in Iniquity, yet being not satisfied with his own Wife's Incontinency, he sold off what he had, and sent her home to her Friends, without any Consideration to the great Portion she had brought him a little before her Transgression.

Now having shut up his Shop, and kept a very riotous Company, in a very short Time he became as bad as any of them. Debauchery, Gaming and Drunkenness were his daily Exercises; till having consum'd above Forty Thousand Pounds in less than eighteen Months he was obliged to support himself by going on the Highway; for which being at last apprehended, he was committed to Newgate.

and condemn'd ; but his Friends and Relations  
 making a great Interest at Court for his Life,  
 they procur'd his Reprieve, which timely came  
 his Relief at *Tyburn*, even just as he was going  
 to be cast off ; when being cut down, and one  
 of the Sheriff's Officers taking the reprieved  
 criminal behind him on his Horse, as they  
 were riding back thro' *Holbourn* again, quoth  
 the Officer to him, *I vow, Sir, you had extra-  
 ordinary Luck to what the other poor Male-  
 factors have had, in having a Reprieve come  
 in the very Interim of Time, as you was  
 going to be sent out of the World: But without  
 doubt, Sir, you knew somewhat of it before.*  
*Simpson* replied, *Indeed, Sir, if one Christian  
 may believe another, I thought no more of it,  
 when it came, than I did of my Dying-Day.* This  
 strange Expression, wherein he shew'd what  
 the Concern he had about his latter End,  
 when going to be hang'd, made the Officer  
 (as bad as he was) to stare upon him as a re-  
 probate sort of a Fellow ; and surrendring him  
 to at the Lodge at *Newgate*, the Turnkey  
 told him that as he was sent to be executed, but  
 for the good Fortune to be repriev'd, they  
 were discharg'd of him, and would not receive  
 him into Custody again, unless the Officer had  
 a Warrant for the Commitment of him for a  
 new Fact. Hereupon, *Simpson*, finding there  
 was no Entertainment for him, quoth he, *I  
 believe I am one of the most unfortunate Dogs  
 alive! For both Tyburn and Newgate have this  
 very Day refused me. Well, I was certainly  
 born*



# 166 JONATHAN SIMPSON,

*born under an unlucky Planet : But still  
I may obtain one of 'em, I'll try what may  
done; for I'll rob the whole Country but that  
have either one or t'other.*

Accordingly, he was as good as his Word for in less than six Weeks after, he committed Forty Robberies all within the County of *Middlesex*. He could, after the *Dutch* way, skate very well with Skates, whereby he robbed great many People, as passing on the Ice between *Fulham* and *Kingston-Bridge*, in Time of the great Frost, which held Three Weeks on the River of *Thames*, in the Year 1683. But one time *Simpson* meeting with a Knight on the Road, and riding up to his Coach, demanded his Money; who made no more do but gave him a fine knitted Silk Purse of Counters, which taking, by the Colour appeared to be thro' the Knit-Work, to be Guineas, when he came to an Inn, and found himself outwitted, he was ready to swear the House down for his Credulity, in not looking better on what he had received. Nevertheless he preserved his Brass Booty, and about Six Months after meeting the same Knight again on *Bagshot-Heath*, and riding up to his Coach, quoth he, *Sir, I believe you made a Mistake when I last had the Happiness to see you, in giving me those Brass Pieces wherewith People generally reckon their Game, when they play at Cribbage. I vow, Sir, I have been much troubled, for you should have wanted 'em since they have been in my Possession. However, as it is our*

For

fortune to meet again, I return 'em you with my Heart. But for my Care in keeping you, you must come out of your Coach forthwith, upon Pain of Death, and give me your Breeches, that I may have Leisure to search 'em diligently, when I put up in my Inn at Night. The old Knight hearing this bold Robber talk of Death, he made what haste could out of his Coach, and pull'd off his Breeches in the Twinkling of an Eye, and giving them to Simpson, he found in them a Gold Watch, a Gold Snuff-Box, and a Purse containing Ninety Eight Guineas besides five Jacobus's.

Another time this Fellow overtaking the Lord Delamere's Coach on Dunmoor-Heath, who had his Gentleman and 4 or 5 Footmen all mounted to attend him, he rid up to it, and said to the Coachman, whom he knew, Tom, I'm glad with all my Heart that I come up with you, for there's whipping Down Abroad; I vow there's nothing but Robbing, where one will. I have got a great Charge about me my self, but since I have the good Luck to get up with these honest Gentlemen, I don't care losing my Money. Egad, let the Rogues come now if they dare, for if they do, I'm resolv'd to have one slap at 'em my self. This Discourse which he had with the Coachman, who knew him very well, but not to be a Highwayman, made his Lordship and his Retinue think him to be a very honest Fellow, and held a great deal of Chat with him on the Road,

Road, till at last an Opportunity favouring  
 Intention, quoth he to the Lord's Attendant  
*I am very dry, and since you are pleased to give*  
*me Protection in your Company from any Dan-*  
*ger as far as I shall go your way, I will ride be-*  
*fore, and see if I can get any good Liquor*  
*with which I will treat you for your Civility,*  
*soon as you come up to the House where I shall*  
*find any worth your accepting.* According  
 setting Spurs to his Horse, away he rid as fast  
 as if it had been for a Wager; and being out  
 of sight, he quickly ty'd his Horse to a  
 Tree in a thick Wood which was on one side  
 of the Road thro' which his Lordship was to  
 pass; and making what haste he could he  
 again to his Lordship's Coach, in his Spar-  
 dashes, quoth he, *Oh Gentlemen, I'm ruin'd and*  
*undone; for in yonder Lane meeting with a company*  
*of Rogues, they have robb'd me of all I have: They*  
*have took above forty Pounds from me, and the*  
*Girts of my Horse, so that he is run astray,*  
*but the Villains being but very indifferently*  
*mounted, I don't question but that if ye were*  
*to pursue them, you would soon take them.*  
 This News put them into a Consternation, and  
 the Lord pitying Simpson's Loss, as he per-  
 tended, quoth he to his Servants, *Let the post*  
*Fellow shew you which way the Rogues took, and*  
*go all of you after them as fast you can, to take*  
*them if possible.* They obey'd his Lordship's  
 Commands, and taking Simpson along with  
 them, when they were come into a narrow  
 Lane, he gave them the necessary Direction



pursuing the Highwaymen; and then riding  
 fast as their Horses could carry them, to  
 catch the Rogues, he went back on Foot again  
 to the Coach, and saying to his Lordship, *Sir,*  
*Time is but very short and very precious too*  
*now, therefore your Honour must deliver*  
*on sight of these Pistols what you have, or*  
*otherwise one of them will send you out of the*  
*world forthwith.* The Lord, as well as his  
 Coachman and Postilion, was much surpriz'd  
 at this Fellow's Impudence; but not knowing  
 how to help himself, he was forced to give him  
 three hundred and fifty Pounds which he had  
 in the Coach; and then making what Haste  
 he could to his Horse, he mounted and rid off  
 with his Prize. A little after his Lordship's  
 servants met him, and telling him they could  
 not hear of the Rogues high nor low, quoth  
 his Honour, *The greatest Rogue has been with*  
*me for he that pretended he was robb'd of*  
*three hundred Pounds just now, has made up his Loss,*  
*by robbing me of eight times as much Money;*  
*and for his sake I shall never put Confidence in*  
*any Man that pretends to too much Honesty.*  
 Not long after this Exploit, he robb'd Nine-  
 teen Welsh Drovers, betwixt London and Bar-  
 ret, from whom he took above two hundred  
 and eighty Pounds; and in the Reign of King  
 James the Second, he robb'd the Duke of Ber-  
 kshire of a Gold Watch, 2 Diamond Rings,  
 and a Purse of Gold to the Value of above Four  
 hundred Pounds, as he was riding on Horse-  
 back with only one Footman over Hounslow-  
 Heath;



170. JONATHAN SIMPSON, &c.

*Heath*; and went the same Night to the *Grocer*  
*Porter's*, and lost it all at Play. Next Day he  
 went upon the *Pad* again, and meeting with an  
 old Butter-Woman near *Uxbridge*, he swore  
 he would certainly lye with her, and bring  
 perpetual Charge on her, by getting her with  
 Child, unless she supplied him at present with  
 what Money she had. The poor old Creature  
 who was not less than Seventy Years of Age  
 fearing *Simpson* should be as good as his Word  
 she undid her Purse-strings, and gave him five  
 Shillings; with which riding away to *London*  
 and attacking near *Aden* two Captains belong-  
 ing to the Second Regiment of Foot-Guards  
 whom he commanded to stand and deliver.  
 They refusing to grant his Demands, a  
 obstinate Fight ensu'd betwixt them, in which  
 he behaved himself with so much Bravery and  
 Courage, that tho' his Horse was shot under  
 him, and he was wounded in both his Arms  
 and Legs, yet they had scarce taken him, be-  
 fore other Passengers come into their Assistance  
 for the two Captains were also desperately  
 wounded. He being carried before a *Magis-*  
*trate*, and committed to *Newgate*, he found  
 Friends there to receive him then, and to  
 commodate him with a Lodging, till he was  
 hang'd at *Tyburn*, on Wednesday the 8th  
*September*, 1686; Aged 32 Years.

ISAAC ATKINSON, a Highwayman and a Murderer.

When a vicious Inclination is riveted in the Nature of any Man, no Rules of Morality are sufficient to alter his Temper, as plainly appears in the Character of *Isaac Atkinson*, who being the only Son of a Gentleman of a good Estate in *Farringdon* in *Berkshire*, he bestow'd very good Education upon him till he was about sixteen Years of Age, and then sent him to *Brazen-Nose* College in the University of *Oxford*; where he quickly learn'd how to make choice of his Boon Companions, how to rail at the Statutes, and break all good Orders; how to wear a gawdy Suit and a torn Gown; to curse his Tutor by the Name of *Baal's* Priest, and to sell more Books in half an Hour, than he had bought him in a Year; to forget the second Year what for want of Acquaintance with the Vices of the place, he was forc'd for Pastime to learn in the first, and then he thought he had Learning enough for him and his Heirs for ever.

Whilst he was in this famous Academy, his Father going thither to see him, and asking him what Book he then most read, he told

him, Tully. The Father replied, *That's a very good Book, Son; but are you perfect in it?* Quoth the young Student, *I think I am, for there's scarce a Day goes over my Head, but I read some Pages of it.* Very well, said the Father again; and then going into his Son's Study, and finding out Tully, he put five Broad Pieces of Gold into it. After which taking Leave of his hopeful Child, in order to return home, it was, before he came to see him again, above half a Year, all which while his Son never look'd upon Tully, which lay moulding for him. But when they met the second time together, and the old Man asking how Tully and he agreed now, he said, *very well, for there was not a Day since you have been gone, but what I have perus'd him with a great deal of Pleasure and Delight, as well as Profit.* Profit! Said the old Man to himself *why then I believe he has found the five broad Pieces of Gold.* So going into his Son's Study under Pretence of Writing and Reading, and taking down Tully, wherein lay the Gold still safe and sound, he call'd his Son, to whom he said, *Are not you now a lying Son of a Whore?* The Son replied, *My Mother knows best, Father.* Ay, (quoth the Father) *I know that but I mean, Are you not a graceless Dog, to say you have read Tully all the while of my Absence, when I know you have not so much as touch'd it, by not fingering this Gold which I left in it when I last pers.* So shaking Tully, out he fell the five broad Pieces, which made the young

## *a Highwayman and Murderer.* 173

young Student call himself privately above twenty Sons of Whores and Bitches too, to think how unfortunate he was in not finding out that Money, which had been more profitable to him, than reading *Tully* forty times over. And now the Father finding his Son's being at the University was chargeable, without any Prospect of his having an Advantage by it, he took him home, in order to bring him up to Agriculture, and other Country Affairs.

But poor *Isaac* not approving of the Change of a genteel sort of a Life for one entirely Plebeian, or altogether tasting of Rusticity, he soon left his Father's House to seek his Fortune abroad. However, it being his Misfortune to be in great want of Money, in a very short Time, it was his Resolution to turn Thief; and one Night being pretty late out, and seeing a great Light in the House of a particular Earl, who was much celebrated for his Foolishness, and being a Country-Seat situated at some Distance from any Town or Village, he purposed to rob him; and making up to it, and going into the Outer Court, where were some Ladders left by Bricklayers who had been repairing his Lordship's Mansion, he set one of them against the Window where the greatest Illumination appear'd, which happen'd to be the Earl's Bed-Chamber; and he being in Bed at the same time, *Isaac* so far touch'd the critical Minute as his Lordship was performing Family-Duty, that he heard him say whilst



they were at Generation-Work, *I vow, Madam, I have five hundred Pounds lying over the Bed's-Tester, which I would give with all my Heart, provided your Tow-wow was but one Inch higher.* Isaac hearing this, he made no farther Attempt on the House that Night, but softly descending the Ladder, he put it where he found it; and going to his Lodging, next Morning he was very early hankering about the House, when seeing his Lordship and all his Men-Servants ride out a Hunting, they were no sooner out of sight, but he made up to it, and knocking at the Door, the Chamber-Maid herself, for even all the Women-Servants, except her and the Cook-Maid, were gone also abroad, upon this Opportunity of their Lord's Absence, to see their Acquaintance, opening it, and enquiring his Business, he told her that he was come with a particular Message from the Earl to her Lady, which required Privacy. The Chamber-Maid perceiving him very well dress'd, with the Mien and Air of a Gentleman, she acquainted her Lady about the Matter, who being in Bed, order'd the Messenger to come up to her Bed-Chamber. Then shutting the Door, quoth he, *Madam, Your Ladyship must understand that I am by Profession a Tow-wow-Setter, and having the good Luck of meeting your Lord just now, he order'd me to come and set yours one Inch higher than it is, for which you are to give me five hundred Pounds which lie over the Bed's Tester.* Ah! Dear me, replied the Lady,

## *a Highwayman and Murderer. 175*

Lady, my Lord was talking of such a thing last Night; And are you then the Tow-wow-Setter? Tei, Madam saith Isaac) for want of a better. Why then (said the Lady) do your Work as soon as you please, Sir; and I'll pay you according to his Lordship's Order. Then Isaac undressing himself, and going into Bed to the Lady, as soon as he had perform'd what Modesty permits not to mention, he arose and dress'd himself again, and then pulling down all the Bed-Cloaths to the Feet, and putting her Ladyship's Smock over her Face, quoth he, You must lie in this Posture for two Hours, without so much as moving either Hand or Foot; for if you go contrary to my Directions, the whole Operation will be spoil'd. Very well (replied the Lady) I'll punctually observe what you say; and I must beg of you to give your self the Trouble of taking the Five hundred Pounds which lie over the Bed's-Tester, withal returning you many Thanks for the great Pains which you have took about me.

Isaac (without thinking it any great Trouble at all) secured the Five hundred Pounds, which was in Gold; and coming out of the Lady's Chamber, her Chamber-Maid taking hold of him by the Sleeve, said, Oh! Dear Sir, understanding you to be a Tow-wow-Setter by your Calling, I have forty Pounds by me, which I will freely give you, if you'll be but so kind as to rectify my Tow-wow for me. Many Words were not used to make Isaac accept of the Proffer; so laying her down on the Head of the

Stair-Cafe, as soon as he had accomplish'd his Work, he threw all her Petticoats, Shift and all, over her Face, and gave her the same Directions as he had her Lady; which she promised faithfully to perform. But when he came to the Bottom of the Stairs, the Cooks Maid (who understood as the Chamber-Maid did by her Lifting) meeting him, quoth she *Knowing you to be, Sir, a Tow-wow-Setter by your Employment, I have sav'd Ten Pounds in my Service, which I am willing to give you, if you'll be so kind as to set my Tow-wow as it should be.* Said Isaac, *I don't make it a common Practice to rectify Tow-wows for so small a Sum, but considering you are only a poor Servant, I'll perform what you desire, because it may be a hundred Pounds in your way hereafter.* So taking her into the Kitchen, he did his Office; and seeing a Calf's Skin lying at one end of the Dresser-board, after he had put all her Petticoats and Shift over her Face, at the same time ordering her not to stir Hand nor Foot for two Hours, for if she did, all his Performance would be but Labour in vain, he cut off the Tail from the Calf's Skin, and putting one half of it in her *Tow-wow*, leaving the other half out, under Pretence it would better the Operation, away he went about his Business, with his strangely-gotten Booty.

No sooner was Isaac gone, but the Earl returning home again, with all his Attendance, upon the Account of a sudden Rain spoiling their Sport, and knocking a long time at the Door,

*a Highwayman and Murderer. 177*

Door, and no Body opening it, quoth his Lordship, *What's the Meaning of all this? Surely, no Rogues in our Absence have robb'd the House, and bound and gagg'd my Lady, and the Servants: Here, Jack, get thro' the Kitchen, and go about and let us in.* Accordingly, Jack, one of his Lordship's Footmen so called, soon got into the Kitchen, where seeing the Cook-Maid lying in a very strange Posture, with the Calf's Tail hanging out of her Towel, in a great Admiration he bawl'd out, *My Lord! My Lord, here's Nell, our Cook-Maid's with Calf.* With Calf, replied his Lordship, *How do you mean with Calf, you Foolish Dog? Prithce open the Door, and let's in quickly.* As soon as the Door was open'd, and his Lordship running into the Kitchen in great Haste, where the Cook-Maid was still lying in her awkward Posture, quoth he, *The Bitch is with Calf indeed, and just upon Calving, I vow; prithce pull it out, Jack.* Accordingly Jack pulling with all the Force he could, down, after four or five Yards staggering backwards, he fell on his Breech, saying, *Here's the Tail, my Lord, but the Calf's still behind.* His Lordship taking no Notice of this Transaction, he went up Stairs, and seeing the Chamber-Maid lying at the Head of the Stair-Case in her Posture too, quoth he, *Here's another Bitch with Calf too, I think.* But raising the Gentlewoman up, and giving her a Kick on the Breech, which sent her to the Bottom of the Stairs, he went into his Bed-Chamber, where he was no sooner enter'd, but



## 178 ISAAC ATKINSON,

his Lady said, *Pray, my Lord, don't disturb me, for my two Hours are not quite expir'd yet.* *Woat two Hours,* replied his Lordship, *are not expir'd?* Quoth the Lady again, *Why here has been Mr. Tow-wow-Setter, and having set my Tow-wow an Inch higher than it was, I have given him the five hundred Pounds over the Beds-Tester, as you was talking of last Night.* Said his Lordship, *You have not, I hope;* but finding it Matter of Fact, after he had rav'd and swore, and curs'd for her being rather a greater Fool than himself, he flew out of the Bed-Chamber in a great Passion; and ordering his Horse to be presently saddled, he galloped after Mr. *Tow-wow-Setter* as fast as he could. In less than an Hour he overtook the Spark, who having a Sight of his Lordship, he went out of the high Road into a Field, thro' which a lusty old Woman was bringing a Truss of Straw on her Back, and telling her, he would give her a Guinea, if she, for a Fancie he had in his Head, would lie under that Straw and let him put his Finger into her *Tow-wow*. She agreed to the Bargain. So his Lordship riding up to *Isaac*, quoth he, *Did not you see a Man making more Haste than ordinary this way?* Yes, reply'd *Isaac*; and he made int' yonder Wood, every Road and Path whereof I know as well as I do my Right Hand from my Left. Said the Lord, *if you could bring him to me, I'd lend you my Horse, and give you Fifty Guineas for your Pains.* Quoth *Isaac* again, *I would go with all my Heart, Sir; but having*  
*a Cal*

*a Highwayman and Murderer.* 179

*a Cask of Vinegar under this Straw, out of which the Cork is lost, I am forc'd to stop the Bung with my Finger, till a Friend which I have sent to the adjacent Village, brings me a Cork.* Then his Lordship proffering to stop the Bung with his Finger, till *Isaac* came back, as soon as he had guided his Lordship's Finger to the Place whence he took his, he mounted the Lord's Horse, and rid Post after Mr. *Tow-wow-Setter*. But being gone a long time, without bringing any News, and the old Woman happening to break Wind backwards: So, quoth his Lordship, *there's one Hoop broke already.* Presently after the old Woman trumping about again, quoth his Lordship, *There's another Hoop broke; I shall have all the Vinegar run out before this Fellow comes back.* At these Words the old Woman burst out with Laughter; his Lordship then with a sort of Surprise turn'd the Straw off of the Cask; and finding what Bung his Finger had been in, after an Examination of the Matter, understanding he had permitted the Bird to fly which he wanted, he return'd quietly home with the Loss of his Horse as well as Money.

After this Success in *Tow-wow-Setting*, *Isaac* came up to *London*, the extravagant Follies whereof soon drain'd him of all his Money; then being put hard to his Shifts again, he return'd into the Country, committing several petty Robberies on the Foot-pad, to support him till he reach'd near his Father's House; which robbing one Night of above 50 Pounds  
*in*

# 180 ISAAC ATKINSON,

in Silver, and 120 broad Pieces in Gold, he wrapt five of them in the following Copy of Verses, which were written in his Pocket, and put them into his Father's Bible.

*Dad, you your Son did often bully,  
Because he'd never read in Tully;  
But now to shew you are not idle,  
Five Pieces I've put in your Bible:  
For when I do return again,  
And find the Gold from thence is ta'en,  
I will suppose that you might look,  
Since now upon that holy Book.*

Having robb'd his Father, he made the best of his way, for London; and that he might get there the sooner, he took a very good Horse out of his Father's Stable; but coming thro' Uxbridge, it being then Sunday, it came into his Head to put up his Horse at an Inn, and go to Church, where the Parson mounting the Pulpit just as Isaac came in, he preach'd upon this Text, *For your selves know perfectly that the Day of the Lord so cometh as a Thief in the Night,* 1 Thes. chap. v. ver. 2. When the Levite had finished his Sermon, and was going home to his House, which was about half a Mile out of the Town, Isaac overtook him, and demanded his Money. The Parson was surpriz'd at his Demand, and desiring to know the Meaning thereof, quoth Isaac, *I have no other Meaning in it than to let you know, Sir, that I don't come upon you as a Thief in the Night,*



*a Highwayman and Murderer.* 181

Night, but as a Thief in the Day, therefore make no more Words about the Matter, unless you are dispos'd to be shot through the Head before you go to Dinner. These scaring Words frighting the Parson almost out of his Senses, he gave him his Silver Watch, and all the Money he had, which was One Pound Fifteen Shillings, and so they parted very good Friends.

Another Time *Isaac* meeting *Noy* on the Road, who was Attorney-General to King *Charles* the First, and saying he had a Writ of *Capias ad computandum* against him, to reckon for all the Money he had in his Pockets, that noted Lawyer ask'd by what Authority he acted? This bold Robber then pulling out a Couple of Pistols, he said, those Weapons had as much Power to secure a Man as the best Tip-staff in *England*; and therefore if he did not quickly deliver what he had, he would send a Brace of Balls that Moment into his Body. Hereupon the Attorney-General fearing the Loss of his Life more than the Loss of his Money, he contentedly gave him a Purse full of Gold, with which *Isaac* rid off very well satisfied.

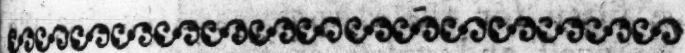
He was the greatest Plague to the Lawyers of any Highwayman that ever was in *England*, for he had the Impudence to ride to all the Circuits over the Kingdom, so that many of that Profession often became his Prey; and one Time, in less than Eight Months, he robb'd above 160 Attorneys only in the County of



of *Norfolk*, from whom he took upwards of 3000 Pounds. This audacious Robber was a Man of an undaunted Spirit, and would assault One, Two, Three, Four, or Five Men by himself; but at last the Devil owing him a Shame, it was his ill Luck to meet with a Market-Woman near *Turnham-Green*, who having a great Bag of Half-Pence in her Lap which *Isaac* took to be other Metal, he held a Dispute with the Woman about 'em; who finding that he would have them from her, she flung the Bag, in which might be about the Value of Forty Shillings, over a Hedge, and rid away as fast as she could. He presently alighted to take up the Bag; but his Stone Horse having a mind to the Market-woman's Mare, he galloped after her, snuffling and snorting 'till she put into the *Red-Lion-Inn* in *Brentford*, where the Person that was robb'd securing the Horse, she found in his Saddle 80 Guineas; then telling whereabout she was assaulted on the Highway, the Innkeeper with about half a Score Men, went to take him and finding him in a Field not far from *Turnham-Green*, for he could not go very fast, by reason he had great Jack-Boots on, which he could not cut off his Legs for want of a Knife they began to surround him, but before they could apprehend him, he shot Four of them dead on the Spot, and with his Hanger almost cut off the Head of another Man; but being overpower'd by Number, he was taken and sent to *Newgate*; and such was his intolerable Insolence

*a Highwayman and Murderer. 183*

solence when he went to be hang'd at Tyburn, in 1640, that whilst the Ordinary was giving him wholsome Advice, he stabb'd him with a Penknife, but not mortally; and just as he was turning off, Aged 26 Years, quoth he, *There's nothing like a merry Life and a short one.*



SIMON FLETCHER, *a*  
*Cut-Purse.*

THE Roguish Practice of cutting off Peoples Purses, is of a somewhat longer Date than picking Pockets. The Cut-Purses were formerly the commonest Thieves in the whole Common-weal of Theft; but nevertheless they had an endless deal of Means and Ways to live very riotously by Stealing. All their Study consisted in thrusting their Hands into the Purses of them they approach, but more frequently cut them off, without being perceiv'd by the Owners, with all that they have in it. This sort of Rogues haunted Churches, Fairs, Markets, and all publick Meetings, that they might work their Feats in the Throng; and he who got a Purse gave it presently to another that was by him, that if he should be taken, he

he might prove his Accuser a Lyar, and clear himself from all the World.

The most famous Fellow among the Cut-Purses, was *Simon Fletcher*; but being very dextrous at all other manner of Theft, he was elected, *Nemine contradicente*, Supreme, or Captain of all the Thieves, whom all obey'd; and he dispos'd of their Thefts which they should act, naming those who seem'd to him the fittest for the Purpose, and chusing the cunningest and wisest of the Society for the most difficult and dangerous Enterprizes. In this villanous Fraternity there is so good Order kept, that there is no Rogue among 'em that forgets one only Point of his Duty, nor passes the Bounds of his Commission, by undertaking that which is another Man's Charge; nor meddles with greater Matters than his Capacity can compass. This Captain examines him that comes newly into their Company, giving him Three Months of Noviceship, to try his Courage, Inclination and Ability; in which Time he propounds to him some witty Questions, as be these; to hang up some little Thing without Ladder, Pole, or Line; to steal a Man's Horse as he is riding on him in the Road; to snatch off a Gentleman's Hat and Wig among an Hundred People, and many other Matters of this Kind. Then knowing his Inclination and Capacity, he confers on him the Office of a Highwayman, Housebreaker, Foot-pad, Pick-pocket, Shop-lifter, or any other Profession whereof he is found



found to be most capable. After this manner  
is the Commonwealth of Thieves govern'd;  
and by this Law the Captain of them rules the  
Capacity of such, who newly apply themselves  
to him; bestowing on them the Office and  
Manner of Stealing, according to the Disposi-  
tion that he hath took Notice of them in the  
Months of their Noviceship. This Captain  
(as I have hinted above) is generally an Old  
Rogue, wise, well-experienced, and finally  
exempted from the Trade, as being one whose  
Force and Nimbleness being fail'd for the  
Practick Part of Villany, he exercises the  
Theory with his Rogues, by teaching them the  
Method and Precepts of all Sorts of Thieving,  
for which Trouble he hath a quarter of their  
Gains. Farthermore, he makes 'em meet to-  
gether once a Week, in a certain Place ap-  
pointed for that Purpose, where he binds 'em  
to give a strict Account of all the Thefts and  
Accidents which have happen'd in that Time,  
reproving them sharply who are negligent,  
and prove unprofitable, and praising the vigi-  
lant and subtle ones. This is done frequently  
every *Saturday* Night, whereon he appoints  
all that must be done the Week following,  
sharing out to every one the Places that each  
one must keep in, and the Thefts in which  
they must be employ'd, taking of them all a  
strict Oath of Faithfulness, and punishing the  
Offenders; the first Time abridging them of  
that part of the Theft which belongs to them,  
the Second Time abridging them of their Places.  
for



for Six Months; and if they be incorrigible and stubborn, he deprives them of acting for a longer Time. Likewise, if any of them commit a Fault by Negligence and Carelessness as it may be by coming too late to his Place to go elsewhere, or letting slip some Occasion in not laying hold of it, he is deprived of a Week's Benefit, and taking from him the Office of a Thief, he puts him in the Office of a Spy, or of a Watchman, for the Time that the Majority of this Roguish Club shall think fit.

This *Simon Fletcher* was a Baker's Son in *Rosemary-Lane*, at which Trade he serv'd with his Father above Four Years, and then running away from him, he became in a short Time a very famous Cut-purse; having done several notable Exploits in that kind of Theft; and one Day as he was going over *London Bridge*, a great Crowd of People being gathered about a Couple of Ballad-Singers, as he was hunting among 'em for a Prey, he observ'd a Country Fellow leaning very seriously on a great Oaken Stick, and listening with great Attention to the Song; in the mean Time his Balls hanging out of his Cod-piece, as wide as *King Henry's*, and *Simon* supposing it to be his Purse, with a sharp Knife he cut 'em with a sudden Jerk, and slip'd away without any Discovery. The poor Fellow presently missing his Fishing-Tackle, fell a jumping and capering about like a Madman, crying out, *Oh! I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, and quite undone.* The People

People flocking about him, asked, *If he had lost any Thing*; reply'd the poor Man, *yes; I have lost a good Pair of B—ks, for which I shall have more a Noise with my Wife, than if I had lost a Hundred Pounds.* However, the Countryman was forc'd to make the best of a bad Market, and go Home without the greatest Part of his Generation-Tool. But not long after *Simon Fletcher* being caught in his Ro- query, and committed to *Newgate*, he was hang'd at *Tyburn* in 1659, Aged 53 Years.



### **SAWNEY DOUGLAS, a High- wayman.**

Among the Number of these Case-harden'd Rogues, whose Villany brings 'em to the Gallows at last, we ought not to forget *Sawney Douglas*, a Tanner's Son, born at *Port-Patrick*, in the Shire of *Galloway* in *Scotland*. In the Time of the most horrid Rebellion which began in *England* in 1641, this Fellow being a great Admirer of the *Scottish* Covenant, and resolving to lose his Life in the Defence of their goodly *Kirk*, he list'd himself a Soldier under that damn'd Usurper, *Oliver Cromwell*, with whom he was at the Siege of *Dundee*, which place being storm'd, after Orders were given for

## 188 SAWNEY DOUGLAS,

for making it run down with Blood for Two Hours, he often bragg'd that he Massacred 20 Men, Women, and Children, with his own Hand, when it was in his Power to have sav'd most of their Lives.

But after the happy Restauration of King Charles the Second, in the Year 1660, the cursed Republican Party being quell'd in England, and the Scots reduced to Obedience Sawney Douglas, who by his Military Achievements never rose to any higher Post than that of a Staff-Officer, lost his Serjeant's Place whereupon coming into England, where he wanted Bread, and being a lusty desperate Fellow, he was resolv'd to live by robbing on the Highway; but wanting a Horse, he was at a Non-plus to go upon such Exploits; 'till one Day meeting a Gentleman's Servant well mounted on a very good Gelding, with Pistol and Holster, he pretended to hold a Discourse with him along the Road about the Change of the Times, and at last having an Opportunity to try a Title with the Serving-Man for his Prancer, he suddenly knock'd him off his Horse with a great Crab-Tree Stick, and following his first Blow with Four or Five more, in so much that he was stunn'd, he mounted the Gelding, and rid away.

Sawney Douglas being thus equipp'd, he went straight upon seeking out new Adventures; and meeting near Maidenhead-Thicket with one Mr. Thurston, the Mayor of Thornbury in Gloucestershire, quoth he, By my Sol, Man,



you must stand and deliver, or else I shall be very rude. The Mayor made a great many excuses for keeping his Money, but all to no purpose, for Sawney took 18 Pounds from him, of which the injur'd Person desiring but Ten shillings to bear his Charges Home, *Ah!* quoth the bonny Scot, *If Ise give thee but a Haubee, may the Deel set his Foot in my Heel—se, and run away with the Slipper.* So putting Spurs to his Horse, he left the Mayor to shift for himself as well as he could. After committing this Robbery, meeting with General Monk's Wife, the Dutchess of *Albemarle*, in her Coach on *Hounslow-Heath*, he attack'd it, and her Grace knowing by his speech that he was a *Scotchman*, quoth she, *My Husband, General Monk, has been a long time in your Country, where he found a great deal of Respect for the good Deeds he did there, and therefore I hope you will for his sake shew some Respect to me.* Sawney reply'd, *The muckle Deel stop Hemp in my Guts, if Ise shew thee any Respect for your Mon's sake, who was a false Loon for bringing in the King.* So taking above the Value of Two Hundred Pounds from her in Diamond Rings, a Pearl Necklace, rich Baacelets and Ear-Rings, he carried off his Booty with a great deal of Satisfaction.

Sawney having quickly converted these Moveables into 140 Pounds Sterling, he bought himself very fine Cloaths, and setting up for a Gentleman, he took Lodgings at the House



of one Mr. Knowles, an Apothecary, living in Tuttle-street in Westminster, who having no Child but one Daughter, he was able to give her a Portion of Two Thousand Pounds. The young Woman he strongly courted, and pretended to be as deep in Love with her as *Paris* was with *Thise*, or *Leander* with *Hero*. But her Affections being settled, before he made his Addresses, on a Gentleman indeed, she gave him an absolute Denial, and desired him to desist from his Courtship for the future; hereupon *Sawney* being inwardly vexed to see himself crost in his Amours, he was resolv'd to get something from his Sweetheart, and then follow his old Trade again. So one Evening, as he was repeating fresh Lessons of Love to the young Virgin, 'till his insipid Discourse caus'd her to fall asleep unawares, his Eyes were enamour'd on a Pearl Necklace which she had on her Neck worth above 400 Guineas; and his Money being now almost exhausted, his approaching Poverty tempted him to steal it from her; accordingly he soon cut off the Necklace, which consisted of 32 Pearls, but he swallow'd them one by one, and cut the Ribbon into such small Scraps, that they were not discernible. By that Time he had perform'd what he had to do in this Matter, the young Gentlewoman awoke, and missing her Necklace, ask'd *Sawney* for it. He deny'd the taking it, and she imagining he only intended to make her search for it, she gallantly turn'd all into a Jest; but was

strange

angely troubled when she perceiv'd he still  
 say'd it, with all the Seriousness Men use,  
 when they would be thought to speak Truth.  
 He said he, *you will order me another Suit of  
 cloaths, I will strip my self before any one you  
 please, and leave mine with you; nay, they  
 shall have my very Shirt too.* The young  
 woman was extreamly concern'd at his Offer;  
 certain she was she had the Necklace on before  
 she went to Sleep, and none but he had been  
 in her Chamber, and yet it was not to  
 be found, though she had made a most severe  
 search, suitable to the Greatness of her Loss.  
 He then urged her to search his Pockets, and  
 he believing, since he press'd her so much, she  
 might chance to find it there, and that he had  
 hitherto jested only to make her fret, she re-  
 solved therefore to satisfy him, with hopes to  
 satisfy her self; but just as she had put in her  
 hand, Four or Five Gentlemen enter'd the  
 room, one of which was the Man who had  
 her Heart, and he thinking she was embracing  
 Sawney, he thereupon utter'd something that  
 jealous Lovers are subject to speak, when they  
 suppose their Mistresses false. On the other  
 side, Sawney having some Bravery (for cer-  
 tainly he could not want Courage, after a Cor-  
 se of Two and Thirty such Pills as he had  
 swallow'd) he challeng'd the jealous Gentle-  
 man into the Field, who was about to follow  
 him, when the Gentlewoman stopp'd 'em both,  
 and told the whole Adventure. No sooner  
 had she ended her Story, which her Sweet-  
 heart

heart believ'd to be true, but he sent for a large Sack, and then he and the Gentlemen with him seizing on *Sawney*, they forc'd him violently into it; and having ty'd it fast, carried him to the Window which was Two Stories High, threatening to throw him into the Street if he would not confess what he had done with the Necklace. This so terribly frighten'd him that he acknowledg'd he had it, and promise to restore it, but desired Time, which was granted him, but on Condition he should tell what he had done with it; he stumbled at this a great while, but finding himself pressed too hard, at last confessed the whole Truth. Whereupon they instantly took him out of the Sack, stripp'd him in spite of his Teeth, and laid him in a Bed. Then immediately one of the Gentlemen went and fetch'd up a Vomiting which he took Care should be strong enough and by its Operation you may believe it was so. The Patient refused a great while to take it; but at last with a great many Threatnings submitted to have the Dose administer'd to him, which gave him many doleful Reaching and Strainings, besides suffering infinite Pangs and Gripings: But at length at several Times he brought up One and Thirty of the Pearls. There was one yet behind; he offer'd to pay double the Value of it, but his Rival forc'd him to take the other Potion, which put him to mighty Torment, before he could bring up the Two and Thirtieth; however at length it came, and they thereupon dismissed the

poor



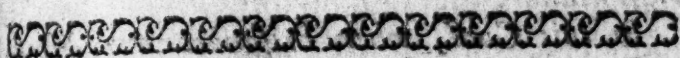
poor Wretch, who went away purged to the Life, and more cast down than he could have been after Six Months Sickness.

Sawney was nevertheless very glad that he was got out of their Clutches; and having nothing to trust to now again but Horse and Pistol, he committed a great many bold Robberies all over the *North of England*, and was a great Companion of *Du Vall* the Highwayman, with whom he had been in many Actions on the Road; but at last attempting to rob the Right Honourable the Earl of *Sandwich*, who unfortunately lost his Life in the *Dutch War*, by being burnt to Death in a Man of War, which the Enemy set on Fire with a Fireship; that Noble Peer scorning to be insulted over by a Thief, discharging a Pistol out of his Coach, he shot his Horse under him, and then his Lordship's Servants seizing him, he was committed to *Newgate*, and condemned to die. The Night before he was to suffer Death, the Bellman coming as usual at Night to put him in mind of his approaching End, by repeating some *Memento's* of Mortality; quoth he, *The Deal blaw my Bladder full of Pebble Stones, if this Mon* Pearl *man not as well sing Psalms to a dead Horse, as prate thus to me.* Next Day riding along in the Cart, which stopp'd under the Wall of *St. Sepulchres Church-Yard*, whilst a Man perform'd the Ceremony of ringing a Bell, and giving other Admonitions tending to the exhorting him to consider of a future State,



# 194 SAWNEY DOUGLAS, &c.

quoth he, *This is the strangest Country I  
e'er was in, that a Man can't go to the  
Gallows in Peace; Ise swear if Ise am damnd  
it is because I'm hang'd after this Superstitious  
man.* But what seem'd more irreligious in  
him, was his having, instead of a Prayer  
Book, the Ballad of *Cherry Chace* in his  
Hand, on which he ponder'd very seriously  
'till he came to *Tyburn*, where he obsti-  
nately refus'd to make a Confession of any  
Thing, nor would not acquiesce to join with  
the *Ordinary* in any Religious Duties, re-  
quisite to be perform'd at such a Time, when  
he had but few Minutes left him, e'er he  
launched out into the unfathomable Gulph of  
Eternity; and the Executioner begging  
*Sawney's* Pardon, before he perform'd his  
fatal Office, quoth he, *May Ise be damnd  
if e'er I forgive any ill fa'd Loon that goes  
to break my Craig, which is the way ne-  
cessary to be my own Mon agen.* However, he  
was turn'd off on *Friday* the 10th of *Septem-  
ber*, 1664, Aged 53 Years; and was buried in  
*Tyburn Road*.



DAVY MORGAN, *a Sacrilegious Robber, Housebreaker, and Murderer.*

OF all the Villains which have been obnoxious to the civiliz'd Part of Mankind, *Davy Morgan* was as great as any living in the last or present Age. He was born in *Brecknock*, the chief Town in *Brecknockshire*, in *South-Wales*, from whence he came up to *London* in the Quality of a Servingman, to a *Welsh Knight*, when about 18 Years of Age; but as young as he was, he quickly learnt to rob his Master of Money and Cloaths, to the Value of above 150 Pounds, and then ran away from his Service.

Being now his own Master, the Company he kept were none of the best, for they were all the greatest Housebreakers, Pickpockets; and Shoplifters, both in Town and Country, by whose Conversation becoming as wicked as the best of 'em, he had not long turn'd Thief before he broke open the House of a *Venetian Ambassador* in *Pall-Mall*, and robb'd him of above Two Hundred Pounds worth of Plate, for which being shortly after apprehended,

he was committed to the Gate-House in Westminster.

In this Goal, when Prisoners are disposed to Drink, the Industry of Man teaches 'em to make a Pit in the top of their Hats, and to drink in 'em more Grease than Water. If there be found among 'em a Pot or Kettle, it hath been used in most base Offices, serving for a Piss-pot, for a Flagon, for a Vinegar-Bottle, for an Oyl-pot, or a Bason. As for Napkins, the Prisoners here take their Shirts, or the Outside of their Breeches, and for a Table-cloth the wrong Side of an old threadbare Cloak. In their Garments they keep a great Uniformity, going all of them cloathed after the manner of Penitentiaries in Lent, all black enough, but most sadly rent and torn. So great Simplicity is among 'em that they cover all their Body with one only Shirt, whereof many times they have no more than the Sleeves, and they never leave it off 'till it can go alone of its own Accord. If Momus should come into that Prison, he could find nothing to reprove them for, because one may see them to the very Entrails. Combs, Tooth-pickers, Wash-Balls, Handkerchiefs, and Brushes, are utterly banished from this Place, where Poverty grows in so great an Abundance, that in their Heads, Beards, Stomachs, and Flanks, an Elephant, or Camel at the least, might very well be bidden: And here they spend most of their Time in exercising themselves on divers Instruments of Musick, having

*a Sacrilegious Robber, &c. 197*

having the Itch for the Mistress of that Recreation. This Goal is reckon'd, whilst the present Keeper has it, the Wicket-Door of Hell; and though a Prisoner should enter there fuller and richer than the Queen of Sheba when she visited King Solomon, yet should he come forth more lank, more dry, and more feeble than the Seven lean Kine which Pharaoh saw once in his Dreams.

Afterwards Davy Morgan procuring his Liberty again, and breaking one Night into the House of Doctor Titus Oats, in Ar-Yard in Westminster, he stood Centry over that irreverend Divine, whilst his Comrades rifled most of the Rooms, and then tying him Neck and Heels, after the same Manner as they do a Soldier, with a Couple of Muskets which they found in the Kitchen, Davy very sorely gagg'd him, saying, *That if his Mouth had been so well cram'd but a few Years ago, he had not scoore so many Mens Lives away for Pastime.* Another Time getting into a Gaming-House frequented much by Bully Dawson, and perceiving he had won a great deal of Money, he requested the Favour of speaking a Word or Two with him in the next Room: Dawson taking him to be some Chub or Cully, went along with him, where shutting the Door, Davy pulls out a Pistol, which presenting to his Breast, quoth he, *I want Money, Sir, upon a very extraordinary Occasion, therefore deliver what you have without any Resistance, for if you make but the*  
K 3 least



*least Noise soever, I'll shoot you through the Heart, though I were sure to die on the Spot.* Bully Dawson being strangely surpriz'd at these Words, and dreading what a desperate Man might do in his Rage, gave him all his Money, which was about 18 Guineas; then tying him Hand and Foot, he went about his Business: But by that Time he thought this bold Robber was gone, calling out for Help, several sharpening Gamesters came out of the Gaming-Room to him, and untying him, ask'd, *How that Adventure came to pass?* Which Bully Dawson resolving, through several Vollies of loud Oaths, they fell a Laughing heartily at him, and cry'd Dawson, *'twas a fair Nick.*

At last Davy Morgan having committed a great Robbery in London, in breaking open a Jew's House in Dukes-Place, and taking from thence above Two Thousand Pounds in Gold, he fled into Wales; and at Presteen in Radnorshire, did not only rob the Church of its Communion Plate, but also broke open the House of one Edward Williams, whom he barbarously murder'd; but being apprehended at Bristol, and sent to Goal in the County where he committed this most barbarous Crime, he was executed at Presteen in April, 1612, Aged 43 Years, and hang'd in Chains.

Now this notorious Offender being thus hang'd up on a Gibbet, for an Example to others, it happen'd to be within a Mile of a Place where a very honest Man's Wife prov'd his Strumpet, who being resolv'd one Evening

ing (in Remembrance of what had formerly  
past between 'em) to make his Corps a Visit  
as he hung on the Gallows; to that End going  
all alone, she came near the Gibbet in a very  
melancholy and lamenting Manner; where  
being come, and beholding the dead Corps  
waving in the Air, she stood still, looking up-  
on it; but it happen'd at the same Time that  
a Country Traveller, who was a Footman, and  
whose Journey was intended towards that  
Town from whence this Woman came, being  
alone, and Darkness overtaking him, he grew  
doubtful of the Way, and fearful of being  
robb'd, and therefore he retir'd out of the  
Road, and lay close under the Gibbet, still  
listening if any Passenger went by to direct him  
in his Way, and secure him by his Company.  
This Person was unseen by this Night-Visi-  
tant, who thinking none had been there but  
the dead Corps, accosted it after this Manner:  
*Ab! poor Davy, how sadly art thou expos'd to  
all the Infelicities of Wind and Weather? How  
oft have you and I enjoy'd sweet Pleasure in  
each others Arms; and then gone from our  
Place of Meeting both together? And must I  
now part with thee here, and so go Home with-  
out thee? At which Words the Traveller  
starting up in Haste, No; by no Means, (quoth  
he) I shall be glad of your Company: And  
with that makes towards her with what Speed  
he could; but away runs the Woman, think-  
ing her old Companion had just dropp'd down  
from the Gibbet, and follow'd her; the Man,*

unwilling to be left alone he knew not where, follow'd her hard, crying out, *Stay for me, stay for me*; but the faster he call'd, the faster she ran; Fear adding to the Haste of both, down they tumbled often, but as soon got up again; still she fled, and still he pursu'd her; but contrary was the Issue of their Fears; for she never look'd back till she came to her own House; where finding the Doors open, and her Husband set at Supper, she ran in with so much Violence, that she tumbled her Husband and his Stool down one way, and the Table and the Meat another way; so that her Husband, frightened as well as she, ask'd her what the Pox she ail'd, and whether she had brought the Devil at her Tail. But she was so much frightened, that it was long e'er she could make him any Answer, or come to her right Senses; and then she told him she was sadly fear'd by the Devil's running after her as she came Home. But the poor Traveller, when he found himself near the Town, slackned his Pace, and so went quickly to his Inn, and there related the whole Story. And if this Fright, and the Shame that follow'd it, made her to see the Foulness of her Sin, and brought her to Repentance, it wat the best Nights Work she ever made.

This *Davy Morgan*, was a great Comrade of *John Winteringham*, who was born at *Pomfret* in *Yorkshire*; but for robbing the Lodgings of his Master, *Thomas Wynn*, Esq; of a great many valuable Goods, and his Master's Land.

Landlord, Mr. *James Montjoy*, of a great Quantity of Plate, was executed at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 10th of *March*, 17 $\frac{1}{4}$ , Aged 25 Years.

~~~~~

TIM. BUCKLEY, a *House-Breaker, Foot-Pad, Ravisber, Incendiary, Highwayman, and Murderer.*

A Sunparallell'd a Villain as ever liv'd in this Kingdom was *Tim. Buckley*, born of very honest Parents at *Stamford* in *Lincolnshire*, where he serv'd Three Years to a Shoemaker; but then running away from his Master, he came up to *London*, and soon became acquainted with ill Company, whose Vices he follow'd to support him in a most scandalous and infamous Course of Life. Having spent a great deal of his ill-got Money at a blind Alehouse in *Wapping*, and once asking the Victualler to lend him 10. Shillings, which Favour he deny'd him, he so highly resented his ill Conditions, that he left frequenting his Alehouse, into which he and some of his thieving Companions not long after breaking in by Night, they bound the Victualler, his Wife and Maid both Hand and Foot, and as they were going to Gag 'em, Mr. *Taplash* desiring

Tim. to be more favourable; No, no, quoth he, you must expect no Favour from my Hands, you surly Son of a Bitch, whose Prodigality makes you lord it over the People here, like a Boatswain over a Ship's Crew; and look as bluff upon your Tarpaulin Guests, as a Mate newly rais'd to a Commander. Now if you'll go but about Charing-Cross, and that way, you shall have the Ale-drappers so very humble and obliging for the taking but Three-Pence, than a Gentleman Foot-Soldier, or a Lord's Valet shall have as many Scrapes and Cringes from the Man of the House, as if he was a French Dancing Master: But whether it be Poverty as living among Courtiers, or having been bred Gentlemens Servants, and so kick'd and cuff'd into good Manners by their Masters formerly, makes them so mannerly, that I can't tell; but let it be as it will, I shall use the End of the Town for the future; and for their extream Civility, make bold to spend some of your Money among 'em. And accordingly *Tim* and his Comrades robb'd the House, taking thence 40 Pounds laid by for the Brewer, Three Silver Tankards, a Silver Watch, and Eight Gold Rings.

Another Time, *Tim. Buckley* taking a Walk towards *Hyde-Park-Corner*, the Air of which Place is generally very unwholsome for a Thief to take, it was his Fortune to meet with the famous *Merry-Andrew* and *Mountebank* Doctor *Gately*, and commanding that illiterate learned Gentleman to stand and deliver
 which

which Words sounding as terribly in his Ears,
 as Cut, Slash, Saw, and Sear, does to those
 poor Patients whose Legs are cutting off in
 St. Bartholomew, or St. Thomas's Hospital; he
 begg'd heartily of him to be merciful, and not
 to rob a poor Man, who took a great deal of
 Pains for an honest Livelihood. Tim. know-
 ing his Occupation, fell a Laughing, withal
 saying, *Quacks pretend to Honesty! there is*
not such a Pack of cheating Knaves in the Na-
tion again; in making People believe they are
Scholars, when they know no more of Greek,
or Latin, than a sucking Child does Hebrew:
Besides, their Impudence is intolerable for de-
ceiving of ignorant Folks with hard Names,
and cramp Words, as Jugglers do with the old
Cant of Hic-tius doctius, hi presto, be gone,
while their Confederates pick their Pockets.
Moreover, making credulous Fools believe, that
there was not more Men slain and wounded at
the Fights of Hochster and Ramellies, than they
have recover'd from the Point of Death, or
Death's Door, by beckoning Souls back again,
after they have been many Leagues from their
Bodies. Therefore quickly deliver what you
have, or else this Pistol shall prevent your going
any more into France, Spain, Italy, Portugal,
Denmark, Sweden, Poland, Germany, and
the Devil's Arse i'the Peak, though you was
never out of England in your Life. But our
Doctor preferring his own Welfare before
what he had about him, he humbly pre-
sented Tim. with Six Guineas, and a very good
 Watch,

Watch, that he might keep Time in spending the Gold.

An informing Constable, who was a Baker in *St. Giles's* Parish in the Fields, once taking up *Tim.*, and sending him for a Soldier into *Flanders*, he had not been long there before he Deserted, and came to *London* again; and one Day meeting this Baker's Wife coming alone from *Hampstead*, forcing her into a private Place, and presenting a Pistol to her Breast, he swore he would shoot her Dead on the Spot, if she refus'd Lying with him; he being bent upon it, to be reveng'd on her Husband, who had impress'd him a little while ago. The Baker's Wife being no *Lucretia*, to value her Chastity at the Loss of her Life, she was forced to submit to the Ravisher's Pleasure; who having obtain'd what he desir'd, he then commanded her to deliver her Money, and what other Things of Worth she had about her. Hereupon the honest Woman crying out, *Is this Justice or Conscience, Sir?* Quoth *Tim.*, *You Bitch, don't tell me of Justice, for I hate her as much as your Husband can, because her Scales are even. And as for Conscience, I have as little of that as any Baker in England, who cheats other Peoples Bellies to fill his own. Nay, a Baker is a worse Rogue than a Taylor; for whereas the latter commonly pinches his Cabbage from the Rich, the former, by making his Bread too light, robs all without Distinction, but chiefly the Poor; for which he deserves more Hanging*

than

than me, or any of my honest Fraternity. So taking from her a couple of Gold Rings, and 11 Shillings, he sent her home to tell her Husband of this Adventure.

Afterwards *Tim. Buckley* stealing a very good Horse in *Buckinghamshire*, he turn'd Highwaymen, and riding up to *London*, he met on the Road a certain Pawn-broker, living in *Drury-Lane*, by whom having been some Loser in pawning some Things to him, which were lost for want of redeeming, he was resolved to have his Pennyworths out of him now; so commanding him to stand and deliver, he began to plead earnestly for Favour, saying, *It was a very hard Case that an honest Man could not go about his lawful Occasions but he must be robb'd.* D---m you (quoth *Tim.*) *Hast thou so much brazen'd Impudence as to reckon thy self an honest Man, when I know thou art an unconscionable Pawn-broker, who lives and grows fat on Fraud and Oppression, as a Toad on Filth and Venom? Your Practice outvies Usury as much as a Robbery on the Highway does a Petit-Larceny; so if one calls you a Tradesman, it must by the same Rhetorical Figure which files the Legerdemain of a Pick-pocket an Art and Mystery. Your Shop, like the Gates of Hell, is always open, in which you sit at the Receipt of Custom; and having got the Spoils of the Needy, you hang 'em up in Rank and File like so many Trophies of Victory. To your Shop all sorts of Garments resort on a Pilgrimage, whilst you playing the Pimp, lodge the Tabby Petticoat*
and

and the Russet Breeches together, in the same Bed of Lavender. Thou art the Treasurer of the Thieves Exchequer, and the common Tender of all Booth-heavers and Shoft-lifters in Town; to which Purpose you keep a private Warehouse, whence you skip away all ill-gotten Goods by wholesale. You do so fleece the Poor, that you scarce leave them so much as a primitive Fig-leaf to cover their Nakedness; and so often do they bring what they have into your Lumber-House, that at last they know the way, and can almost go to pawn alone by themselves. Thus they are forc'd to purchase the same Cloath half a score times over; and for want of a Chest to keep them in at home, it costs thrice as much as they are worth for a Lodging in your Custody. Six Pence per Month must they pay for every 20 Shillings, which (after your rate of 12 Months to the Year) is 6 Shillings and 6 Pence per Pound per Annum, or 32 Pounds 10 Shillings per Cent. besides a Shilling for a Bill of Sale, if the Matter be considerable. Upon the whole, since you seldom or never lend above half the Value on any thing, Plate excepted, you get near 40 Pounds in every 100 Pounds, and considering how many Thieves and Pickpockets (your chiefeft Customers, that bring the lumping Bargains) never intend to redeem, and how many poor People are not able; or that if they are redeem'd the very next Day, yet are you so extortioning as to be paid a Months Interest, one may reasonably conclude, that you make at least Cent. per Cent. of your Money.

in a Year: And all this by a Course tending only to the Encouragement of Thieves, and the Ruin of those that are honest, but indigent. Come, come, Mr. Blood-sucker, open your Purse-strings, or otherwise this Pistol shall instantly send you to Hell before the Wind. But the Pawn-broker being very loath to go to the Devil before his Time, he ransom'd himself for 28 Guineas, a Gold Watch, Silver Tobacco-box, and a couple of Gold Rings.

Another Time Tim. Buckley meeting a Stock-jobber on the Road, who had formerly prosecuted him for Felony, and upon Conviction thereof was burnt in the Hand, he was now resolved to be revenged on him, by robbing him of 48 Guineas. The Stock-jobber desiring some small Matter of Tim. to carry him forward on his Journey, quoth he, I have no Charity at all for any Rogues of Stock-jobbers, who are Animals that rise and fall like the ebbing and flowing of the Sea, and their Paths are as unsearchable. Thou art as changeable as the Wind, and certain in nothing but Uncertainty. I believe the Grass-hopper on the Royal Exchange is an Emblem of you; for as that leaps from one Place to another, so do you from one Number to another; sometimes 30 per Cent. Advance is too little for you; at other times 30 per Cent. Discount is not enough. I'll hold you a Wager that if I should ask what Religion you profess, you'll cry, You'll sell me as cheap as any Body; or ask you what Value such an Article of Faith is, you'll tell me, You'll give

give as much for Navy Bills as any Chapman. Thou art so full of Contradiction, that you lower the Price of Things on purpose to raise it; yet I must acknowledge, you can't be said to be a Hypocrite, because you commonly boast of over-reaching those you deal with. As for Christianity, thou art far enough from that: for tho' perhaps you have been baptiz'd, yet will it be highly improper to say, you was ever confirm'd, unless in Impudence. And I verily think you could never shew more Impudence than you do now, in asking me somewhat to help you on your Journey, out of so small a Matter as 48 Guineas, which is scarce worth taking from you. Indeed I shan't give you one Farthing; therefore wishing you the best of a bad Market, and that you may be as well stock'd when I see you next on the Road, farewell till the next merry Meeting.

Not long after, this same Stock-jobber accidentally meeting Tim. Buckley in London, he caus'd him to be apprehended and committed to Newgate, and convicting him of this Robbery, he receiv'd Sentence of Death. But obtaining a Reprieve, and afterwards pleading to a free Pardon, as soon as he was at Liberty resolving to be farther reveng'd on this Adversary, who had twice sat very close on his Skirts, he went to Hackney, where this Stock-jobber having a Country-House within a Mile of that Village, he one Night set Fire to it; but a timely Discovery thereof, preventing it from doing much Damage, it was quickly quench'd.

mench'd. However, *Tim.* made his Escape; and flying into *Leicestershire*, where he broke open a House at a Place called *Ashby-de-la-Zouch*, and from thence took above 80 Pounds, he then went to a Fair at *Derby*, where he bought a good Horse, and went on the Highway again. Being thus mounted again to rob the Road, within 2 Miles of *Nottingham* he attempted to rob a Coach in which were Gentlemen, besides a couple of Footmen riding a little behind; but they being resolv'd not to be robb'd of what they had by one Villain, one of 'em fir'd a Blunderbuss out of the Coach, which kill'd *Tim's* Horse, and then all the Gentlemen alighting, and the Footmen being by this Time also come up to their Assistance, a bloody and obstinate Engagement began between them, wherein *Tim.* kill'd one of the Gentlemen and a Footman; but nevertheless being overpower'd after he had discharg'd 8 Stols, and was also faint thro' the Loss of much Blood, for he had receiv'd 11 Wounds in his Arms, Thighs and Legs, he was seiz'd, and committed to Jail in *Nottingham*, where he was executed in 1701, aged 29 Years; and afterwards hang'd in Chains at the Place where he perpetrated the two wilful Murders.

TOM DORBEL, a Murderer, Ravisher, and Highwayman.

THE Person of whom I am now going to speak, was born of very good Parents *Shaftsbury* in *Dorsetshire*, and put out by the an Apprentice to a Glover at *Blandford* in the same County; but being very early of a vicious Inclination, he ran away from his Master before he had serv'd half his Time, and coming up to *London*, where he soon became acquainted with ill Company, he as soon learnt the Vices; and to support himself in an extravagant way of Living, ventur'd to go on the Highway when he was but 17 Years of Age, but in his first Attempt in that Nature, he was like to have been cropt in the Bud by a *Welshman*, whom stopping on the Road, and demanding his Money, or otherwise he would shoot him, quoth the *Welshman*, Hur has no Money of hur own; hur has Thirty score Pounds of hur Master's, but cots pluck hur must not give away hur Master's Money: What would hur Master then say for doing so? Tom. Dorbel reply'd, you must put me off thus with your Cant, for Money I want, and Money I will have, let it be who will, or expect to be shot presently through the Head. Hereupon the *Welshman* gave Tom Money, withal saying, What hur gives you

of her own; and that her Master
not think her has spent her Money,
desires you to be so kind as to shoot
Holes through her Coat-Lappits, that
Master may see her was robb'd. So the
Wellsman pulling off his Coat, and hanging it
on a Tree, Tom. was so civil as to fire his
Pistol thro' it, which made Taffy say, Cuts
matter-a-nails, this is a pretty Pounce, pray
give her another Pounce for her Money. Tom
shot another Pistol thro' Taffy's Coat, which
made him cry out by St. Davy, this is a better
Pounce than t'other, pray give her one Pounce
more. Quoth Tom; I have never another
Pounce left: Why then reply'd Taffy, Her has
Pounce left for her, and if her will not
give her her Money again, her will Pounce
on her Pody. Tom. finding himself thus
witted, he quietly return'd the Wellsman
his Money, who rid away without troubling
himself about taking our young Highwayman.
But after this ill Success, Tom. was pretty
successful in his Villany for about 5 Years;
at a certain Gentleman's Son being in Win-
chester-Goal for Robbing on the Highway, and
being he should be hang'd, because he had re-
ceiv'd Mercy once before for the like Crime,
Tom. undertook for 500 Pounds to bring him
off. The Gentleman's Father paid 250
Pounds in Hand, and the other half he was to
pay when he had perform'd his Bargain. At
the Assizes was held at Winchester; when
the young Gentleman coming on his Trial, the
Wit-

Witnesses proved the Matter of Fact so plain against him, that the Jury brought the Prisoner in guilty of Robbing on the Highway. Then the Judge going to pass Sentence on him, quoth Tom, *Oh! what a sad thing it is to shed innocent Blood! Oh! what a sad thing it is to shed innocent Blood!* And repeating it over and over with an audible Voice, insomuch that the Court took Notice thereof, he was taken into Custody, and the Judge asking what he meant by his crying out, *What a sad thing it is to shed innocent Blood!* Quoth Tom, *May it please your Lordship, it is a very hard thing for a Man to die wrongfully; but one may see how hard-mouth'd some People are, by the Witnesses swearing that this Gentleman here at the Bar robb'd them on the Highwayman at such a Time when indeed, my Lord, I was the Man that committed that Robbery.* Hereupon the Gentleman was acquitted, and Tom. took into Custody, and sent to Winchester-Goal, where he remain'd till the Assizes following; when being brought to Trial, and ask'd, whether he was Guilty or not Guilty, he pleaded not Guilty. Not Guilty replied the Judge, *Why did not you last Assizes when I was here, own your self Guilty of such a Robbery?* Quoth Tom, *I don't know how far I was Guilty then, but upon my Word I am Guilty now; therefore if any Person can accuse me of committing such a Robbery, I desire that he may appear to prove the same.* But no Witnesses appearing against him, because they must have prov'd themselves perjur'd in swearing

a Murderer, Ravisher, &c. 213

against him, when they had sworn so positively before against another Person, he was witted.

Tom. having liv'd at a very extravagant the six Months that he was in *Winchester*, he had not much of his Five hundred Pounds left when he was at Liberty again; whereupon endeavouring to recruit his Pockets, following his old Trade, he attack'd the Duke of *Norfolk's* Coach, as passing over *Salisbury* Plain; but his Grace refusing to satisfy his Desire, an Engagement soon began betwixt 'em, in which *Tom.* having his Horse under him, his Grace's Servants soon seized him; and carrying him, with his Arms bound, close down into the City of *Salisbury*, he was there committed to Goal; and when the Assizes came to be held there, he was condemn'd for his Life. But whilst he was under condemnation, finding a Lawyer in that Place engag'd to procure him a Pardon for Fifty Pounds, he gave him a Bond to pay him so much Money as soon as he had obtain'd it. Accordingly the Lawyer rid to *London*, and by the Interest that he had with some Noblemen in Court, procur'd what he had promis'd; then returning what haste he could back again, he came with the Reprieve just as *Tom.* was going to be cast off the Gallows. The Lawyer had so fast, that he had no sooner deliver'd the Reprieve to the Sheriff, but his Horse dropt dead; nevertheless when *Tom.* was at Liberty, he was so ungrateful as not to pay the Lawyer

Lawyer a Farthing, who had thus sav'd Life; whereupon they went to Law, but cast him, by reason no Writing stands good our Laws of *England*, which is given by a under Sentence of Death.

Now *Tom.* was so much frighten'd by narrow Escape from Hanging, that he was solv'd to live honest; and accordingly liv'd several Places in the Quality of a Footman, but last of all he serv'd for six or seven Years a Gentlewoman in *Ormond-Street*, near *Leicester-Conduit-Fields*; who prevailing upon her Father, *Nevil Thompson*, a Linnen-Draper in the City of *Bristol*, to send his only Daughter who was entring the 16th Year of her Age to *London*, to be better'd in her Education, took a Place for her in the Coach on Monday the 22d of *February*, 1714. and also for a Messenger *Tom. Darbel*, to whose Care, being sent purposely to fetch her up, she was committed; for great Confidence was reposed in him, because he had been an old Servant to his Sister's, who had sent him very frequently upon important Messages to this her Brother in *Bristol*. Now the Villain being very sensible of the great Charge which this young Gentlewoman had about her, as a Gold Watch, a Diamond Ring, and Jewels, to the Value of 100 Pounds, his wicked Inclination was to rob her, and in order thereto, being alone with her in the Coach, he very impudently pretends Courtship to her; which Piece of Impudence the young Gentlewoman most sharply

ended; but little valuing her Anger, he took
a Penknife, and swore, that if she did not
consent to lie with him, he would immediately
slit her Throat; which mighty Threats fright-
ning the young Gentlewoman into a Swoon,
the Rogue took the Advantage thereof, by
tying her Hands to each Knee, and in that
manner most inhumanly debauch'd her, and
took away all she had, excepting one Crown
and her Cloaths. Then this barbarous Villain
stealing his way thro' the back of the Coach,
dropt out unknown to the Coachman. Still
the young Gentlewoman continu'd in her Swoon
till Four of the Clock till Six in the Evening,
during the Time the Coach put up in its Inn;
where the Coachman opening the Coach-Door,
finding the Gentlewoman in the afore said
figure, with the Villain's Neckcloth also tied
round her Mouth, and her Face all bruised and
swollen with the jogging of the Coach, he was
startled, and cried out to the People of the
Street for Assistance; who sending immediately
for an able Surgeon, upon his coming to her,
she seem'd to be just expiring; but by the Skill
of the Surgeon, he brought her so much to herself by
the use of the Clock, that she was able to speak,
and declare the Abuse which had been done
to her. Her surprizing Relation alarm'd the
whole Town with the Horror of the Villain's
inhuman Fact, and several good People pursu-
ing the Villain several Ways on Horseback,
they took him on the *Wednesday* following at
Summer Smith, near which Place he had but
just

just robb'd a Gentleman of Three Pounds Shillings. Being carried before a Magistrate he was committed to *Newgate* in *London*, whence he was removed within a Week by vertue of a Writ of *Habeas Corpus*, to *Newgate* in *Bristol*.

In the mean time, the young Gentlewoman fearing the Reflections which the World might cast upon her, as thinking her Reputation utterly lost, altho' the Loss of her Virginity was forc'd from her, she laid the Thought thereof so deep to Heart, that at the Arrival of her Mother to her Bed-side, the next Morning she changed a few Words with her, and then she died, to the great Grief of the old Gentlewoman, who ran distracted; and her sorrowful Father soon lost his Senses too. But at length the Villain being brought to Justice, received Sentence of Death for the perpetration of this most inhuman Crime; however all the while he was under Condemnation, he showed not the least Remorse; and when he was hang'd on *Saturday* the 23d of *March*, 1711, in the 45th Year of his Age, he died with a great deal of Impenitency, and was very obstinate in not hearkning to any wholesome Advice which was given him, in order to prepare himself as he ought, before he launched out into the unfathomable Gulf of Eternity; and after he was executed on *St. Michael's Hill*, he was laid down, and hang'd up in Chains in the Prison without *Lafford's Gate*.

**MUL-SACK, the Chimney-Sweeper,
alias John Cottington, a Murderer
and Highwayman.**

THIS most notorious Fellow was the Son of one Mr. *Cottington*, a Haberdasher of small-Wares in *Cheapside*; but his Father being a Boon Companion, whereby he had wasted his Substance, he died so poor, that he was obliged to be buried by the Parish. He left behind him 15 Daughters and 4 Sons, the youngest of which is the unhappy Person of whom we are now talking. At Eight Years of age he was by the Overseers of the Poor of *Mary-le-Bow*, put out an Apprentice to a Chimney-Sweeper, to whom he serv'd about 7 Years; and being then enter'd his Teens, he thought himself as good a Man as his Master; whereupon he ran away, as thinking he had learnt so much of his Trade, as was sufficient for him to live upon, and his Heirs for ever.

He no sooner ran away from his Master, but he was as soon call'd by the Name of *Mul-Sack*, his real Name was *John Cottington*, from the usual drinking Sack mull'd Morning, Noon and Night; and one Night drinking at the

M Vol. II. L Devil

Devil Tavern in Fleetstreet, a Match was made up betwixt him and one he took to be a real Woman; but when he was married at the *Fleet-Prison*, the common Place for joining Rogues and Whores together, and came to be Bedded at Night, he found his Co-partner to be a noted Person, call'd *Anniseed-Water Robin*, who being an *Hermaphrodite*, that is to say a Person of both Sexes, he soon found Nature's Impotency, by reason her Redundancy in making the suppos'd Bride both Man and Woman, had in Effect made the Party neither; as having not the Strength nor Reason of the Male, nor the Fineness and Subtlety of the Female.

Mul-Sack finding out what a Mistake he had made in Matrimony, he began to grow very loose indeed, and spent a great deal of Money, which he obtain'd by ill Courses, upon the five celebrated Women-Shavers in *Drury Lane*; which five Furies one Day getting a poor Woman among them, whom they suspected the principalst Shaver's Husband had to do with, they did not only strip her, but whip her with Rods most terribly; shav'd off all the Hair about her from top to bottom; and then souc'd her in Suds, till they had almost kill'd the poor Wretch, whose Tears, Cries and Protestations prevailed not a Pin. But they being afterwards prosecuted for the Riot, and condemn'd to the Pillory, which one or two of them suffer'd, the rest fled to *Barbadoes*; but before

a Murderer and Highwayman. 219

before they went, they all ruin'd their poor Husbands.

Now *Mul-Sack* having left the good Company of these Women-Shavers; for he did not love them so well, as to suffer Martyrdom for them in Hurricanes, Storms and Tempests, his gentle Air and Mien, tho' a Chimney-Sweeper, made a Merchant's Wife in *Mark-Lane* enamour'd with him, who had none of the best Character before she was acquainted with him; neither did *Mul-sack* get above 120 Pounds by her before she fell sick. This Gentlewoman originally was very pretty, but, like other Citizens Wives, she had contracted those Distempers, which not long after brought her to her Grave; her Sickneſs having first buried those quick and lively Colours in her Face, under the cold Earth of a dead and buried Pale-neſs, which enviously triumph'd in the Spoils of her unparallel'd Beauty. Now judging her self both by the Glas of her Face, and that unerring Mirror of her Conscience, unworthy to live, since the first told her she could be in no Favour with Men, and the other more surely told her she was out of Favour with Heaven, she address'd her to late but serious Repentance, beginning at the right Place with Confession, unboſoming her self to her Husband, and craving first his Pardon and Forgiveness; which being granted, she desires him to call up all her Children, which were twelve in Number, that she might take her Leave of them, and say something of them to him, which

particularly concern'd him. When they were come about her Bed, she thus began: *This eldest Boy is truly yours, no Man ever having to do with me until after his Birth; but this next to him is such a Knight's Son; that such a Merchant's; that such a Nobleman's; that such a Doctor's; and so forward, naming all Men of good Quality, excepting Mul-Sack, who came dropping in at last; till she came to the youngest, who was carelessly biting on a Piece of Bread and Butter, when just as she was pronouncing his Parentage, the Boy broke out into this Language, Hold, Mother, pray bethink your self before you die; for G--d's sake, let me have a Father that's rich and genteel too, as well as the rest of my Brothers and Sisters.* Which proving to his Wish, the Boy was overjoy'd; but the poor Cuckold his Father was sadly dismay'd at his Wife's Confession.

Mul-Sack having lost his good Benefactress he then turn'd Pick-pocket, and in his first practising his Trade, he got a rich Gold Watch set with Diamonds from the Lady *Fairfax*, the Rump-Parliament General's Wife, in this manner. That Loyal (if I don't belie her) Lady used to go to a Lecture on a Week-Day to *Ludgate Church*, call'd *St. Martin's*, where one *Mr. Jacomb* Preach'd, being much follow'd by the Precisians; now *Mul-Sack* perceiving this, and that she constantly wore her Watch hanging by a Chain from her Middle, against the next time she came thither, he dress'd himself like a Commander in the Army; and ha-

ving

ving his Comrades attending him like Troopers; one of them takes off a Pin of a Coach-Wheel that was going upwards thro' the Gate; by which means falling off, the Passage was obstructed; so that the Lady could not alight at the Church-Door, but was forced to leave her Coach without, which *Mul-Sack* taking Occasion of, readily presented himself to her Ladyship, and having the Impudence to take her from her Gentleman-Usher, who attended her alighting, led her by the Arm into the Church, and by the way, with a Pair of keen or sharp Scissars for the Purpose, cut the Chain in two, and got the Watch clear away; she not missing it till Sermon was done, when she was going to see the Time of the Day.

There was then in *Mul-Sack's* Time as rare a Pack of Pick-pockets as was in the World; for some of them would lay a Wager to pick a Man's Pocket, tho' he was warn'd of it but a Minute before, and knew his Company. It would be perhaps too tedious to recite their Activities; how they would juggle Men's Hands out of their Pockets, that were set there purposely as a Guard or Centinel to secure their Money; how they would pretend to have a Letter read to them, or such like Story, while standing behind the Person that reads, they *Rub the Bung*, that is in *English*, Pick your Pocket. The many various neat Tricks *Mul-Sack* play'd upon *Ludgate-Hill*, by making Stops of Coaches and Carts, and the Money that he and his Consorts hath got there by

Picking Pockets, would have been almost enough to have built *St. Paul's Cathedral*.

However, *Mul-Sack* being detected in picking the Pocket of *Oliver Cromwell*, the Arch-Usurper of *England*, as he came out of the Parliament-House, he had like to have been hang'd for that Fact; but that Storm blowing over, he was so much out of conceit with picking Pockets, that he took up another Trade, which was robbing on the Highway; and following this Practice with one *Tom. Cheney*, they were so audacious as to rob Colonel *Hewson* the Cobler, at the Head of his Regiment when marching into *Honnslow*; but being quickly pursu'd by some Troopers which lay in that Town, *Cheney's* Horse failing him, whilst *Mul-Sack* got clear off, he was oblig'd to stand it against 18 Horsemen, and for above an Hour defended himself very stoutly; but being over-power'd and desperately wounded, he was taken and brought to *Newgate*. Shortly after, when the Sessions was held at the *Old-Baily*, he would have avoided his Trial, by pleading his Weakness, and the Soreness of his Wounds, but that would not pass; for they caus'd him to be brought down in a Chair, from whence as soon as he had received Sentence of Death, which was about Two in the Afternoon, he was carried in a Cart to *Tyburn*, where he was cured of all his Diseases at once.

Mul-Sack having thus lost his Companion, he soon became acquainted with one *Horne*, a sturdy Pewterer, who had been a Captain in
Colo-

Colonel *Downes's* Regiment of Foot, and with him robb'd *Oliver Cromwel*, as he was going over *Hounslow-Heath* to *Windsor*; but a quick Pursuit being made after them, and a Rencontre happening betwixt the Highwaymen and the Pursuers, the former being overpower'd by Number, Captain *Horne* was took, and *Mul-Sack* had the good Luck still to make his Escape: The Captain then was sent to *Newgate*, and receiving Sentence of Death at the *Old-Baily*, he was hang'd at *Tyburn*; but died with so much Bravery and Gallantry, that it drew Tears from many of the Spectators, especially them of the Female-Sex.

Now *Mul-Sack* being depriv'd also of this fellow in Iniquity, he was resolv'd to rob on the Highway by himself; and having a great Antipathy against Committee-Men, and Members of the Rump-Parliament, he had a Design upon some of their Money that was going to pay their Soldiers at *Oxford* and *Glocester*, which was 4000 *l.* guarded with a Convoy of 20 Horse. Had there been but half a dozen, or half a score Men, *Mul-Sack* would have had the Courage to set upon them; but when his Scouts gave him Intelligence they were double the Number, he took five or six Assistants, and Waylaying the Cash a little on this side *Oxford*, just at the Close of the Day, as the Waggon was past *Wheatley*, and at the Foot of *Shotover-Hill*, he and his fellows rose from an Ambuscado in the Twilight, and furiously fell with Swords and Pistols

on the Troopers; who suspecting the Number attacking them to be far greater than it was, fled away in Confusion. While three or four of their Antagonists following the Pursuit, and kept 'em from Rallying to discover what they were, *Mul-Sack*, and the rest of his Associates took away the aforesaid Money, and spent it (comparatively speaking) in as little time as they had got it. Several Passengers who went along with this Convoy for a Safeguard, were affrighted, as fearing the Loss of all they had; but *Mul-Sack* soon freed them from that Perplexity, by telling them, *They came not to take away any Money, but what did as justly belong to them, as the Persons that pretended to it; it being the Commonwealth's Money, which those great Thieves at Westminster had fleeced out of the Publick to pay their infernal Janizaries, who maintained them in their Tyranny and Usurpation; while Loyal Honest Subjects were ruin'd and undone by their heavy Taxes, villanous Plunders, unjust Twentieth Parts, and barbarous Sequestrations of their Estates.*

Mul-Sack had kept Company with the greatest Highwaymen that ever were known in any Age; and such was his Genius, that by their laudable Conversation he became as expert a Robber on the Road as any Man who ever; for whilst he follow'd that Profession he got as much Money as all the Thieves that in *England*. He was a Fellow that went always habited like, and was reputed, a Merchant.

a Murderer and Highwayman. 225

chant ; for he constantly wore a Watchmaker's and Jeweller's Shop in his Pocket, and could at any time command a Thousand Pounds. Another time having Notice by his Spies that the General Receiver at *Reading* was to send 6000 Pounds up to *London* by an Ammunition Wain and Convoy, he prevented that way of Carriage, by conveying it up himself on Horseback ; for having in the Night-time, with some of his Comrades, brought a Ladder into the Orchard of the Receiver's House the back Way, and set it up just against the Closet-Window, in the farthest Part of the House, he took away then all the Money, leaving some 30 Pounds or thereabouts in old and broken Groats and odd Money upon the Table ; and leaving the Ladder against the Window where he and his Consorts enter'd, made haste thro' the Orchard to the Gravel-Pit where their Horses stood, and mounting them, rode with the greatest Expedition to *London*. The Notorioufness of this Fact was so great, that by strict Enquiry it was found that *Mul-Sack* was the principal Verb in this Matter ; whereupon he was Way-lay'd and apprehended, and sent down Prisoner to *Reading*, and from thence at the Assizes carried to *Abingdon*, where not wanting for Money, he procured such a Jury to be empannell'd, that tho' Judge *Jermyn* did what he could to hang him, there being very good Circumstantial Proof ; as that he was seen in the Town that very Night when the Robbery was committed ; yet he so

baulked and terrified the simple Jurors, and so affronted the Judge, by bidding him *come off the Bench, and swear what he said as Judge, Witness and Prosecutor too, for so perhaps he might murder him by Presumptions of Evidence as he term'd it*; that the simple Fellows brought him in guiltless.

Now *Mul-sack* had not been long at Liberty, before he kill'd one *John Bridges*, to have the more free Egress and Regress with his Wife, who had kept him Company for above four Years; but the Deceased's Friends resolving to prosecute the Murderer to the utmost, he fled beyond Sea; and at *Colen* he robb'd King *Charles* the Second, then in his Exile, of as much Plate as was valu'd at 1500 Pounds. Then flying into *England* again, he promis'd to give *Oliver Cromwell* some of his Majesties Papers which he had taken with the Plate, and discover his Correspondencies here; but not making good his Promise, he was sent to *Newgate*, and receiving Sentence of Death, was hang'd in *Smithfield-Rounds*, in *April* 1659, Aged 45 Years.



**JACK COLLINGS, KIT MOOR,
and DANIEL HUGHES,
*House-Breakers.***

Jack Collings, alias John Collinson, was born of mean Parents at *Faustone*, near *Hull* in *Yorkshire*; and being brought up to no Trade, he had been a Footman to several Gentlemen both in the Country, and here in *London*; where he was some time a Coachman to one Colonel *Kendal*, who sending Jack to sell a Pair of Coach Horses, because they were not well Match'd; Jack obey'd his Master's Orders, and ran away with the Money. Afterwards his Master taking him, he committed him to the *Marshal's* in the *Savoy*, from whence he sent him for a Soldier into *Flanders*; but quickly deserting his Colours, he came into *England* again, where being much addicted to keep Company with lewd Women, he got sadly Pox'd; but getting himself Cur'd, when the Apothecary brought in his Bill, which came to 48 Shillings and Four Pence, Jack swore it was a very unconscionable Bill, and if he would not be contented with a Groat, he would never pay him a Farthing. The Apothecary swore and curs'd like a Madman,

228 JACK COLLINGS, &c.

man, saying, he would never take that, and away he flounc'd out of the Room in a great Passion; but on the Stairs pausing to himself and considering it was better to take that Groat than to lose all, he went up again saying, *Come, Sir, since you'll pay me no more let's see that Groat.* So having given Jack a Receipt in full of all Accounts, as the Apothecary was going out of the Room again quoth he, *Let me be D——n'd, Sir, if I have got any more than one poor Two Pence Halfpenny by you.* Now Jack thinking the Apothecary had got too much by him, it being towards Evening, and he was to go to London from *Hampstead*, follow'd him towards the *Halfway-House*, where a good Opportunity favouring Jack's Design, he commanded the Apothecary to stand and deliver, or else he would shoot him through the Head; so his Orders being obey'd, he did not only take his Groat from him again, but also Robb'd him of a good Silver Watch, and 24 Shillings.

In this Exploit he had like to have been taken, but made his Escape so very narrowly that being afraid to go on the Foot-Pad again he follow'd House-Breaking altogether, in which he was successful for many Years; but between whiles he was a Soldier for Six Years and attain'd to the Office of a Serjeant in Colonel *Wing's* Regiment. However, being not satisfied with his Station, he still pursued unlawful Courses then too, even to the Time

that he was Disbanded; and then keeping Company with an ill Woman, he car'd not who he wrong'd, to support her; and yet that same Strumpet whom he maintain'd by har-
 dard his Neck, was a Witness against him for his Life, as it appears in his Tryal, which is partly thus. He was indicted for breaking the House of *John Holloway*, and stealing thence Two *Exchequer* Notes, Value a Hundred Pounds each, One Hundred Thirty Seven Pounds Ten Shillings in Money, and One Hundred Ninety Four Pounds in Gold. It appear'd by the Evidence, that Mr. *Holloway* being at *London*, the Prisoner was at his House at *Chelsea*, to intreat his Favour for a Ticket of Re-entrance into the Royal Hospital there, and Mrs. *Holloway* permitted him to go up stairs; and the Money and Bills being in a Closet in the Room, he found an Opportunity to break it open, and carry them off. The principal Evidence against him was a Woman he kept Company with, who swore, that going to look for him, she met him in a Coach, and upbraiding him for riding so, while she wanted, he gave her Money to pay off her Lodging, and bid her do it, and come to him again; which she did, and she saw a great Bag of Money in the Coach, which he told her was worth Six Hundred Pounds, and that he had it out of the Prosecutor's Closet. They then went to a Lodging at *Wapping*, and he bought her Cloaths, and himself a Coat and Wig to Disguise him. Mrs. *Griffin*,
 their

their Landlady at *Wapping*, depos'd, that the Prisoner and the Witness having taken Lodging at her House, she suspected them to be loose People; and that the Prisoner having sent her Man to borrow the *Gazette*, look'd upon it, and laid it down, saying, *There was nothing in it*, and went up Stairs; and the Prisoner causing her Man to look over the *Gazette*, she found the Prisoner describ'd, and so got a Constable, and secur'd him. He had Seventy Pounds Seventeen Shillings found upon him when taken, and Twenty Two Guineas and a half, and a Broad Piece. He own'd the Constable who took him, he had Robb'd Mr. *Halloway*, but did not say of so much as is mention'd in the Indictment. The Prisoner being plainly prov'd upon him, he was found Guilty. He was also a Second Time Indicted for Robbing Mr. *James Boyce* on the Queen's Highway, of a Silver Watch, Value Thirty Pounds, and Ten Shillings in Money. Mr. *Boyce* depos'd, that coming out of *Bedfordshire* in a Coach, the Prisoner set upon him on this Side of *Kentish-Town*, about Three of the Clock in the Afternoon; and after he had got his Watch and Money, ask'd him for his Green Purse; and he telling him he had none, he made him turn his Pockets out, and pull off his Gloves to shew he had no Rings. The Prisoner call'd some Witnesses to prove he was at another Place when the Robbery was done, but none appearing, he was found Guilty too of that Indictment, and Hang'd

Tyburn

turn, on Wednesday the 10th of March
1744, Aged 42 Years.

On the same Day were also executed Two
House-Breakers; Namely, *Kit Moor*,
Daniel Hughes; the first of which Aged
Years, born in the Parish of *St. Giles's in
Fields*, for the most part of his Life, had
been a Tapster in some Victualling-Houses in
about *London*; he confess'd that a little
before that, one Night he Robb'd a House in
Fryers, near *Christ's-Hospital*, by lifting
a Sash Window, and entering the Parlour,
took from thence Six Silver Tea-spoons, and
a Strainer, with a Silk Handkerchief Ell-Wide,
which he sold for Three Shillings, though it
was worth more; and as for the Plate, he Sold
with a larger Parcel, (amounting to a Hun-
dred Ounces) for Four Shillings per Ounce.
Furthermore, he said, that he had wrong'd one
Johnson a Working Silversmith, by swear-
ing falsely heretofore that he had bought of him,
and one *Roderick Andry*, another most notori-
ous Rogue, some Plate that they had stoln out
of the *Lady Edwin's House*. But the Fact for
which he was condemn'd to die, was for a
Burglary committed in breaking open the
House of one *Mr. Thomas Wright*, in the
Night-time, and taking thence a Pair of
Silver Branches, and Eight Tea-Spoons, Two
Coffers, a Lamp, and a large Quantity of
other Plate. He would not discover where it
might be found, that the right Owner might
have

232 JACK COLLINGS, &c.

have it again; for when he was press'd by the Ordinary of *Newgate* to make a Discovery thereof if he could, he did not so much ledge his Incapacity, as he plainly shew'd Unwillingness of doing it; saying, *That he could do it, yet he would make no such Discovery, if he was sure to be Damn'd for it.* The other Person, *Daniel Hughes*, Aged 16 Years, and born at *Gravesend*, in the County of *Kent*, was brought up to the same, and condemn'd for the same Fact committed at *Kit Moor*; and such was their Impudence the very last, that when they went into the Cart, which was to carry them to the Place of Execution, they were no sooner ty'd to the Copses, but they pull'd off their Shoes, and flinging them among the Spectators, said, *Our Parents often said we should Die on a Execution Day, and with our Shoes on; but though our former Part of their Predictions is true, will we make them all Liars in the latter part of it.*

It is also to be observ'd, that though the Ages of these Two unfortunate Lads made 36 Years, and so had not such Latitude in their Villany, as those who have arriv'd to much greater Age; yet considering the short Time they reign'd in the Region of Wickedness, they were as vicious as more numerous Rogues; taking Pride in all manner of Levity, Viciousness, Sabbath-breaking, Drunkenness, Swearing, Cursing, Gaming, and all Sorts of Vices whatever; moreover, they had committed

mitted between them above 50 Burglarie late-
in the Cities and Liberties of *London* and
Westminster, and in the Borough of *Southwark*.
In fine, the Obstinacy of the Two young Male-
factors in Iniquity, and their impudent Beha-
viour towards all People that were curious of
seeing them whilst they lay under Condemna-
tion, was such, as could scarce be parallel'd by
the past or present Age; therefore it is very re-
quisite for Justice to hold on as she has begun,
in sending such Villains out of the World, by
twelve and Thirteen at a Time.

ACK COLLET, *alias* COLE,
for Sacrilege and the Highway.

THIS unfortunate Man was a Grocer's Son
in the Borough of *Southwark*, where he
was Born, and at 15 Years of Age was put an
Apprentice to an Upholsterer in *Cheapside*;
but not serving above Four Years of his Time,
he ran away from his Master, and unhappily
getting into ill Company, to support himself
in his Extravagancies, he follow'd bad Cour-
ses, particularly in Robbing on the Highway.
But what is most remarkable of this unaccount-
able Fellow, he used to rob People in the
habit of a Bishop, attended by Four or Five
Men

Men in the Quality of his Servants, and very famous for getting great Prizes.

One Time *Jack* meeting the Dutcheſs *Mazarine* coming from *Epsom-Wells*, he commanded her Coach to ſtand; and next coming up to the Side of the Coach, he ſaluted her with Grace with the unwelcome Word, *Deliver me*. However, the Dutcheſs being of a bold Spirit and undaunted at this Highwayman's Command, who was in an Episcopical Habit, and without Doubt there was more Purity in his Lawn-Sleeves than in his Heart, quoth ſhe, *I have about a Hundred Guineas in my Pocket which I am very loth to part with for nothing but if your Lordſhip, who is the firſt Prelate whom I ever knew to go on the Highway, pleaſed to throw a Main for it, if it is my Luck to Loſe, you are welcome to the Gold with all my Heart.* *Jack* reply'd, *Why Madam, it does not become one in my Coat of Arms to play the Game, but being naturally Amorous of your Sex, I will oblige you ſo far as to throw a Main with you for a Hundred Guineas.* So pulling that Quantity of Gold out of his Pocket, with a pair of Dice, he alighted from his Horse and the Dutcheſs out of her Coach, and they Play they went; but *Collet* had the Ill Luck loſing not only all his Gold, but alſo his Episcopical Habit, which *Mazarine* generously offer'd him again; but he refus'd it, ſaying, *Since, Madam, it is your good Fortune to break me, you are very welcome to keep what you have won; but truly the next Biſhop that*

for Sacrilege and the Highway. 235

es in my way shall pay for all; and so
Dutchess and he parted very good
ends.

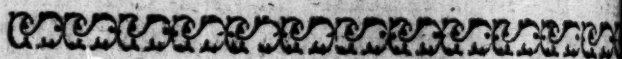
Within Three or Four Days afterwards,
Collet meeting with the Right Reverend
Mew, Bishop of Winchester, as he was
going from his Seat at Farnham, he com-
mended his Lordship's Coach to stop, and
going up to the Door thereof, he oblig'd that
plate to strip himself of his Canonical
robes, and robbing him also of about Fifty
Guineas besides, he went in Pursuit of another

This Fellow having reign'd about Eight
Years in his Villany, he was at last con-
demn'd for Burglary and Sacrilege, in breaking
open the Vestry Door of Great St. Bartholo-
mew's Church in London, and taking out the
plate from thence, in Company with one
Stephen Ashley, alias Brown, with whom
he had also robb'd St. Saviour's Church in
Newark, and stole from thence the Pulpit-
plate, and all the Communion-Plate, of a
great Value; and was hang'd at Tyburn,
aged 32 Years, on Friday the 5th of July,

At the same Time were also hang'd with him,
Robert Trumbal, once a Soldier in the Lord
Borough's Regiment in Ireland, for Felony and
Burglary. Robert Alderton, for robbing a
Gentleman in Stepney-Fields, of a Silver
Watch, a Diamond-Ring, a Silver-hilted
Sword, and Four Guineas. Jane Williams,
for

236 WILLIAM MACQUEER,

for privately Stealing Thirty Pounds Worth Gold and Silver Lace, from a Laceman in *Strand*. And *John Gwin*, a Writing-Master, once keeping a School in *Bedfordbury*, stealing a Piece of Silk, Value Nine Pounds from one *Mr. Rigby*, a Mercer, living at Sign of the *Seven-Stars*, in the *Little-Piccadilly* in *Covent-Garden*.



WILLIAM MACQUEER *Murderer and Highwayman.*

THIS notorious Offender was the Bastard Son of an *Irish* Priest, living at *Athens* in the County of *Galway*, in the Province of *Connaught*, in *Ireland*; from whence come into *England*, where he was out of all Business he soon found out a Gang of Thieves, and taught him to be as good as themselves in all manner of Villany. First of all, *William Macqueer*, alias *Bailey*, alias *Irish Teacher*, went upon House-breaking, and in that Vocation had been in several Robberies in a little Time particularly at *Brentwood* in *Essex*; where, Three other Rogues breaking into a German's House, and binding all the People, took away Four Diamond Rings, a great deal of Plate, and Six Hundred Pounds Money.

Murderer and Highwayman. 237

Afterwards he and another Person breaking into the Lord Chancellor *Jefferies's* House, in *St. James's-Street* in *Westminster*, they stole the Purse and Mace; which he made his Comrade to lay on his Breast and Shoulder before him, and went a great way through *St. James's-Park*, till he walk'd with much Impudence in State among those high Badges of Honour. The next morning early, a great Hue and Cry was made for the Purse and Mace, which *Macqueer* safely put up in his Closet at his Lodging; but whilst he was gone out, the Maid sweeping his Chamber, and finding some small rings on the Floor, which he had drop'd off from the Purse, she shew'd them to her Master, who having some Suspicion of his *Irish* Lodger's Roguery, he broke open the Closet-Door, and finding therein the Purse and Mace, re-deliver'd 'em to the Lord Chancellor again. But News thereof coming to *Macqueer's* Landlord, he never came near his Landlord's House any more, till about a Quarter of a Year after, when he broke it open, and stole away many Goods as were valu'd at Eighty pounds.

Now *Teague* scorning to be a House-breaker any longer, he was resolv'd to turn Highwayman; and in order to set up in that high Profession, he stole a good Horse and Saddle out of the Stable of one Counsellor *Thursby*, in *White-church-street* in the *Strand*; and stealing a Box of Pistols from one *Robert Williams*, a Gunsmith, in *George-Yard* in *Westminster*, he began

began to go upon the Pad, meeting betwixt *Hammer-smith* and *Brentford*, first with *Alexander Oldys*, a Poet, whose Defect exceeded *Aesop's*, and so diminutive was his Stature, that one might easily put him in a Gallon-pot: This little Creature, whose extream Devotion often incited him to go to a Bawdy-House, to keep out of ill Company, he commanded to stand, as being on his knees, and deliver his Money. Little *Oldys* being Pot-valiant with some Liquor which had been given him at *Sion-House*, where he had been to Dedicate a Novel, call'd, *The Extravagant*, or the *Witty Fair one*, quoth he, mighty magniloquent Voice, Dost thou presume to stop any Son of the *Muses* on the Highway! Such an Affront was never offered before to any Person that ever wore the *Buskins*. But that I may revenge this Affront thou shalt not only offset to me, but also to the *Sons of Nine* on *Parnassus*, O! grant me, *O Apollo*, that Strength which you exerted when you destroy'd the dreadful *Python*, I'll soon crush this Highwayman into *Atom*. Methinks I feel fresh Strength and Vigour stealing on me, therefore thou proud Infringer of Man's Rights and Properties descend from thy Horse, and try at dint of Sword which of us is the best Man. This Romantick Spirit utter'd whilst he made a great many Wounds, and gashes with his drawn Sword, made *Tom* stare at this little Animal with all the Curiosity he had, and being none of the greatest

a Murderer and Highwayman. 239

quoth he, *A Son of Muses be you? By Shalvaſhion I thought you was born of some
ge Bitch or another, for no Woman could
bear ſuch an ill-shap'd Thing as you be :
damn you and all your Fathers, for by
nt Patrick, I don't care a Turd for you,
Parnaffus, nor Pollo, nor Python, nor
a Son of a Whore alive. Therefore de-
your Money, or else this Piſtol ſhall ſend
to Hell before the Wind. Now little Oldys
ſenſible that his Sword could not Parry
llet, he gave Teague all the Money he
which was Three-Pence Half-penny; but
ſmall Sum not ſatisfying this Robber, he
away the Poet's Sword, the Loſs whereof
w him into a great Fit of Sickneſs, for he
rather have loſt all his Cloaths, nay, his
Wife and Child too, than that Piece of
Iron, which had often made him ter-
to all People that ſtood in fear of his
er.*

another Time *Macqueer* meeting the Lady
Arquerque coming from the Bath, ſtopping
Coach and Six Horſes, he commanded her
ſhip to deliver what ſhe had, becauſe he
a very great Occaſion for Money; which
ould civilly pay her again the next Time
met; and farthermore, quothe *Teague*,
could neither Read nor Write, *If your
ſhip is not willing to take my Word for
you lend me, I will give you my Bond.*
the Lady, *Here is never a Scrivener here
ake a Bond. Quothe Teague, By my Shal-
vaſhion,*

vashion, Madam, I will mauke one my self. Said the Lady again, *This is no borrowing Sir; but robbing me.* Teague reply'd, *I am a Stranger, Madam, in this Country and sho did not know the Difference betwixt Borrowing and Robbing; but if your Lady calls my Request Robbing, why then I will mauke bold to rob you for onse, and not care for it: Sho, Madam, deliver quickly, or else I shall, arra by my Shoul, be fery unmercifull.* Whereupon presenting his Pistols into the Coach, the Lady gave him a Purse full of Gold, a Gold Watch, and Two Diamond Rings; after which shooting the Horses and the Three Footmen and Gentlemen that waited on her Ladyship, he next shot the Two Fore-horses in the Coach, and rid away as fast as his Horse would carry him.

Macqueer once meeting Mr. Adams, a Lieutenant in the Second Regiment of Foot-Guards, as Riding betwixt Uxbridge and Beconsfield, he commanded him to Stand and Deliver, otherwise he would instantly shoot him through the Head. The Lieutenant being surpriz'd before he was aware, he gave the Highwayman very good Words, and made several Apologies for saving his Money; withal telling him *That he never knew one that went on the Highway to rob any in his Coat, for whom the Gentlemen whose Necessities oblig'd 'em to sell their Fortunes on the Road, bore generally great Respect, because we hazard our Lives in the Defence of our Country.* Quoth Teague,

a Murderer and Highwayman. 241

Shalvashion I make no respect of Persons;
and farthermore, knowing all in your Coat are
true Defenders of the Faith of Women,
in your Country, your Tongue-padding, Sir,
will be no Security for your Purse. The Lieu-
tenant plainly perceiving that no Words could
prevail upon Teague to shew him any Favour,
gave him Six Pounds, which he squeez'd
out of his Pockets like so many Drops of
Blood; however, the Irish Robber was so civil
to give him 10 Shillings to bear his Charges
on the Road.

Another Time this Villain meeting one
Captain Shooter on Hampstead-Heath, whom
he commanded to Stand and Deliver, the
Gentleman being a Man of Courage and Bra-
very, he was resolv'd not tamely to part with
his Money; thereupon engaging Macqueer,
they fired several Pistols at one another, with-
out doing any Harm as yet on either Side,
they then rid up to one another with their
Swords drawn, and push'd at each other; but
Macqueer bethinking himself of another Pi-
stol which he had still Charg'd in his Breeches-
Pocket, he pull'd it out, and shot his Anta-
gonist through the Head; from whom he took
two Guineas, and a Silver Watch. But af-
terwards, the Devil leaving this Irish Rogue in
the Lurch, he was condemn'd, and hang'd at
Tyburn, in the 28th Year of his Age, on
the 1st of May, 1691, for robbing in
company of William Selwood, alias Jenkins,
another Old Offender, hang'd with him,

242 WILLIAM MACQUEER, &c.

one *Benjamin Wats*, of 250 Guineas on *Flow-Heath*.

At the same Time and Place also was hang'd *Elizabeth Dale*, for Murdering Bastard-Child, which a Joyner got in a Meeting-House in *Stepney* Parish. Honour to a young Woman of 17 Years of Age, breaking open the House of one Mr. *White-Chapel*, and stealing thence a great Quantity of Linnen, and several Pieces of Plate to the Value of a Hundred and Twenty Pounds. *John Phipps*, a Husbandman, Aged 40 Years, for stealing a Gelding. *William Riggs*, breaking open the House of the Lord *Bram Gerrard*, and taking thence a great Quantity of Plate, worth 240 Pounds, besides other Goods of considerable Value. *Henry Wing*, alias *Wing*, for Felony and Burglary, in breaking open the House of Mr. *Cook*, an Upholsterer, near *St. Martin's-Lane* in the Strand. And *Charles Smith*, *John Crimes*, and *Henry Powel*, alias *Howel*, for a notorious Robbery committed in the Highway near *Acton*, taking from Mr. *Allom*, a Gentleman, his Wife and Daughter, from whom they took a Gold Watch, Two Diamond Rings, and a Purse in which was 29 Guineas, and a Bag of Money.

**BOB CONGDEN, a Murderer,
House-Breaker and Highwayman.**

THIS great Malefactor was the Son of a Gentleman living at *Midhurst* in *Suffex*, where he was born; and being sent to *King's-College*, in the University of *Cambridge*, he was very extravagant there; and once his Quarterly Money being not sent him so soon as usual, (for he had 80 Pounds allow'd to keep him like a Gentleman, whilst he remain'd in that Academy) and Duns coming very fast upon him, he was resolv'd to take a Purse on the Highway, to make him easy among his Creditors. Accordingly taking his Horse one Morning, and Riding over *New Market-Heath*, he there met a Man whom he commanded to *stand and Deliver*; but his Word of Command being not presently obey'd, they both came to an Engagement, in which *Bob Congden* shot his Adversary through the Heart: Next taking a Bag of Money out of his Pocket, he Rid back to his College, without the least Suspicion by any of doing an Ill Thing; he went into his Chamber, and opening the Bag of Money, in which was a Letter, as soon as he had read it, and found the

M 2

Person

Person whom he had Kill'd was his Father's Man, sent to him with the aforesaid Money for his Quarteridge, he was struck with great Confusion; and fearing Justice might overtake him for his Crime, he privately withdrew himself from the University, and fled into *Holland*.

Being got safe on t'other Side the *Herring Pond*, he Writ to his Father about his unhappy Transaction of late, who, without Doubt, was very sorry at the News; but nevertheless, paternal Affection had such an Influence over Passion for his Son's Commission of this Robbery and Murder, that fearing he might be put to as bad Shifts in a strange Country, he allow'd him a Hundred Pounds *per Annum*. Young Bob liv'd here too very extravagantly; but his Extravagancy bent more upon Women than Wine, and being very unsuccessful in his Amours among the *Dutch*, he had a great Antipathy against the Females of that Nation, as appears by the Relation which he once told a particular Friend of his concerning them. *Looking on with a Languishing Ridiculous Air, as People in Love use to do, my Landlord's Daughter thought I was ill, and a Physician was presently sent for; so I guess'd him to be, by the Glyster Pipe hanging by his Side; but I had the Grace to refuse the Civilities he design'd me. To go any farther, I put a Pledge into her Hand, which the Women in all other Parts of the Globe are willing enough to Exchange,*

they know the Value of it; but she look'd upon
as unconcern'd as a Cheapside Cit does at a
pickpocket, and return'd it me back; and yet the
French was Plump and Handsome, was past
twenty, and seem'd to be made of the same
good Natur'd Materials with the Women in
England. 'Tis a common Saying, but untrue,
that no Nation is so Barbarous, but Love and
Religion have got some Footing in it. If we
may believe our Modern Travellers, the
Turks have no Religion; and I have found
a sorrowful Experience, that the Dutch Wo-
men have no Taste of Love; whether this pro-
ceeds from their Natural Coldness, which pro-
duces the same Effects here, that Grace does
in other Places; or whether their Business, to
which they are no less bred than the Men,
is too prevalent for all Amorous Expres-
sions, I can't tell; but to be short, this is cer-
tain, If Love be a Deity, there are no such
amind Atheists in the World, as in this strange
climate. 'Tis true, in other Places, those of
the Fair Sex may be too profuse in their Of-
ferings; but as the Divines rightly observe,
superstition is better than Prophaneness. Those
who here that pretend to own his Power, pay
their Oblations to him with as ill a Will, as a
speaking Tradesman pays his Taxes to the Go-
vernment. It does not come from any generous
principle within, the Heart has no Share in
the Sacrifice; and the Soul, which in other
countries loves to assist, and go along with the
body upon these Occasions, is as unconcern'd

here, as a Tradesman's Rakebelly Prentice at a Quaker's Meeting. Not but that there are Whores and Married Women too in this Country; and the former are such Rampant mercenary Devils, that they would lick old Lucifer's cloven Foot for a single Gilder.

Thus Bob, with all that his Eyes could speak with all that his Fingers could express, and with all that his Money could suggest, being not able to make those Dutch Women, to whom he had a Fancy, understand his Meaning, so as to relieve his more pressing Necessities, he left Holland, after 14 Months Residence there, and came into England again when his Father dying a little after his Arrival, his Annuity was cut off, but in Lieu thereof had Six Hundred Pounds left him; he soon lavish'd it away on Lewd Women, which often made him say, when too late, *That Whore was the Highway to the Devil; for she lives all her Days a Reprobate, like Cain, still branded, finding no Habitation but her Fears and flies the Face of Justice like a Felon.* Being in less than half a Year reduced to the lowest Ebb of Poverty, he supply'd his pressing Necessities by turning House-Breaker; and in a little Time committed several notorious Robberies; but the greatest in that Kind was his breaking open the House of the late Earl of Dorset, and taking from thence a great deal of Plate, and above a Thousand Pounds in Money.

At last buying him a very good Horse, and
Hols, and Silver Hilted Sword, he went on
the Highway; and one Day meeting the
Mistress of *Marlborough's* Chamber-Maid,
when she gave but the Title of a Countess to
that Town, going into *Lancashire* to see her
friends, he saluted her with the usual Words,
God and Deliver; she held a long Contro-
versy with *Bob* about the Unlawfulness of his
Mistress, withal telling him, she was but a poor
Chamber-Maid to the aforesaid Person; and
therefore if he took her Money from her,
which was all she had sav'd in Five Years
service, she was ruin'd for ever. However,
Bob giving no Heed to her Discourse, quoth
he, *You Whining Bitch, how you throw your
Mistress and Snivel about now for nothing at all;
why, so long as you are by your Place your
Mistress's She-Secretary, and keep in your Custody
the Box of her Teeth, her Hair, her Patches,
and her Paint, you'll soon make up your Loss
again.* So taking 25 Guineas from her, he
left her to consider whether she had best to
proceed on her Journey, or turn back again to
London.

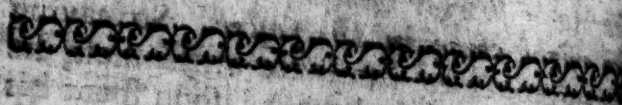
Another Time meeting one *Mr. Sharp* be-
liev'd to be *Gravesend* and *Rochester*, whom he had
known to have been a Captain of the *Buck-*
inghams for some Years in the *West-Indies*, he
commanded him to stand, and then demanded
his Money; which being Forty Pounds, and
starting with it, with a great many Exclama-
tions, quoth *Bob*, *D——n me, Sirrah, dost*

doſt thou exclaim againſt Honourable Highwaymen, when you know the Money I now take from you, was got by the horribleſt Tyranny in the World, for you gave Licence to Rapes, Murders, and Cruelty? I think you may be very thankful that I don't take your Skin away, when you know, of us two, thou art the greateſt Rogue; for whereas I am only Terror to a ſingle Paſſenger or Two, thou knoweſt in thy own Conſcience that thou haſt been a perpetual Plague to all Merchandize in general, the Hurricane of the Sea, and the Earthquake of the Royal-Exchange.

One Day Bob meeting on Finchley-Common with a Pawn-Broker, living at the Corner of Eagle-Court in White-Hart-Yard, he demanded his Money in ſuch a civil and obliging Manner, that no one could ſcarce deny him his Requeſt. However, the Pawn-broker being a little ſtubborn and obſtinate on the Matter, he was forc'd to take 45 Pounds from him by rough Uſage; which put him into ſuch a Paſſion, for giving him that Trouble, that he could not forbear ſaying, *You extortioning Son of a Whore!* How could you be ſo niggardly as to grudge giving a Gentleman ſuch a ſmall Sum of Money as this, which you have oftentimes put out to the unnatural Act of Generation? Well, I'll ſay no more to you, becauſe I'll obſerve the Proverb, *Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur.* Quoth the Pawn-broker, *Pox on you!* Latin, don't talk Latin to me, after you have Robb'd me in Engliſh; ſaid Bob again, I know very

well that you Pawn-brokers hate all Latin,
 Law-Latin; yet I am sensible that all of
 Knavish Occupation might nevertheless be
 wnn to love a Scholar, could he but reduce
 Year to a shorter Compass, that your Use-
 money might come in the faster. So leaving
 Pawn-broker to ruminate on his Loss, he
 strait to London, where he soon spent his
 money; and being in great Want again, he
 at Home to his Lodging one Night, which
 at the House of Captain Githings, in
 ok-street in Ratcliff, and with an Iron Bar
 d out the Brains of his Landlady; next
 ing no Pity on her Child, which began to
 at this bloody Spectacle, he most barba-
 ly kill'd that; then standing behind the
 et-Door till the Maid return'd, whom he
 out to buy some Tobacco, he presently
 d her, and robb'd the House of 185 Pounds.
 er the Commission of this most Bloody
 geddy, he was discover'd in selling the Plate,
 en being Apprehended, and sent to New-
 , and condemn'd; on Friday the 27th of
 ruary, 1691, a Gibbet being erected at the
 or of Captain Githings's, the Prisoner was
 ight in a Cart to the Place of Execution,
 re being ty'd up, his Foot slipping through
 Cart, he sunk down and was almost
 ngled; but the Rope being not well fa-
 d to the Gibbet, gave Way, so he came to
 Senses again, and confess'd that none but
 did these barbarous Murders. After he
 Executed, in the 29th Year of his Age,

his Body was convey'd to the Gibbet betwixt
Mile-End and *Bow*, and there hung up
Chains.



TOM GRAY, a Highwayman

THIS notorious Fellow was born in the Parish of *St. James's-Clerkenwell*, of honest Parents, who put him Apprentice to a Taylor, with whom he serv'd out his Time, but then not without some shrewd Suspicion of wronging his Master sometimes, which he did Three or Four Times made up with his Master. But when the Term of his Apprenticeship was expired, taking great Delight in going to *Beveridge's* Masquerading-School in *St. James's Gardens*, which hath been the Nursery and Time for bringing up a great many wicked Villains; he there got acquainted with a Pack of Rogues, that Rake Hell, and follow'd the Devil, their Fellows were not to be match'd on this Side the Grave.

Here *Thomas Gray*, being enamour'd with one *Rat King*, a most noted Strumpet, for whose Familiarity was contracted betwixt 'em, to enhance her to himself, he took to all Irregularities, which brought him to be hanged in the Hand above 20 Years ago. When

rather dying, and leaving him about 80 or 90 Pounds, he had then so much Grace in him, to quit the Society of all his evil Companions, by leaving *London*, and going to the City of *Oxford*, where he kept a Victualling-house for some Years; and improving his Stock there, he left off that Employment, and came up to *London* again, where, with what Money he had, he set up a Salesman's Shop in *Monmouth-Street*, in the Parish of Saint Giles's in the Fields. This Occupation he follow'd about Years, when Incumbrances with Debts lying very heavy on him, he left his House, and quickly comply'd with the Wicked Insinuations of bad Men again, and embrac'd the unhappy Opportunities of doing a great deal of mischief to honest People.

Now he was grown so abominably Wicked, that he committed not a Fact but what was worthy of Death; but beginning first to go on the Foot-Pad, he went one Day into an Inn in *Beaconsfield*, where seeing an Old Farmer with a Fifty Pound Bag on the Table by him, he pull'd out an Old Horse-shoe which he had found in the Road, then calling for a Flagon of Ale, he desired the Landlady to lend him a Frying-Pan, into which putting his Horse-shoe, he fell to frying of it as fast as he could, to the great Surprize of all the Company that was drinking in the Kitchen; But, quoth he, had I now but one slice of Bacon with this Horse-shoe, I should have a Dinner fit for a Prince. There being two or three good Fitches on a Rack

Rack over his Head, the Landlady cut him off a good handsome Slice or two, perhaps not so much out of Generosity, as for fear of having her Frying-Pan burnt to pieces, for want of Butter or Dripping with the Horse-shoe. Now, quoth Gray, *had I but two or three Eggs too to fry with my Horse-shoe and Bacon, I would not change Dinners with the best Man in the Town.* Said the Old Farmer who had the 50 Pounds, *I am going home, Friend, with this Money, not above half a quarter of a Mile out of the Town, and if you can keep back your Dinner a little till I come back, I'll bring thee a few Eggs.* Gray thank'd him very kindly, and setting the Frying-Pan aside for the present, no sooner was the Old Farmer gone away, but he making some Excuse to go into the Yard, met him backwards over the Fields, and pulling out a couple of Pistols, quoth he to the Farmer, *Stand, Sir.* The Farmer reply'd, *Why how then can I fetch you Eggs, for your Horse-shoe and Bacon?* Said Gray, *deliver me that Bag under your Arm, and I can buy my self Eggs, without being beholden to any Body.* The Farmer made a great many words about his Money, but Gray offering to Shoot him through the Head, he did not only part with it without any farther Denial, but also suffer'd himself to be ty'd hand and foot. Not long after, a young Woman coming through the Field where the Farmer was bound to his good Behaviour, he desired her to go to the Inn from whence he came, and acquaint the People

thereof with his Mischance. The young
oman did as she was requested, and the Inn-
eeper himself, and his Hostler, Tapster, and
Chamberlain, going to the Farmer's Relief,
ask'd him how he came into that pre-
mure; quoth he, The cormorant Son of a
Whore that was frying the Horse-hoe and
acon for his Dinner, having not Patience till
etch'd him some Eggs, he did not only take
Pounds from me, but also bound me hand
and foot, for fear I should have had a better
air of Heels to pursue him, than he had to
an from me. So unbinding the Farmer, he
as at his own liberty, either to go home, or
return back again to the Inn to be drunk,
urely to drive away Sorrow.

Tom Gray having obtain'd this Booty, he
did out 12 Pounds of it for a Horse, and a
ouple of Guineas for two Pair of Pocket-
istols; and being now (as he thought) quali-
ed for a true-bred Highwayman, his next At-
tempt was upon a Scotch Pedlar near Cirencester
in Gloucestershire, from whom taking his whole
ack valu'd at about 60 Pounds, a Hue-and-
cry being expeditiously sent after him, he was
apprehended and committed to Gloucester Goal,
from whence he made his Escape in a short
ime, by setting it on Fire, which smother'd
three of his Fellow Prisoners to Death. He
was somewhat very bold in his Villany, for
one Day drinking at Pancrass, and espying
a Coach and 6 Horses coming from Highgate,
he presently mounted, and meeting it in a nar-
row

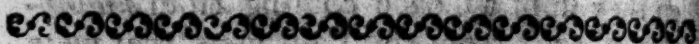
row Bye-Lane, he attack'd the Gentleman that was in it, from whom he took 48 Guinea and then robb'd the Coachman, Postilion and two Footmen, of about 50 Shillings. Not far from the same Place, he assaulted a Justice of the Peace coming from *Hampstead*, and taking from him a Silver Watch, and about 10 Shillings, he bad him to observe what Oaths he had sworn, which to be sure were not a few, to the end his Worship might make him pay for them in case he should ever be brought before him for any Misdemeanor.

Another time he and two other Highwaymen meeting with one Mr. W—— a Goldsmith, living in *Covent-Garden*, as he was riding to *Epping*, they robb'd him; and cutting the Girths of his Stone-Horse, he no sooner smelt the Mares of these Rogues, but he was for covering them, being scurvy troublesome to them, for all their whipping and slashing him, that they leaped over some Pales, and the Stone-Horse after them into the Yard of Mr. W——'s Friends, who knowing his Horse very well, and perceiving it without either Bridle or Saddle, they secur'd them till they knew what was become of him. Two or three Hours afterwards the aforesaid Person coming also to the same House, and telling his Friends how these Fellows had robb'd him, they had them before a Magistrate, who committed them to *Chelmsford* Goal; but they did not tarry long there, for in less than a Week they all three broke

broke out, with a great many other Felons along with them.

He had committed several Robberies in Company with one *Edmund Eames*, and *William Bigs*, particularly on the 2d of *January 17¹³₁₄*, when they stopt a Coach coming from *Hampstead*, and took from the Passengers that were in it about One Pound eight Shillings; But at last being apprehended for assaulting and robbing one *Mrs. Baxter*, as she was coming from *Hampstead* towards *London* in a Coach, which he stopt near the Halfway-House, and took from her 3 Shillings; also for robbing one *Mrs. Wilson* of some Money, as she was riding to *Hampstead*; and for robbing one *Mr. Samuel Harding* of 9 Shillings near the Halfway-House to *Hampstead*, he was committed to *Newgate*, where his Behaviour was very abominable and wicked all the while he was under Confinement; and tho' Sentence of Death was pass'd on him, yet was he so harden'd in his Sin, that he said to the Ordinary, because he refused to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to him, that he would certainly kill him, if ever he durst venture to come to pray with him in the Cart at *Tyburn*, where he was executed on *Wednesday* the 10th of *March, 17¹³₁₄*, aged above 50 Years; also on the same Day *Edmund Eames*, one of his villainous Comrades suffered Death with him, at the same Place, for three several Robberies committed on the *Queen's Highway*. He was born at *Dunstable* in *Bedfordshire*, where he serv'd

serv'd an Apprenticeship of Eight Years to a Surgeon; and what is more remarkable, is, that he was hang'd on his Birth-Day, being then just 32 Years of Age.



T O M K E L S E Y, *a Murderer and House-Breaker.*

T *Thomas Kelsey* was born in *Leather-Lane*, in the Parish of *St. Andrew's Holborn*; but his Father being married to a *Welsh* Woman, who had an Estate of about 40 Pounds *per Annum*, left her by an Uncle at *Wrexham* in *Denbighshire*, in *North-Wales*, he and his Wife having only this one Child, they went into the Country to live upon it. Now *Tom*. being from meer Infancy of an untoward Nature, when he was about 14 Years of Age, he was inticed by one *Jones*, who is now a Victualler, to run away from his Parents, and go for *London*. Having no Money, they were forc'd to beg their Way up; but being in great Straits on the Road, as he and *Jones*, who was the main Beggar, approached one Day near a Gentleman's House, when Hunger made their Bellies curse their Teeth for want of using them, quoth *Jones*, O poor *Welsh Poy, Shir, starv'd*; O poor *Welsh Pay, Shir, starv'd*; for that

it was all his Tone; whereupon the Gentleman taking a Fancy to him, he entertain'd him as a Servant to look after his Hawks; which Employment he pretended to understand very well, and *Tom. Kelsey* he hired to look after his Horses. So one Day the Gentleman riding out a Hawking, he order'd *Jones*, who had the Hawk on his Fist, not to let her fly till he hallow'd to him for a Signal. At last spying some Sport, he gave the appointed sign, and *Jones* let loose the Hawk; which winging strait up into the Air without making any Pursuit after her Game, the Gentleman minding at it, swore and curst, and cry'd, *By G--d, I believe the Hawk designs to fly into the City.* Quoth *Jones*, *Hur believes sho too, for she flies damnably high.* But still the Hawk winging strait upwards till just out of sight, said the Gentleman again, *G--d d--n me, if I don't believe my Hawk designs to lodge in the Sky to Night.* Quoth *Jones*, *And cut's-butter - a - nails hur thinks sho too.* Why, said the Gentleman) *do you think so?* *Jones* replied, *Because, Shir, hur has took hur Night-cap along with her.* When his Master found that he had let the Hawk fly with her Hood on, and presently after being quite spent with flying, fell down dead to the Ground, he fell a Capering of *Jones* like a mad man, and turning him out of his Service, swore he would never have a *Wellb* Faulconer again.

Tom

Tom. Kelsey still continued in his Place; *Jones* having thus foolishly lost his Employment, and proceeding still onwards to *London* begging as usual on the Road at another Gentleman's House, who also taking a Fancy to him, he employ'd him to look after his Hounds which he likewise pretended to understand very well; and one Day his Master, with several other Gentlemen, going a Hunting, and having for above 6 or 7 Hours rid about to no purpose, for *Jones* had no Skill to bring the Hounds upon any Scent, at last he was ordered to beat about in the Bushes; among which, in a thick Brake, espying a very large Creature asleep, he cried out, *He had found out the Grand Scavarnick, or great Hare of all*; whereupon being commanded by his Master and the other Gentlemen to rouse her out with his Pole, and they would then set the Hounds after her; so doing as he was order'd, out jump'd a great Ass, braying and kicking like a Devil: the Hounds, which set 'em all a laughing; but *Jones* shewing his Ignorance again as to Matters of Hunting, he was forthwith turn'd also out of this Place.

Soon after *Jones* arriv'd at *London*, where he got to be a Tapster; the mean Time, *Tom Kelsey* being also turn'd out of Service for some pilfering Tricks, he quickly came into *London* too, where not finding his Comrade, and being in a very indigent Condition, he very quickly became acquainted with ill Company and turn'd arrant Thief; in which unlawful

profession he was, tho' young, very dextrous; one Day going by the House of one *Norton* Silver-smith, living in *Burleigh-Street*, at the End of *Exeter Change* in the *Strand*, a couple of his Comrades meeting him, whom he did not pretend to know, one of them took off his Hat, and flung it into a Room up one Pair of Stairs in the said *Norton's* House, and run away laughing: In the mean time, he being at the Door, and taking Compassion on *Tom*, who feign'd a Cry for the Loss of his Hat, he bid him go up Stairs and fetch it. This being what the young Spark wanted, he presently did as he was order'd; and there being a Dozen Silver Spoons lying on a Table, as many Silver Forks, the same Number of Silver-hafted Knives, and a Gold Watch, condemning all for his Prize, he put 'em into his Pocket, and coming down Stairs again, and returning Mr. *Norton* many Thanks for the Civility of permitting him to fetch his Hat, he went to his Comrades, who, without doubt, were very grateful at his good Success.

However, he was not so prosperous in his Villany, but that he was condemn'd before he was quite 16 years of Age, for breaking open the House of one Mr. *Johnson* a Grocer in the Strand, and stealing from thence two Silver Tankards, a Silver Cup, Six Silver Spoons, a Silver Porringer, and 46 Pounds in Money: but whilst he was under Condemnation, his Father coming up to Town, he made such an Interest at Court as to save his Son's Life; whom

whom putting Prentice to a Weaver, he had not been above half a year at the Trade, when he ran away from his Master, and follow'd the old Courses again. It was his Pride and Gloriness to make all with whom he convers'd as bad as himself; for one Day accidentally meeting with one *David Hughs*, a Cousin of his by his Mother's side, just come into *London*, he brought him to be hang'd at *Kingston*, in Six days time, where going to the Assizes and Picking a Pocket by his Kinsman's Directions, he was apprehended, try'd, and Hang'd on a Gibbet erected before the Court, for a Terror to other Pick-Pockets; but a little before he was turn'd out laughing to himself, and the Sheriff demanding at what he laugh'd, when just at the Brink of Death; quoth *Hughs*, *I came but to Town last Monday; on Tuesday I had a Whore for a small matter; on Wednesday I lost all my Money which was 10 Pounds, at Dice; on Thursday I pickt a Pocket; on Friday I was Condemn'd for't; and now on Saturday I'm to be hang'd so I think I have made a pretty Week's Work on't.*

Nevertheless, *Tom* not taking warning by his Kinsman's unhappy Fate, he still revell'd in his Wickedness; and one Day dressing himself like a Soldier in the Foot-Guards, he went to the Earl of *Feversham's* Lodgings, where the Centry always stood, and holding a long discourse with him about Martial Affairs, he seem'd to be so pleas'd with what the Centry said, that he would make him drink, if he would

a Murderer and House-breaker. 261

ould fetch a couple of Pots of Ale at the
uck-Horse Cellar, a little beyond Catherine-
street in the Strand, because there was no
rink all about pleas'd his Palate so well as that.
both the Centry, *I cannot go from my Post,*
else I would fetch it with all my Heart, and
wink you too. Tom reply'd, *I know well*
ough, Brother Soldier, you durst not leave
er Post till you are reliev'd, but if I stand here
you, you may go without any danger. Ac-
cordingly the Soldier, giving Tom his Musquet
and receiving Six-Pence, went and fetch'd two
ots of Drink, and returning him the Change
a Penny, he sent him with that for some
obacco to Catterel's in Catherine-Street; and
the mean time Tom's Associates breaking
to the Earl of Fever(ham's Lodgings, they
ok away as much Plate as was valued at 203*l*.
d odd; then drinking off the Ale before the
ldier came back again, they went off with
s Musquet also: But the poor Centry was
ost miserably hamper'd for his Foolishness, for
aving run the Gauntlet, and rid the Wooden
orse, he was committed to the *Marshalsea*,
here being loaded with very heavy Irons, and
low'd no other Subsistence than Bread and
Water for Nine Months, he wretchedly died
nder his hard Confinement.

After the Transaction of this piece of Vil-
ny, he broke open the House of the Lady
race Pierpoint at *Thistleworth*, and stole from
hence a great deal of Plate and Jewels; which
obbery being shortly discover'd by one of his

Comrades who was concern'd in it, and a search being made after him, he fled into *Towers*, where he robb'd King *William's* *Treasure* a great deal of Plate, Fine Linnen, and Lace, and fled to *Amsterdam*, and sold Booty to a rich Jew, whom he robb'd of the same Night again, and dispos'd of his ill Gains to another Jew at *Rotterdam*, where he embark'd for *England*; but had not been in his Native Country, e'er committing another Robbery, in breaking open the House of a Linnen-Draper in *Cheapside*, he was apprehended and committed to *Newgate*. While he was in this grand Receptacle of the greatest Villains in the World, one Goodman on the Turnkeys of that Jail, being drinking in the Common-side Cellar, as he was sitting at one of the Tables, *Kelsey* privately stabb'd him in the Belly with a Knife, of which Wound he instantly died. For this Murder he received Sentence of Death at the Sessions-House in *Old-Baily*, and a Gibbet being Erected against the Prison in *Newgate-Street*, he was Executed in the 20th year of his Age, on Friday 13th of *June*, 1690, by hanging on it for the Space of three Hours, for a Terror to the rest of his Fellow-Prisoners who were then in Confinement.

AN HEREFORD, an Incen-
diary and Shop-lifter.

THIS unhappy Person, *Anne Hereford*, was born of very honest Parents, at *Ipswich* in *Suffolk*; who dying when she was but 17 Years of Age, she came up to *London*, where she liv'd about half a Year in *Service*; but being enticed from thence by ill company, she took to ill Courses to support her Idleness; and being a cunning tricking baggage, she got Money from People by several cunning Stratagems, with which she always kept her self in very good Cloaths, to make the more easy her Designs on those credulous ones who put any Confidence in her.

Thus *Nan* taking very good Lodgings in *Whitechapel*, at *Westminster*, and knowing she could do little without Help, she entertains an old Woman of her Acquaintance, to be her attendant, or Assistant rather, in her Projects. They both enquire if there was any young rich Novice thereabouts, that she may draw into some considerable Advantage; and upon Enquiry, they find that there is a young Man a Shopkeeper, by Trade an Apothecary,

thecary, who was Rich and Covetous; but they think to be a Subject fit for them to work upon. *Nan* her self keeps close, but the Old Woman is sent of many an idle Errand to the Apothecary's Shop; she wants *Pomaria*, *Mithridate*, *Diascordium*, and several other well known Medicines; he furnishes her with 'em, and she gets Acquaintance with him, watching her Opportunity, she discourses with him of several Matters; among the rest, she asks him why he does not Marry; he replies the Times are hard, Trading dead, and House-keeping chargeable; that is true, said she, but all this may be supply'd by a good Wife. Yes, said he, a Good one, and a Rich one too, were a brave Thing, worth the Living; and I should gladly embrace such a Fortune. Such Fortunes there are, said she, other, and such an one I can help you to. The Young Man hearing the Old Woman's Tale, was well pleas'd with the Discourse, which they continu'd, and urging her to know who and where she meant, he by Degrees draws this Intelligence from her.

There is a young Woman of her Acquaintance, that is Niece to a Rich Eminent Citizen of *London*; that she hath 2000 Pounds to her Portion, in her Uncle's Hands, which must be paid at the Day of Marriage; that her Uncle kept a very strict Hand over her, not permitting her to go much Abroad; but however, that she sometimes gave her a Visit, she having formerly been a Nurse in her Father's

House

use, and that she complain'd of her Un-
s Severity, and was minded to alter her
condition, and indeed willing to marry with
husband that would take her from her Un-
s severe Usage. The *Apothecary* was mar-
ously well pleas'd with this Old Woman's
ry, believes it all; and being told the Name
the Citizen, and his Niece, he instantly
s into the City, and makes Enquiry of
th; he finds that there is such a Citizen that
h such a Niece, that hath such a Portion;
the Citizen is described to be such a Per-
as the Old Woman had related; and in-
d every Particular was according to her Re-
on; so that he question'd not, but that
ere was such a Gentlewoman that had such a
fortune; and he hoped he should have the
d Fortune to enjoy her.

This made him very eager and earnest to see
Old Woman, that he might know when
might see his pretended Mistress. The Old
oman was not long absent from his Shop,
came, and was soon taken on one Side
the *Apothecary*, that he might ask some
re Questions, which she answer'd cunningly
ough, and thereupon he promises to give
Old Woman great Matters, if she will
ing this Match to pass. If she will help
to get the Gentlewoman, she should have
e of her Gold; Well (said she) I will have
Hand in the Match, unless you can love
e another; when you have seen her, if you
like her; and when she hath seen you, if

366 NAN HEREFORD,

I can find by her that she can love you, the
I will tell you more of my Mind, then I
make my Propositions; very honestly said,
ply'd the *Apothecary*; but when shall I
her? I expect her daily, said the Old W
man; and so soon as she comes, I will br
you into her Company. Thus she said, a
so she did; for *Nan*, who was to Person
the Citizen's Niece, was not far off, a
therefore the sooner to be procur'd, and
brought into the *Apothecary's* Company. Th
first Interview was but short, the Lady p
tending Haste to return to her Uncle's. T
Apothecary courts her, and desires her fast
Acquaintance; she promises nothing, but p
ses some few indifferent Compliments, and
they part. And now the Old Woman ha
somewhat to say, she goes to know the *A
thecary's* Mind, who was all on Fire to proce
and promises her any Thing; she shall ha
her own Terms, if she can but bring this M
ter to pass. The Old Woman remains ind
ferent, and says she desires nothing, if she d
not effect his Desires; but if she doth, th
she hopes he will remember her; nay, said
that you may be upon sure Terms, I will
stantly Seal a Bond of 100 Pounds, to pay
Pounds at the Day of Marriage. The O
Woman is contented, and accepts his Off
promising her utmost Assistance; and wit
telling him, that she hopes to manage it
as it shall be done without much Difficul
for she tells him, that she finds the Lady h
a go

good Opinion of him, and then let her alone to increase it.

Thus did these Two make their Bargain; neither was it long before the *Apothecary* and *Nan* had agreed upon theirs; for after several Treats and Meetings, he still pressing her to be Married, and telling her that he loves her, can, and will handsomely maintain her; and that he is not quite destitute of an Estate, having some Hundreds of Pounds by him in Ready Money, and a good profitable Trade, and very well furnished; and withal, that he was a good Husband: Ay, but said our Lady, I question not all this, but I doubt I shall still be in the same Condition, and be kept bare of Money. My Uncle hath Money enough of mine in his Hands, but he will spare me none, or very little; he will not let me have sufficient to buy me Cloaths, and other Things befitting my Quality, and that makes me so unprovided at present; and he, for to justify his Niggardliness, urges the same Argument as you did, good Husbandry; and you having commended your own good Husbandry, I doubt I shall find you guilty of the same Sparingness towards me, and that you will not afford me wherewithal to maintain myself as I ought. The *Apothecary* hearing this Discourse, and knowing to what it tended, and being resolved to please her in all Things, that he might testify what he had said was true, that he was of a Noble Temper, he presently fetches 250 Guineas, and throwing them

N 2

into

268 NAN HEREFORD,

into her Lap, says, There, Madam, you may see that I do not bely my self in reporting of my Estate; I give you this, and can shew you much more; and that you may have a Taste of my Liberality and Love towards you, I present you with this as a Token of my Love, and leave it to be wholly disposed of as you shall think fit. Our Counterfeit Gentlewoman being well pleas'd, was resolv'd to please him, and therefore reply'd, Well, Sir, I am very well satisfied with you, and am content to be ruled and order'd by you in all Things. He being overjoy'd, press'd her to speedy Marriage, which was consented to and perform'd accordingly, and he Bedded with her, and so she left him for the present, ordering him in a few Days to come to her Uncle's, and demand her and her Portion.

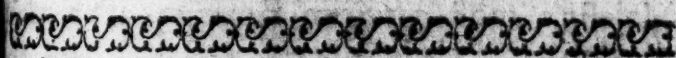
This was good Advice, and the Apothecary purposed to follow it; but now *Nan* and the Old Woman having perform'd their Project, they change their Lodging to another End of the Town, leaving the Apothecary to get his Rich Wife where he can find her; they laugh'd at that which e're long will make him cry: For at the Time appointed he walks into *London*, and goes to the Citizen's House, the pretended Uncle of his Wife, he believing he should have some falling out, resolves to bear the first Brunt with much Bravery; and therefore coming to the Speech of the Old Man, he peremptorily tells him that he comes to demand his Wife; *I know not who or what you*
mean,

man, reply'd the Citizen: *I mean*, said the Apothecary, *your Niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Wharton*, (for that was the Name she went by to him) *who is my lawful Wife, for I have been Married to her, and Bedded with her some Days since. I cannot believe it*, said the Citizen; *I doubt you are mistaken, for my Niece hath not been Abroad in that Time, and therefore this is some idle Story: It is very true*, reply'd the Apothecary, *and I do demand her of you, and with her 2000 Pounds, which you have of hers in your Hands as a Portion. I do not deny that*, said the Citizen, *but I doubt I shall keep it out of your Hands. But I hope*, reply'd the Apothecary, *you will not deny me my Wife, and then as for the Money, I shall find a way to take a Course for it: I will give you the Satisfaction of shewing you my Niece*, said the Citizen, *but I hope she is no Wife of yours; and therefore the old Man went in and call'd his Niece, telling her that she must come to her Husband; the young Gentlewoman was at a Loss, and wonder'd at her Uncle's Discourse, who tells her again seriously, she must go to her Husband; she replies, she knows not what he means; and the old Man telling her the absolute Demand of the Apothecary, charges her with it; she denies it, as well she may, and is unwilling to go and see this bold pretended Husband of hers; but at length her Uncle leads her out to him, saying, Well, Sir, here is my Niece, what have you to say to her?* The Apothecary seeing the

Maiden, and doubting that they had put Trick upon him, tells them that they are deceived in him, to think to serve him so, he knew his Wife well enough; that this is not she, but that she is in the House, and he will have her. The old Man now believing that the Apothecary is either a Mad-man, a Fool, or a deceived Man, tells him, That he believed somebody else had cheated him, and put the Trick upon him, and not he, for he had no other Kinswoman but that here present. The Apothecary doubting somewhat of the Matter, told the whole Tale to the Citizen, who now fully concluded he had been cheated, and only pitied him, and advised him to go home and make some farther Enquiry; he did so, but to little Purpose; the Old and Young were both gone, and left him to a fruitless Repentance.

Afterwards *Nan* being enamour'd with *Kirkham* a Player, to maintain him, she was a Shop-lifting, but his Extravagancy exceeding her Allowance, he went on the Highway; but in his first Attempt in that way of Living being apprehended, and sent to *Newgate*, was condemn'd and hang'd at *Tyburn*. However, *Nan* still follow'd her old Trade, and Six Years had done as much Damage to the Mercers, Linnen-Drapers, and Lace-Men, and about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, which 4000 Pounds would not make good: But, at last, going in a Sedan with her a Dozen sham Footmen to attend her, as if

had been a Person of Quality, into a Linnen-Draper's Shop in *Cornhill*, she was detected in privately stealing a Piece of striped Mullin, and was committed to *Newgate*; and knowing she had a most rigorous Adversary to deal with, because he would not compound the Felony, although she proffer'd him a Hundred Guineas to throw in a Bill of *Ignoramus* against it, and that she should be certainly cast for her Life, she endeavour'd to make her Escape, by setting *Newgate* on Fire; but it being timely discover'd and put out, she was loaded with heavy Irons, and Hand-cuff'd, till she came to her Tryal; when being condemn'd for firing the afore said Goal, she was hang'd before it in *Newgate-street*, on *Monday* the 22d of *December*, 1690, Aged 28 Years; and her Body given to the Chyrurgeons to be Anatomiz'd.



WILL. OGDEN, and TOM
REYNOLDS, *Foot-Pads.*

THE first of these Villains was born in *Wallnut-Tree-Alley* in *Tooley-street*, in *Southwark*, being a Water-man by his Calling; and the other was born in *Cross-Key-Alley* in *Barnaby-street*, being Prentice to a

Dung-Barge-Man, living betwixt *Fox-Hall* and the *Nine Elms*; but running away from his Master before he had serv'd his Time, and taking ill Courses with *Will. Ogden*, they first went upon the Water-Pad, and had robb'd several Ships, Hoys, and other Vessels Below Bridge, for above Two Years; when being very like to have been once apprehended for this Sort of Theft, they left it off, and took to House-breaking.

Several Houses they had broke open and robb'd in and about the Borough of *Southwark*: But at last being apprehended for breaking open a Watchmaker's Shop in the City of *London*, and stealing thence 26 Watches, in Company of another Rogue, who made himself an Evidence against them, they were committed to *Newgate*, and condemn'd; however they both had the good Fortune to be Repriev'd, and in *August* 1713, pleaded before Majesty's most gracious Pardon, after which they obtain'd their Liberty.

Nevertheless, these harden'd Rogues making not good Use of that Mercy which they had receiv'd, they turn'd Foot-pads; and one of 'em, namely, *William Ogden*, meeting one Night, when the Moon was up, with a Parson who liv'd at *Peckham*, and pretending to be a Seaman, out of all Business, and in great Distress, he humbly begg'd an Alms of him whereupon the Parson taking Compassion on the dismal Story which he told him of his extreme Poverty, he gave him Six Pence, and parted

started. The Parson had not gone above the length of a Field before Ogden met him again, going over a Stile, and begging his Charity again; quoth the Gentleman, *You are the most impudent Beggar that ever I met with*: However, Ogden telling him that he was in very great Want, and that the Six-Pence which he gave him would not relieve his pressing Necessities, he gave him half a Crown; whereupon Ogden saying, *These are very sad Times, for there's horrid Robbing Abroad; therefore if you have any Money about you, you may as well let me have it as another, who perhaps may abuse you, and binding you Hand and Foot, may make you lie in the Cold all Night; but if you'll give me your Money, I'll take Care of you, and Conduct you safe Home*. The Parson then gave him all his Money, which was about 10 Shillings. Quoth Ogden, *I see you have a Watch, Sir, you may as well let me have that too*. The Parson gave him that also; and as they were trudging along, out came Two or Three Fellows upon 'em, to whom *Will.* crying *The Moon shines bright*, they let 'em pass quietly; and shortly after Two or Three other fellows coming suddenly on, to whom *Will.* cry'd again, *The Moon shines bright*; they also permitted 'em to pass by. At last *Will.* brought the Parson to his Door, where the Parson invited him to walk in, with a Promise that he would not hurt a Hair of his Head on any account; but *Will.* refusing the Parson's Proposal, he call'd for a Bottle of Wine, and drink-

ing to *Will*, to whom he gave the Bottle and Glas to help himself, he ran away with saying, he would carry the Wine to the that should certainly drink his Health.

Not long after this Civility shew'd the Person, *Will. Ogden*, and *Tom Reynolds*, one Evening meeting with *Beau Medlicote*, walking near *Marybone*, they commanded him to Stand and Deliver; he made some Refusal at first pretending as if he would defend himself with his Sword; but presenting their Pistols to him, and knowing how a Gentleman had cane'd him for making Love to his Wife, quoth they, if you do not presently deliver your Money, we shall serve you worse than *Sir Robert Atkins* did; whereupon search'd his Pockets, and finding therein Two Crowns, one of which was Brass, they most grievously thrash the Spark for carrying Bad Money about him.

Another Time *Will. Ogden*, and *Tom Reynolds*, in Company of one *John Bradshaw* who was Grandson of that infamous Villain *Serjeant Bradshaw*, who pass'd Sentence on King *Charles* the First to be Beheaded, waiting for a Prey in a Wood near *Shooter's* in *Kent*, one *Cecilia Fowley*, a Servant Who just come out of Service, happening there he passing by with a Box on her Head, *Bradshaw* went up to her by himself, but as he thought, sufficient enough to deal with her; and taking her Box from her, in which was her Cloaths and 15 Shillings in Money.

which she had receiv'd for a Quarter's Wages whilst he was rifling of it; after he had broke it open, a Hammer being therein, she takes it up, and striking him on the Left Temple with it, the Blow felling him to the Ground on his Back, she seconded the Blow with the Claw of the Hammer, by striking it into his Windpipe, of which Wound the Rogue instantly died. In the mean Time a Gentleman riding by, to whom she told the Story; he made up to the Deceased, in whose Pockets he found Eighty Guineas, and a whistle, with which Whistling, *Ogden* and *Reynolds* came presently running out of the Wood, but perceiving it to be a wrong Person that Whistled, they nimbly ran into the Wood again. Then the Gentleman carried the Maid before a Magistrate, where he was bound for her Appearance at the Assizes held at *Rocheſter* in *March*, 1714; when she came there to take her Trial, she was acquitted.

Once *Will. Ogden*, and *Tom. Reynolds*, meeting a Tally-man near *Camberwell*, very well noted for his Dealing with most of the poor People in the Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, especially Hawkers, whom he lies with first, and sends next to the *Marshalsea*, they commanded him to Stand and Deliver; he us'd many Expostulations with 'em, hoping they would not be so unjust as to rob a poor honest Man, who took a great deal of Pains for his Bread. Quoth *Ogden*; *Thou Spawn of Hell!* canst thou pretend to call thy self Honest? Why, 'tis a Tally-

a Tally-man and a Rogue are Co-relatives they are certainly Synonymous, or at least convertible Terms. If you was not hatch'd Belzebub, you must really be the Off-spring Judas, and will be as surely damn'd as Oliver Cromwell. Thou Son of Deucalion, begott of a Stone, the Marble Images in the Temple Church, that lie Cross-Lagg'd, do much resemble thee, saving that thou art a little more Cross to poor People, by whom you get above Fifty per Cent. in every Thing you Sell. Every Friday you set up a Tentor in the Marshalsea-Court upon which you Rack and Stretch poor Prisoners like English Broad-Cloth, beyond the Staple of the Wool, till the Threads crack, and then causes them with the least Wet to shrink, and presently wear bare. Money is thy Darling for this would you fall down and worship the Image of a Nero, nay, of a Devil, rather than want the single Penny that bears it, yet you pretend to Honesty; but again, I say, that your Trade and all your Calling, are worse Rogues than were ever hang'd at Tyburn: So taking from him a Silver Watch, Two Gold Rings, and 28 Shillings, they then stripp'd him, and binding him Hand and Foot, left him under a Hedge to shift for himself.

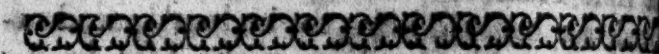
These Criminals were great Cronies of *Thomas Jones*, a Victualler's Son at Deptford, and *John Richardson*; the former of whom was a Butler, and the other Foot-man to an Esquire living at *Eltham*; and one Day robbing a Gentleman on *Black-Heath*, and leaving

ing him there bound Hand and Foot; their Master, within some few Hours after, riding by the same Place, where he saw the Gentleman bound, he order'd him to be loos'd; and carrying him into his Coach, brought him to his House; where refreshing him with a Glas of Wine, the Butler had no sooner fill'd it out, whom he knew again, but he charg'd him with the Robbery; which surprizing the Esquire, he could scarce believe it, till he describ'd what Horse he rid on, and the other Horse and Person on him, which prov'd to be one of his Foot-men; and they not denying the Fact, they were carried before a Magistrate, committed to *Maidstone* Goal, and hang'd at *Rocheſter*, on *Friday*, the 2d of *April*, 1714.

As for *Ogden* and *Reynolds*, pursuing these wicked Courses, without any Fear of the Laws, either of God or Man, they were at last apprehended for Robbing one *Halsey*, and *John Boyout*, committed to the *Marshalsea* Prison in *Southwark*, and Hang'd, the first Aged 25 Years, the other 22, at *Kingſton* upon *Thames*, on *Saturday*, the 23d of *April*, 1714. Whilst they were under Sentence of Death, they attempted to break out of the *Stock-House*, in which they were confin'd at *Kingſton*; and as they were riding to the Place of Execution, *Ogden* ſlung a Handful of Money out of the Cart to the People, ſaying, *Gentlemen, here is poor Will's Farewel*: And when he was turning off, he gave Two ſuch extraordinary Jerks with

278 CHRISTOPHER DICKSON, &c.

with his Legs, as was much admir'd by the Spectators.



CHRISTOPHER DICKSON, JOHN GIBSON, and CHARLES WEYMOUTH Foot-Pads.

THE first of these Malefactors, name *Christopher Dickson*, aged 22 Years, was born at *Whitechappel*, where he serv'd five Years Apprenticeship with a Baker, and then by consent parted with him. Afterwards he was Journeyman to another Baker, but staid not long there, before bad Company drew him away, and seduced him to follow vicious Courses. The chief Persons who led him astray were *John Gibson* and *Charles Weymouth*; the first of whom aged 20 Years, was born at *Newcastle-under-Line* in *Staffordshire*, and was a Sea-faring Man; and the other aged 25 Years, born at *Redriff*, had also been brought up on the Sea, and serv'd the Queen on Board some of her Men of War for several Years off and on.

When these wicked Wretches first launched out into the Ocean of Iniquity, they met a poor old Man going to *Brentford* Market, whom they assaulted in the Highway; but finding nothing about him but an old Pair of Spectacles, *Kit Dickson* took them away.

Madness: The old Man begging hard for them, said, Gentlemen, pray be so kind as to return me my Spectacles; for they are but little worth to you, and very serviceable to me, as fitting very well my Age, which is above Threescore Years. However, Dickson swearing most heartily at him, because he had no Money, he would not part with them, till Jack Gibson said to his Comrade, Prithee, Dickson, give the poor old Fellow his Spectacles; for if we follow this Trade, we may assure our selves, we shall never reach his Years, to make any Use of them; whereupon Dickson return'd the old Man his Spectacles again.

One Morning before Break of Day, these Sparks lying perdue for a Prey, where was a dead Horse lying flea'd in a Field, they threw the Carcass cross the Road; and a little after a Country-Fellow riding before it was Light, a full Gallop, and not perceiving the Obstacle laid in his Way, down fell his Horse, and flung him into a Ditch. In the mean time, these acute Rogues coming to his Assistance, they very kindly help'd him out of the Mire; but for Civility-Money, they took Three Pounds odd Money of him, and bound him both Hand and Foot, whilst his Horse was run quite away. But some short time after it being broad Day, some Passengers came by, to whom the Country-Fellow crying out for Relief, they went and unbound him; and when he was on his Legs again, and saw the flea'd Horse lying in the Road, quoth he, *Gades Bleed, such Rogues*

Rogues as these were never heard of before for they have stolen the very Skin off of the Horse I rid on. Then going home on Foot where he found his Horse was got before him quoth he to his Wife and Servants, Gad Bleed, How came Dobbina alive again? I'm sure can't be him, it must be the Devil in his Shape for my Horse was kill'd and flea'd but three or four Hours ago, by a Parcel of Rogues that robb'd me of all the Money I had about me and ever after, let his Wife and Servants say what they would to the contrary, they could never persuade him that it was the same Horse he rid out with.

Another Time, these accomplished Villains riding into the Country, where killing an Ox and cutting off three of its Feet, about the same Length as Neats-Feet are usually sold in Market, they put them into their Portmanteau's, which were only stuff'd with Straw then going to an Inn in *Faringdon* in *Berkshire*, they call'd for a very plentiful Supper and went up to their Chamber, in which were two Beds; but before they turn'd into Bed they cram'd the Straw which they had in their Portmanteau's up the Chimney, and then fill'd them again with two good Pair of *Holland* Sheets, three Pillowbiers, two Pair of *Callico* Window-Curtains, one fine Blanket, and a very good Quilt, and then went to their Repose. In the Morning lying very late, the Chamberlain having the Curiosity of going softly up Stairs to see whether they were still

ing, and peeping thro' the Keyhole of the door, against which one of the Beds was placed, he perceived three cloven Feet, which they had tied to their Feet, dangling out at the Bed's Foot; at which sight running down stairs again very much affrighted; for his Hair stood on end, and the Sweat ran down his face in Drops as big as Pease; quoth he to his Master and Mistress, *The three Strangers that came hither last Night, are three Devils; ay, I'm sure they must be Devils, for I saw their cloven Feet.* The Master not believing his Relation without ocular Inspection himself, away he crept softly up Stairs, and peeping thro' the Keyhole too, he no sooner saw the Black cloven Feet hanging out at the Bed's foot, but he ran down Stairs faster than he went up, and told his Wife, That it was true what the Chamberlain said, furthermore adding, *I am ruin'd and undone; for if it should be known that so many Devils haunt my House, I shall never have a Customer come to it again; and how to be rid of those Devils I can't tell.* The Inn-keeper's Wife being much startled at what her Husband said, after some short pause on the Matter, quoth she, *My Dear, I would have you go and fetch the Parson of the parish hither presently, and see if he can rid the House of these infernal Guests, by laying them.* Accordingly the Parson was fetch'd, who positively assur'd them over a Pint of sack, that he would soon send them all to Hell again, their proper Place of Rendezvous, in spite

spite of their Teeth. So softly creeping
 Stairs to behold 'em, he no sooner saw the
 cloven Feet too, but he ran down again in
 great Precipitation as the Inn-keeper and Chamberlain
 had done before him, saying, *Indeed Neighbours, them Guests in that Room are certainly all Devils; therefore the only Advice can give you is this, That when their Desires are pleas'd to come down, you must give them very good Words, and take not one Farthing for what they have had for themselves and their Horses.* The Inn-keeper and his Wife promis'd to observe his Direction, altho' the Reckoning came to above a Guinea; and last the Devils coming down into the Kitchen where they call'd for a good Breakfast, they demanded what was to pay? Quoth the Host, *Not one Farthing, Gentlemen: You are kindly welcome, without paying any thing.* They insisted upon paying their Reckoning; when they found that their Landlord and Landlady would not take any Money, they took their Horse and rid strait towards London. Afterwards the Chamberlain going to take the Linen off the Bed, and finding it ready took his Hands, with divers other Things, as above specified, he acquainted his Master thereof who said, *Why then I'm come off better for considering they were thieving Devils, very well they did not take the House away from them; but I hope I shall never be troubled with such Guests again.* And indeed he had

Desire

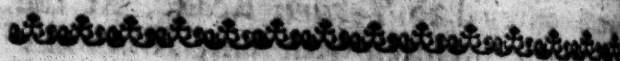
fire, for it was their Intention not to trouble any more.

At length the Devil indeed having left these three Devils in the Lurch, they were met with last, and sent to *Newgate*; and at Justice-hall in the *Old Bailey*, were indicted upon three special Indictments for Assaulting and robbing *John Edwards*, *Thomas Blake*, and *Samuel Slap*, on the Queen's Highway. To all which Indictments *Weymouth* pleaded Guilty; and the other Two putting themselves upon their Trial, it was prov'd, That the several persons robb'd, coming to Town to sell Cat-staid to drink at the *Anchor* and *Hope* *Stepney*, where the Prisoners were, with others of their Gang; and staying till near 10 Night, as they were coming over the Fields, were set upon; and they robb'd *Edwards* of a hat, value four Shillings, eleven Shillings in Money, and a Pocket-Book; *Blake* of four-shillings in Money, a Pocket-Book, a Pair of Scissars, and a Buckle; and *Slap* of twenty shillings in Money, and a Hat. *Edwards* having a Stick in his Hand, oppos'd them, and defended himself as long as he could; but they beat him so very barbarously, that he was in danger of his Life, and could not appear against them. *William James*, one of their Accomlices, being sworn, depos'd, That he and the Prisoners, and *Charles Wade* and *Henry Thompson*, not taken, being at the *Anchor* and *Hope* *Stepney*, were told by a Woman, that there were three Men had Money; whereupon they went

went to the Sign of the *World's-End*, and stay'd till they came out, and then follow'd and rob'd them: The Evidence being so very plain, the Jury found them Guilty. Nevertheless, while these Criminals were under Sentence of Death, they whistled and play'd at Cards, till the Day before they were to die; when reflecting on the past Follies of their ill mis-spent Lives, they then, but too late, began to bewail their Misfortunes; were so little concern'd for the dreadful Circumstances in which they lay, that instead of preparing themselves for their last End, they only sung, damn'd; and *Weymouth* particularly declar'd, That his coming to an untimely End, was occasion'd by his keeping Company with an Old Bawd in *Grays-Lane*, of whom, and all others of that odious Profession, he gave the following Character.

They are the Refuse and Sink of all Human Society, who having pass'd through all the Degrees of Wickedness with their own Bodies, and finding they are incapable of acting any farther Wickedness themselves, do (when they are grown old) become the Devil's Factors, and tempt others to do that which they are now unable to perform, and thereby do what in themselves they lie to take the Devil's Work out of his Hands, their whole Business being to involve others in the same Damnation with themselves. They are where-ever they are, be the very Pests and Plagues of a Nation, and above all other Offenders deserve to be made Examples of Public Justice.

on Wednesday, the 10th of March, 17¹/₄,
were convey'd to Tyburn Road. At the
time suffer'd Death with 'em, *Alexander*
, for privately stealing a great quantity of
per, of the value of 20 Pounds, out of the
ehouse of one Mr. *Thomas Chambers*; he
ly Confess'd that he was guilty of the
; but said, That one *Powel*, the Evidence
st him, was the Person that entic'd him
the Commission of that Crime. He was
Years of Age, born at *Newcastle upon Tine*,
the County of *Northumberland*, his Calling
lor, having for 12 Years been employ'd on
d several of her Majesty's Men of War;
the last of them on board which he served,
the *New Advice*, a Fourth Rate. And also
John Denny, alias *Appleby*, was hang'd on the
Day for stealing a Gelding from Mr. *John*
, and robbing him of 27 Shillings in
, on the Queen's Highway; he was 23
Years of Age, born at *Bahintree* in *Essex*, and
Wheel-wright by his Trade; but had served
Years as a private Centinel in the Army,
th being a Soldier was the Occasion of his
g first to ill Courses.



WILL JONES, *alias* GOODWIN
a Murderer and Highwayman
 John Barber, *a Murderer*
House-breaker; Mustapha Po
 watchlett, *a Turkish Highway*
and Sodomite; Jemmy Leonar
Highwayman; Luke Page *a H*
wayman; Tom Randal *a Mura*
and Footpad; John Shorter *a H*
wayman; and William Hollida
Murderer and Highwayman.

ALL these Persons were very great Offenders,
 especially Jones, whose right Name
 Goodwin; he was born in Gloucestershire,
 Place call'd Weston Subedge near Cam
 where he was kept at School till 16 Years
 Age, and was once like to have kill'd
 Mr. Taylor his Master, by shooting a Bullet
 him, through the Key-hole of a Door,
 was endeavouring to break in upon the
 lars, when they had pent him out at a
 ing up against Christmas. Afterwards
 ther, hearing what he had endeavour'd to
 committed, put him to another Master

a Murderer and Highwayman. 287

Bedford, with whom he was two Years; then thinking himself too much under restriction, he desired his Father to take home, which accordingly he did; but being still desirous of more Liberty, and having Estate left him by his Grandfather, he was to settle himself in the World, and his mother observing his Inclination, was ready to satisfy his Humour, and soon found out a Fortune for him, which proving not so good as he expected, he quickly after abandon'd himself to Whoring; and one *Sunday Night*, some small Abuse which his Man gave to a fellow who was drinking with him, he instant-ly drew his Rapier and stabb'd him to his heart. Then he took his Horse and rid away, and betook himself to Robbing on the Highway, to bear his extravagant Expences when he wanted Money. He robbed the *Worcester* Coach, the *Bridgnorth* Coach, and committed several Robberies upon *Sarney-Downs* by *Winchester*. He went often on the Foot-Path, and broke open a Farmer's House, about 5 Miles from *Blackwater*, taking thence 130 Pounds in Gold and Silver: At length he was apprehended for robbing one *Mr. Salter*, and committed to *Newgate*; after which being condemn'd, he was advised by *Mr. Samuel Smith* the Ordinary that Jayl to prepare himself for Death; he reply'd, *Let every Tub stand upon its own bottom, for he would be sure to stand firm upon*; and being convey'd in a Coach to *Tyburn* on

on *Wednesday* the 26th of *July*, 1692, he
there executed in the 26th Year of his Age.

On the same Day, and for the same Fact
robbing Mr. *Salter* of *Stoak* in *Buckingham*
shire, was hang'd *Jack Barber*, aged 24 Year
and born at *Chard* in *Somersetshire*; from
whence coming up to *London*, he betook him-
self to Service, and liv'd with Dr. *Boorne*
the two *Twins* in *Morefields*; where he was
honest for about a Quarter of a Year, but then
by Gaming, losing both his Time and Money,
he began by small Matters to deceive his Ma-
ster in Shillings and Pence, so falling out he
parted; when meeting with bad Company
went with them and committed several Rob-
beries on the Foot-Path; and was in two Rob-
beries where he did Murder, the one at a Co-
diner's near *Fulham*, and the other at *Ever*
Blackwater, in which last Place he robb'd the
House. At the Place of Execution he was
very rude and impertinent, giving ill Words
the Ordinary, because he wish'd him to be
rions, and to consider the great Work he was
about; but he would give little or no Atten-
tion, saying, *God bless all my Friends, and*
all my Enemies be hang'd as I am. Before the
Malefactors were turn'd off; quoth Goodwill
O Lord! What a wicked Sinner am I, to come
into such a Gang as has brought me to be hang'd
at last; Lord have Mercy on my Soul. O
stay (reply'd *Jack Barber*) you Fool, what
you afraid of? Ne'er fear, God will have Mer-
cy upon us; but however, let us have some
Prayer.

a Murderer and Highwayman. 289

prayers and a merry Psalm; I do not fear death at all. Gentlemen, I have been a great Highwayman, therefore here is no Mercy to be had, the King is resolv'd to hang all of our Profession; and I'll warrant you there will be a great many more come after us.

One Mustapha Poccowatchlet, a Turk, born at Adrianople, altho' he could speak no English, had committed several Robberies in this Kingdom; and for committing the unnatural Sin of Buggery on the Body of *Anthony Busra*, was executed at Tyburn on Wednesday the 30th of May, 1694, aged 36 Years. Also one James Leonard, though aged but 18 Years, had been in the Reducing of Ireland, and in King William's Service in Flanders; from whence come into England, he robb'd on the Highway; which being condemn'd, and convey'd in a Cart to the Place of Execution at Tyburn, on Wednesday the 17th of October, 1694, he was much concern'd at his Misfortune, for he smil'd at the Gallows, looking round about upon the People, and his Hands by some Carelessness being untied, he pull'd a Knife out of his Pocket, and with it he strove to cut the Rope; missing his Design, he said, *I wish it had been a good Knife, but it is a very bad one, it will not cut, or else I would have cut the Rope, that I might have got another.* But the Knife being not sharp enough, he threw it among the People, and leaning against his Coffin, which was upon the Copses of the Cart, he fell a singing, and said, *I am a Roman-Catholick,*
VOL. II. O and

and so I die ; good People, methinks it is a cold Morning, I am sure I am ready to quake ; but however, I will pull off my Shoes : I borrow these old Shoes in Newgate to come to the Gallows withal. Gentlemen, though I'm but a young Young Man, yet I have been a Highwayman a great while. I have robbed in almost all the Roads in England, especially Rumford Road and Surry Roads. And there is one Frymley now in Newgate, with whom I have been concern'd a great while, and have committed many Robberies with him in several Roads, and we have robbed the King's Mail ; now and then King's Mail, and other Mails.

One Luke Page was a notable Highwayman and being condemned once at Kingston upon Thames for a great Robbery committed near Guilford ; as he was riding to the Place of Execution, a Country Fellow whispering in his Ear, ask'd him if his P—— stood ? The Criminal took no notice then of the Clown's impertinent Question, but when he was at the Tree, being requested by the Sheriff to make some Confession ; he discover'd several Persons who had been with him in many Robberies, and among the rest he nominated the above-said Country-Fellow : But moreover, whilst he was directing himself to the Spectators, a Reprieve came to save his Life, after which being made an Evidence, by quickly pleading to a Pardon, he swore so hard against the Country-Fellow against whom he had inform'd, that he was cast and condemn'd to die ; and as he was going

the Gallows, *Luke Page* stept up to him, and said, *honest Friend*, does your P——
 and? But the Fellow giving him no Answer,
 went very contentedly to be hang'd. But
 vertheless *Luke* did not long survive him, for
 committing another Robbery on *Hounslow*-
path, his *Mittimus* was made for *Newgate*,
 and he was condemn'd; when being under Sen-
 tence of Death, *Mr. Smith*, the Ordinary,
 inquiring what Employment he was bred up
 to, smilingly reply'd, That he follow'd the
 Trade of getting Money by robbing; and then
 being told the Unlawfulness of committing
 Violence on Mens Persons in travelling about
 their lawful Occasions, he reply'd, That he
 thought Robbing was no great Sin, and per-
 ceiv'd a Place of holy Scripture for such irre-
 gular Practice. But yet again, when he was
 told the unjust Steward was not commended
 for his unrighteous Dealing, but to incite
 others to a prudential making Provision for the
 Concernments of a future happy State; *Luke*
 urged, That Persons getting the unright-
 eous *Mannion* his way might be saved, if they
 were of it, he charitable to the Poor: But any-
 way (in my Opinion) besides him, would
 think to relieve the Poor, by wronging inno-
 cent Persons, was a strange way to gain Hea-
 ven. However, he was obstinate, stubborn, and
 went to the very last, and trifled away his pre-
 cious Minutes even at *Tyburn*, where he was
 hang'd on the 6th of *November*, 1695, aged
 30 Years. And one *Tom Randal* a most noto-

torious Foot-Pad was as obstinate, who kill
Robert Stephens a Quaker; for which Murder
 he was convey'd in a Cart by the Deceased
 Door at *White-Chappel*, and from thence to the
 Place of his Execution at *Stone-bridge*
Kingsland; where, after he was Executed
Wednesday the 29th of *January*, 1693,
 was hang'd in Irons on a Gibber, till his Body
 was consum'd. Whilst this Fellow was under
 Sentence of Death, he had contriv'd with some
 other Malefactors to have seiz'd on the Warden
 of *Newgate*, and to have burnt Mr. *Tofield*
 Papers, the Notary then in the Lodge of the
 Prison; withal designing to wrest the Officers
 Arms from them, and to fire upon 'em if they
 opposed. They farther design'd to have bound
 the Officers as they came one Day from the
 Chapel, and if they made the least Opposi-
 tion, to have cut their Throats. And that
 after their Escape they would go on the High-
 ways, take Travellers Horses, and mount
 'em would ride off. Moreover they had agreed
 that if any one knockt at the Lodge under the
 Gate they would let them in, and bind them
 also, and then lock them up with the Officers
 in the Dungeon or condemn'd Hold. One
 these Confederates being a Smith, he was
 have been employ'd in knocking off the other
 Fetters, and if the Turnkeys had any Money
 in their Pockets, they would take it from them
 to carry themselves off, and for Provision.
 And that if the Train-bands, or the Mayor
 should come to seize them, they would fight
 upon

a Murderer and Highwayman. 293

on them with the Officers Blunderbusses, and
ould be Masters of the Prison till the King
ould send them a Pardon, or else they would
starv'd or shot to Death.

In this Conspiracy was also one *John Shorter*
Highwayman, executed at *Tyburn* on Wed-
day the 22d of *December*, 1697, aged 30
years. He did not only confess his Crime, but
own'd that he knew of the Murder of one
Primer in *Newgate*, but was prevailed upon
one *Tokefield* and *John Hart* not to discover
and further said, That the latter of these
sons carried the bloody Knife three Days to-
ther in his Pocket: And he verily believ'd
the Day before he suffer'd Death himself
the Gallows, he saw *Lorimer's* Ghost as he
at Prayers in the Chapel of *Newgate*,
which put him into a great Consternation, as
visibly observ'd by Mr. *Smith* the Ordinary.
Another Highwayman who died with this Pri-
er was *William Hollyday*, aged 30 Years, and
son of very poor Parents in the Parish of *St.*
les in the Fields, who dying when he was
Young, he was forced to shift for himself;
entering himself in the ragged Regiment of
Black Guards, which in the Reign of King
Charles the Second, was in as great Estimation,
the *Janizaries* in the *Ottoman* Court, his
Genius and prompt Wit, without the
vantage of any Education, soon made him
taken notice of by the Superiors of his tat-
ed Fraternity. But that which gain'd him
at Reputation, was his being chosen Lord-

High-Steward in a Mock-Tryal of the Viscount Stafford, held in the Mewse at Charing-Cross in which, though he had not consulted *Testue, Fleta, Plowden, Cook* upon Little or any other Ancient Law Authors, his Natural Parts most floridly set forth the Heinousness of that Peer's Crime, whose Person was represented by one of their Tatterdemalions; instead of executing the poor Boy in jest, was hang'd in earnest, and in that penitent Posture left till next Morning; when one of the King's Grooms finding his Lordship hanging in the Stable, he cut him down, and deliver'd his dead Body to his Friends to be decently interr'd. A little after this piece of Mock-Justice was over, Will's Credit increased more and more, by reason his Ingenuity attended with a great deal of Courage, he by the unanimous Consent of the whole Regiment of the *Black-Guards* chosen their Captain, in which Post he behav'd himself with a great deal of Prudence and Circumspection, and by virtue of the great Authority Will had among them, he brought them, *Nemine contradicente*, to be conformable to the following Orders.

I. That none of the *Black-Guards* should presume to wear a Shirt, upon Pain of being cashier'd out of the Regiment for ever.

II. That none of them should be either Day or Night in any other Places than Stables, empty Houses, or under Bulks.

III. That

a Murderer and Highwayman. 295

III. That they should eat no Victuals but what was given them; therefore what Money they got by cleaning Live-guard-mens Boots or Shoes, and rubbing down Horses, should either be lost or increas'd by Gaming among their own Fraternity.

IV. That if any of them could read or write, they should, by not practising either, forget both; because (like the Czar of Muscovy) their Captain would not have any under his Command more learned than himself.

V. That they should daily appear every Morning, by 9 of the Clock, on the Parade in St. James's Park, provided they were not letted by Sickness, or upon any extraordinary Duty; to receive the necessary Orders which the present Exigency of Affairs then require.

VI. That none shall presume to follow the King and Court to Windsor, or upon any Royal Progress whatever, but such as were commanded to go on that Party.

VII. That if any charitable Person bestow'd a pair of old Shoes or Stockings upon any one of their ragged Society, he should presently convert the same into Money to play.

VIII. That they should not steal any Thing which lay out of their Reach, for fear of bringing a Scandal on their Regiment.

IX. That they should not endeavour to clear themselves of Vermin, by killing or eating them; nor for Profit dispose of them to any Apothecary, that might now and then want a Quill

full or Two, to cure some Lady's Gentlewoman or Chambermaid of the Yellow jaundice.

X. That they should cant better than the best Proficients of that Language in Newgate pick Pockets without bungling; out-lie a Quaker; out-swear a losing Lord at the Groom-Porters; and braven out all their Villanies with the unparallel'd Impudence of an Irishman.

In this Employment Will. Holliday remain'd till he was near 20 Years of Age; when looking upon himself too old to continue longer in that Station, wherein he had behaved himself with a great deal of Bravery, Candour and Justice, he surrender'd his Commission, and turn'd Highwayman; which Profession he followed till the Hangman provided for him (as abovesaid) for as long as he liv'd.

GILDER

ELDER ROY, *a Murderer, Rascal,*
Incendiary, and Highway-
man.

HIS *Scotch Villain* was descended of a very good Family, and born in *Perthshire, the Highlands of Scotland*; his Father died as he was at Age, when leaving him an estate of about 80 *Marks* a Year, he thought himself wise enough for the Management of it, without Advice of his Friends; by which means he, in short, manag'd it all away, and through it in about a Year and a Half; which he soon became very Needy, and fit Subject to be moulded into any Shape that had an Appearance of Profit. Having by his Irregularities, reduc'd himself to a poor Condition, he was very burthened to his Mother, who often supply'd him Money out of her Joynture, which he almost quickly consum'd; but she perceiving that good Admonitions would reclaim his Excess, she withheld her Hand, and for as much as her Nature would not answer his Expectation; upon lying at her House one Night, he burst into his Mother's Bed-Chamber,

O 5

ber, cut her Throat from Ear to Ear with a Razor, ravish'd his own Sister, and a Maid-Servant; he robb'd 'em, and setting the House on Fire, burnt it to the Ground with the flower'd Maidens in it.

This unparallell'd Piece of Villany fill'd the whole Countrey with Horror, a Proclamation was issued out for the apprehending him with a considerable Reward for them who should bring him to Justice. Hereupon he fled into *France*, where being on a Solemn Day at the Church of *St. Dennis* in *Paris*, whilst Cardinal *Richieu* was Celebrating high Mass, which the King was present, *Gilder Roy* put his Hand in the Cardinal's Purse, which was hanging at his Side, whilst he was officiating at the Altar, but his Majesty perceiving this Transaction from the Place where he sat, *Gilder Roy*, who was Dress'd like a Gentleman, seeing himself discover'd, held up his Finger to the King, making a Sign that he should take no Notice, and he should see good Success. The King, glad of such an Occasion of Mischance, let him alone; and within a while after, coming to the Cardinal, he took Occasion in that course to oblige him to go to his Purse for Money, which he missing, began to wonder, but the King knowing which way it went, was more than ordinarily merry; till being overcome with Laughter, he was willing that the Cardinal might have again what was taken from him: But whereas the King thought that the man who took the Money was an honest Gentleman,

man,
resolu
yet C
than
left, b
Earne
Laugh
comm
leman
had ma
Flyi
Spain,
into th
that G
for sev
Pieces
a little
was; w
that R
in a Sp
pects
going t
them to
they ha
by certa
went ch
Now
Years o
Villany
forgotte
he soon
and the
unlawfu

man, and of some Account, in that he was so resolute, and kept his Countenance so well; yet *Gilder Roy* had more Wit in his Anger than to come near them, who acted not in Jest, but making as if he jested, was in good Earnest. Then the Cardinal turn'd all the Laughter against the King, who using his common Oath, swore by the Faith of a Gentleman, it was the first Time that ever a Thief had made him his Companion.

Flying out of *France* into the Kingdom of *Spain*, being one Day at *Madrid*, he went into the Duke of *Medina Celi's* House, when that Grandee had made a great Entertainment for several Foreign Ministers; so that several Pieces of Plate lock'd in a Trunk, standing in a little Room next to a Hall where the Feast was; while many Servants were waiting in that Room for their Masters, *Gilder Roy* went in a *Spanish* Habit, and accoutred in all Respects like the Steward of the House; and going to those that sat on the Trunk, desired them to rise, because he was to use it; which they having done, he caus'd it to be taken up by certain Porters that follow'd him in, and went clear away with it.

Now *Gilder Roy* having been about Three Years out of his Countrey, and thinking the Villany which he had perpetrated there was forgotten, he return'd to *Scotland* again, where he soon became a most notable Highwayman; and the first Person on whom he exercis'd this unlawful Calling, was the Earl of *Linlithgow*, whom

whom he robb'd of a Gold Watch, a Diamond Ring, and 80 Pieces of old Gold. In a little Time his Name became so dreadful through the whole Country, that Travellers were afraid to pass the Roads without a great many in Company; and when Money was short with him, he would enter into *Abbot Loquabe, Anguis, Mar, Baquehan, Murrey Sutherland*, and other Shires in the North of Scotland, and drive away the People's Cattle unless they paid him Contribution, which they did Quarterly, and had his Protection; which was Safeguard enough for their own Persons or Goods, from receiving Damage by him, or any of his Gang.

One Time *Oliver Cromwell* embarking at *Donaghadey*, in the North of Ireland, and landing at *Port-Patrick* in Scotland; the News thereof coming to *Gilder Roy*, who was then lurking in *Shire Galloway*, he met him on the Road towards *Glasgow*, and having but only Two Servants along with him, he attempted to command him to Stand and Deliver; this Rebel thinking Three to One was Odds at Foot-ball, he refus'd to obey *Gilder Roy's* Orders; so coming to an Engagement, several Pistols were discharg'd on both Sides without any Damage, for near a Quarter of an Hour, when the bold Robber pretended to yield them the Day, by running as fast as he could from his Antagonists; they pursu'd him very close for near half an Hour, and then suddenly turning upon 'em, the first Mischief he did

was shooting *Oliver's* Horse, which kicking up his Heels as soon as wounded, broke that Traytor's Leg in his falling to the Ground; as for his Servants, he shot one of 'em through the Head, and the other, begging Quarters, they were granted; but *Oliver* being disabled from walking, he had the Civility to put him on an Ass, and tying his Legs under his Belly, sent 'em both to seek their Fortunes.

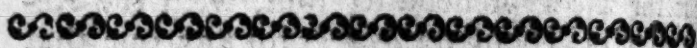
Three of his Roguish Companions being apprehended and sent to the *Talbooth*, a Prison in *Edinburgh*, they broke out, but were soon retaken, and committed to *Glasgow* Goal; and soon after they were executed a little without the Gates of that City, and left hanging on the Gallows, till their Cartasses should rot and fall away by Piece-meal. *Gilder Roy* highly resenting this Indignity offer'd to his Comrades in Iniquity, he vow'd Revenge; and it being not long e'er he met the Judge who pass'd that sentence upon 'em, in the Road going to *Aberdeen*, he attack'd his Coach, first Stripping his Coachman and Two Footmen stark Naked, and then ty'd 'em Hand and Foot, and threw 'em into a deep Pond, where they were presently drown'd; next robbing the Judge of all he had valuable about him, he cut his Coach all to Pieces, and shot the Four Horses belonging to it Dead. But being not yet satisfied with this Barbarity, driving the Judge into a Wood, and binding him fast to a Tree, at Night going to him again with some of his wicked Accomplices, and putting him on a Horse

Horse behind one of 'em, they brought him to
 the Gallows where his Three Comrades were
 still hanging; and which Sort of Gallows was
 made (as they be all in Scotland) like a
 Turn-Stile, but only the Beams, on each End
 of which is nail'd a strong Iron Hook, to which
 the Rope is fasten'd, has no Motion. Now
 (quoth *Gilder Roy* to the Judge) by my Soul
Mon, as this unlucky Structure, erected to
 break Peoples Craigs, is not uniform without
 Fourth Person taking his Lodging here too, I
 must e'en hang you upon the vacant Beam.
 Accordingly he was as good as his Word; and
 for fear the Government should not know who
 was the Hangman, he sent a Letter to the
 Prime Ministers of State to acquaint 'em with
 his Proceedings. This Insolence of his caus'd
 several Legislators to contrive Ways and Means
 to suppress the Audaciousness of *Gilder Roy*
 and his Companions, who was dreaded far and
 nigh; and among 'em one *Jennet*, a Lawyer
 promoted the Law for hanging a Highwayman
 first, and judging him afterwards; which Law
 being approv'd of by them who had the
 Power to enact Laws, it receiv'd its San-
 ction without any Contradiction, and was
 often put in Force against many Gentlemen of
 the Pad.

Gilder Roy having great Success in his Vil-
 lanies, he grew so intolerably Wicked, that it
 was his Pride to take Delight, not only in
 robbing on the Highway, but also to Murder
 Men upon the least refusing of giving him
 what

what they had; ravish Women after he had took all away from 'em; and burn Houses and Barns where the least Affront was offer'd him. But at last a Second Proclamation being issued out for the apprehending him, with the Reward of a Thousand Marks for any one that should take him, Dead or Alive; one *Peg Cunningham*, a Strumpet, with whom he kept Company, for the Lucre of his Money, betray'd him when he came next to her House; which being surrounded by above 50 Men, and he sensible by whom he was trepann'd, ran into her Bed-chamber, and with a Knife ripp'd up his Harlot's Guts; then returning to the Room from whence he came, he stood upon the defensive Part against his Adversaries with such an undaunted Bravery and Resolution, that before they could take him, he kill'd Eight of them with Sword and Pistols: But then being overpower'd, and put into a dismal Dungeon, in the Castle of *Edinburgh*, where he had very heavy Shackles clapp'd on his Legs, strong Chains about his Middle, and his Hands Handcuff'd behind him; in that Condition he was kept Three Days and Three Nights, without any Allowance of Victuals or Drink; when without any manner of Process, or Tryal, being convey'd by a strong Guard to the *Market-Cross* in *Edinburgh*, he was there hang'd on a Gibbet Thirty Foot in Height, in *April*, 1658, Aged 34 Years; and afterwards hang'd in Chains on another Gibbet erected
Ten

Ten Foot higher, betwixt that City and *Leith*, which is about a Mile from *Edinburgh*.



**M A C C A R T N E Y, a Murderer,
and Highwayman, and House-
Breaker.**

THIS *Irish* Villain was the Bastard Son of Major-General *Maccartney*, begot on the Daughter of a *Presbyterian* Parson at *Belfast*, a Sea-port Town in the *North* of *Ireland*; but as he was an Illegitimate Child, respected neither by Father nor Mother, they gave Five Pounds to a poor labouring Man in the Neighbourhood, to take this Brungin as his own. When he grew up in Years, and understanding by his Foster-Father who were his right Parents, Pride inspiring him to scorn to live any longer in a poor little Cabbin, where Potatoes without Butter, and Bonny-clabber, was the chiefest of his Diet, he went first in quest of his Mother, whom finding to be dead and buried for some Years past, he was upon the Scent then after his Father *Maccartney*; who being a Lieutenant-Colonel in a Foot Regiment, he prefer'd his Natural Son to an Ensign's Post; but doing some petty rascally Tricks, in robbing Two or Three Captains of Linnen,

in, and other Things, his Commission was
 took from him, in a most disgraceful Manner.

Now being left to the wide World, and
 knowing not what Course to take for a Livel-
 hood, as being no Scholar, nor brought up to
 any Trade, he turn'd Thief at once, being so
 light-finger'd, that any Thing was his own
 which lay within his Reach. He was a nota-
 ble House-breaker, and had done many Ex-
 ploits that Way; but his greatest was in
 breaking open the House of Sir Thomas
 Rochford, Lord Chief Baron of the *Exchequer*,
 in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, whom he and his
 comrades bound, with his Lady, Back to
 back like a Spread-Eagle, and all the Men and
 Women Servants in the House after the same
 manner, without either Shirt or Smock upon
 them; then breaking open all Trunks, Cabi-
 nets, Scrutores, and Chests of Draws, they
 took what Plate and Money they could find, to
 the Value of 1400 Pounds.

After the committing this notorious Rob-
 bery, his Country being too hot to hold him,
 he fled into *Scotland*; where breaking open a
 chest belonging to Sir James Stewart, then
 her Majesty's Advocate for that Kingdom,
 and Stealing thence a Horse and Saddle, he
 came into *England*, and turn'd Highwayman;
 and being pretty lucky in his Roguery, he
 always maintain'd himself very genteel in
 cloths; so that the handsome Appearance
 which he made in his Habit, with his fawning,
 flinging, and flattering Way, used by most
Irishmen

Irishmen, had brought him to be acquainted with several creditable Gentlemen, to whom he pretended he had a very good Estate in Ireland. And one Day Maccartney, with another Rogue as good as himself, meeting in the Strand one Mr. Vaughan, a Welsh Gentleman, having about 400 Pounds per Annum in Pembroke-shire, he invited him to drink a Pint of Wine; and going together to a Tavern, whilst they were regaling themselves over a Glass of Claret, quoth Maccartney to his Comrade, *I vow this is a very fine Day, we e'en ride both of us out this Afternoon.* Said Mr. Vaughan, (not in the least mistrusting they were Highwaymen,) *If I had a Horse, would ride out with you too, Gentlemen.* Quoth Maccartney, *I'll help you to a Horse Sir*; and being as good as his Word, they Three rid towards Rumford; beyond which Place about a Mile, meeting a Coach full of Passengers, Maccartney and his Comrade fell upon it; and whilst they were robbing them, quoth the Welsh Gentleman to himself, *I'll stand idle, I'll e'en be doing something too*; perceiving another Coach at a little Distance behind the other, which the other had attacked and in which was only one Gentleman, with his Footman behind, he made up to it, and commanding the Coachman to stop, he robbed the Passenger of Five Guineas in Gold, and 40 Shillings in Silver, and rid off. The Gentleman that was robb'd calling out then to his Footman, and saying, *Tom, Didst thou see the Gentleman*

Gentleman that was just now by the Side of the Coach with me? Tom said, Yes, Sir. Quoth the Gentleman again, Why he hath robb'd me. Tom reply'd, I saw the Gentleman talking to you, but I don't believe he robb'd you, Sir; you must be mistaken. Said the Gentleman, in a great Passion, Why, you Son of a Whore, do you think I can't tell when I'm robb'd; why I say again that I am robb'd; for he has took above Seven Pounds from me. Quoth Tom, It is admirable to me, he should be guilty of such an Action, for he was always reckon'd a very honest Gentleman. Said the robb'd Person then, Do you know him? Do I know him? (reply'd Tom,) Yes, Sir, very well; for I was his Footman about a Year ago; and a very good Master, I must needs say, I had of him. Upon this Intelligence, the Gentleman promising Tom 20 Guineas, besides the 40 Pounds Reward for apprehending and convicting a Highwayman, in case he could take him, Tom was so diligent for the getting this Money, that as soon as he and his Master came to London, finding Mr. Vaughan's Lodging, they seiz'd him, and carried him before a Magistrate, who committed him to Newgate; from whence being remov'd by a Writ of Habeas Corpus to Chelmsford Goal, and try'd at the Assizes held there in March, 1714, he was condemn'd; but it being the first Fact, and having good Friends, which he made upon the Expences of 500 Hundred Pounds, he procur'd a Reprieve; and said then, That for the future he would stand still first, before he would

would be guilty of such another Crime, which had like to have cost him his Life.

Now if *Maccartney* had made such a Promise, without ever violating it, it had been well for him too; but instead of reclaiming, he still pursu'd his wicked Courses; for shortly after *Mr. Vaughan* had been brought under this unhappy Circumstance, by being in his Company; he going to *Bristol*, there was one *Mr. Beachere* of *Wiltshire* went also down to that City, in order to go for *Ireland*, where he unhappily fell in Company with this Villain, that was likewise going to that Kingdom. So in the Morning, after their short Acquaintance over Night, *Maccartney* calling up the aforesaid *Beachere* to go down to the *Pill* to Embark; but when he was on *Durham Down*, a Mile without the City, this *Irish* Rogue knock'd him down, and with a Razor cut his Throat from Ear to Ear, and then pass'd over *Rewnam-Ferry* into *Somersetshire*, and enquired his way for *Exeter*, but turn'd short to *Uphill*, and went over into *Wales*, and design'd for *Holy-Head*; but Messengers being sent into *Wales*, to enquire at all the Ports, heard of him, and pursu'd and took him in *Brecknockshire*, with *Beachere's* Cloaths and Bloody Shirt. He was then committed to *Gloucester Goal*; and being Try'd and Convicted for this Murder and Robbery, he was there Executed, on *Wednesday*, the 7th of *April*, 1714. Aged 23 Years, and was afterwards hung in Chains on *Durham-Down*, near the City of *Bristol*.

TOM WATERS, a Highwayman.

His *Tom Waters*, a most notorious Highwayman, was born of very good Parents at *Henly* upon *Thames* in *Oxfordshire*, who dying when he was young, his Uncle took care of him, and put him an Apprentice to a *Navy-Publick* behind the *Royal-Exchange*; but growing extravagant, and running away from his Master before he had serv'd half his Apprenticeship, he betook himself to bad Company; so growing necessitous, he entred himself into the Earl of *Dover's* Troop of Guards. However, being soon weary of that Service, the Pay not answering his excessive Ways of spending, he went to robbing on the Highway; and the first Exploit in this kind which he committed, was on about 20 or 30 Gypsies, whom he seeing to come out of a Barn early in the Morning near *Bromley* in *Kent*, he rid up to them; and commanding the strolling Crew to stand, or otherwise he would shoot half a Dozen or a dozen of them thro' the Head, they obey'd his Command: But when he next order'd them to undo their Purse-strings, there was as great a Holo-loo set up by them, as among the Wild *Irish* for the Loss of a Cock or a Hen; they began to beseech his Pity and Compassion in their shim-sham broken *Gibberish*,

rish, telling him, that they would tell him his Fortune without crossing their Hands with a Piece of Silver. Quoth Tom, *a Plague on you for a Parcel of cheating Rogues and Whores, I know it is my Fortune to be hang'd if I don't mend my Manners: Therefore you must not put your Laradiddles upon me, by telling me my Fortune will be lucky, good, good and prosperous; come, come, down with what you have presently, or else I shall send all your Souls to the Devil this Moment.* When this judging Tribe found he was resolutely bent to take what they had, they fell to emptying their Purfes and Pockets of Silver Spoons, Silver Brandy Tasters, and Gold Rings, which, without doubt, they had stolen from some silly People, whom they drew in up and down the Country to have their Fortunes told them; which Moveables, with what Money he got besides of them, came to above 60 Pounds; but such an Outcry they made for their Loss, that several Rusticks running with Clubs, and Flails, and Pitchforks, to see what was the Occasion of this sorrowful Lamentation, Tom met them, and saying to them, That while some of the Gipsies there before them was telling him his Fortune, they had pick'd his Pocket of a very considerable Value, which he could not get again of them, till he had whipt some of them almost within an Inch of their Lives. Truly (replied the Countrymen) *you did very well, Sir; for there is no such a Pack of Thieves in Hell, as them Gipsies*

So *Tom* putting Spurs to his Horse, he made the best of his way, before the strolling Rogues could come up to tell the Country-folks their sad and lamentable Story.

Another Time meeting with an Hostler coming to *London*, who once went to betray him at an Inn where he liv'd in *Doncaster*, in *Yorkshire*; and knowing him again, he ordered him to stand and deliver, or otherwise he was a dead Man. The assaulted Person had about 40 Pounds in his Portmanteau, which he had sav'd in his Service in the Country, and was coming to the great Metropolis of *England* to improve it if possible; but *Tom* told him that Pains and Trouble, by taking it away, which made him to say, *He was utterly ruin'd and undone, for that Money was all he had in the World, therefore he hop'd he would be so tender-hearted as to restore it him again.* Yes (replied *Tom*) when you are ruin'd; besides, where was your tender Heart when you once went to betray me to be hang'd? No, you cheating Son of a Whore, I will give you one Farthing; go and get more the same way you got this; for I know you have still certain Charms for a Horse's Mouth, that should not eat his Hay; and behind a Traveller's Back, you'll cozen his Horse to his Face. Shooting the Hostler's Horse under him, left him to make the best of his Journey as well as he could.

Afterwards *Tom* overtaking Sir *Ralph Delaval*, a Vice Admiral, on the Road betwixt *Peters-*

Petersfield and Portsmouth, whom he knew be a Flag-Officer, quoth he, Well overtake Brother Tar; What Faith is thine, a Starboard Faith, or Larboard? Sir Ralph looking very wistly on Tom, whom he thought to be very impudent, he said, Why; What makes you enquire about my Faith? Tom reply'd, Because I have been told, that a fore Wind is general the Substance of a Seaman's Creed, and for Water the Burden of his Prayers. Quoth Sir Ralph, When you are a Father Confessor, I shall tell you my Belief, and not before. Said Tom again, I must, Sir, be as angry as you please beg of you to tell me your Belief of one Thing. Quoth Sir Ralph, What's That? Tom reply'd, Only whether you believe, Sir, you shall not be robb'd before you reach to your Journey's End Day? Quoth Sir Ralph, I believe not. Well then (said Tom,) you and I are of two different Opinions; for I believe you will be robb'd. So instantly plucking out a couple of Pistols, he said, Unless you instantly deliver, Sir, your Money, I'll shoot you and your Footman too. Make haste, Sir, for Time is very precious and I have a great deal of Business to do betwixt this and Night. Now Sir Ralph finding himself in a Strait betwixt two Dangers, which were either to lose his Life or his Money, he sav'd the first by surrendring the last, which was about 90 Guineas and a Gold Watch, and very kindly accepted by Tom, who rid away without making any more Words of the Matter.

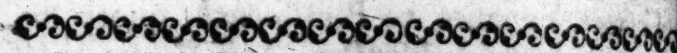
On the same Day meeting betwixt Guilford and Godalmin the famous Hermaphrodite, living formerly in Lamb's-Conduit-Fields, but afterwards at Gosport, opposite to Portsmouth, quoth he, *You double refin'd Monster, half Rogue, half Whore; damn you, I don't know what to call your Masculo-feminine Nature; stand and deliver, or else never expect to go home alive.*

She (if I may call her so) being in a Female's Attire, begg'd very hard that he would not so much unman himself as to rob a single Woman. Quoth Tom, *A single Woman, you Bitch! Why I don't unman my self in robbing you; for as thou'rt both Man and Woman, I rob two Persons in taking your Money, which I command you to deliver presently.* Finding no Words would prevail with him to be Civil, she gave him 20 Pounds; but withal threatening him, that if ever she found him out, she would prosecute him to the very utmost of the Law, *That's the least of my Fear, quoth Tom, because, being neither Man nor Woman, it will be a hard thing for you, half Mr. Rogue, half Mrs. Bitchington, to prefer a Bill against me.*

This Fellow in the Space of five Years, had committed several most notorious Robberies; but at last being apprehended and sent to Newgate for robbing one John Hosey, a Bristol Carrier, on Hounslow-Heath, of above 1400 Pounds in Money and Plate, he was condemn'd for this Robbery; and being convey'd to Tyburn in a Coach, on Friday the 17th of July, 1691. he was there executed in the 26th Year of his

314 JACK CULLUM,

Age ; and died extremely resolute to the very last.



JACK CULLUM, a House-breaker and TONY GERY, a Foot-Pad.

THE following Malefactors were both very notorious in their several Ways of Theft. The first of them, namely *John Cullum*, alias *Johnson*, was born at *Stow* in the County of *Suffolk* ; but his Parents dying when he was young, he was brought up to no Trade, therefore he went into a Gentleman's Service, and was for some Years a Domestick in several wealthy Families in *London*, where he behaved himself very faithfully. Afterwards he serv'd at Sea as a common Sailor, and at Land in the Capacity of a private Centinel ; but not being contented with what he might have got by a lawful and honest Employment, he would try his Fortune another way, which he did, and that to his Ruin ; for after the Commission of several Robberies, having in *September 1712* committed a Felony, for which he was burnt in the Hand, and sent to *Bridewell* in *Clerkenwell*. He there was concern'd in a Riot, wherein one *Edward Perry*, a Turnkey of that Goal, was murder'd ; and for that bloody Fact, *Richard Keele* and *William Lowther* (there in Company with him) were executed on *Clerkenwell*.

Green

Green, on the 23d of *December* following, and hang'd both in Chains at *Holloway*, while this *Jack Cullum* then made his Escape by flying from Justice.

However, that exemplary Punishment inflict'd on his Comrades, working no Reformation in him, he still pursu'd his Wicked Courses; till at last he was apprehended and committed to *Newgate*, and indicted for stealing three Suits of Cloaths, a Riding-Coat, Linnen, and other Goods, out of the Stables of the Lord *Paget*, on the 17th of *March*, 17¹³/₁₄. It was depos'd at *Justice-Hall*, in the *Old-Bailly*, That about Nine at Night, the Stables being found open, and a Man seen to go by with a Bundle, he was pursu'd, and thereupon drew a Pistol, and fired at one of the Pursuers, but was taken, and threw down the Goods; whereupon the Matter being very plain, the Jury found him guilty of the Indictment.

Whilst he was under Condemnation, he said, That it was more his Misfortune than his Fault, that he was like to have been brought into the Danger of Suffering for the abovesaid Murder of *Edward Perry*; for he had no such Design as to assault or hurt any Person at that Time; but as for the Fact for which he now stood condemn'd, he own'd it, and the Justice of the Sentence pass'd upon him for it. Moreover, he confess'd he had been a very ill Liver in several Respects; and when he came to the Place of Execution at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 21st of *April*, 1714, and where he was

hang'd in the 25th Year of his Age, he bitterly wept; and by that and other Demonstration of Sorrow for his Sins, the Spectators might have some Hopes that he was truly Penitent.

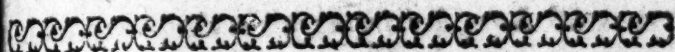
As for *Anthony Gery*, or rather *Gearish*, which was his right Name, he was about 20 Years of Age, born at *Newberry* in *Berkshire*, but his Parents removing him from thence and bringing him up to *London*, he was bound Apprentice for 7 Years to *Mr. Gately*, a Mountebank, to learn to dance on the Rope, Tumbling and Vaulting. However, growing very loose and wicked, he ran away from his Master, and then went to Sea, where he serv'd on Board the *Royal Sovereign*, the *Neptune*, and several other Men of War, in one of which he was cast away. Afterwards coming to *London*, and getting into bad Company, he committed above 30 Felonies and Burglaries, and was in *February* 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ condemn'd for robbing one *Mrs. Anne Noel* on the Highway; but obtaining the Mercy of a free Pardon in *August*, 1713, he was so far from minding it, and improving it as he ought to have done, that he presently return'd to his old Trade of Thieving again; for which he was committed to *Newgate*, and indicted for privately stealing a Silver Porringer, value 45 Shillings, the Goods of *Elizabeth Fotherby*, from the Person of *Elizabeth Whaley*, on the 19th of *March*, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$. The said *Whaley* depos'd, That having been to fetch some Oysters in a Porringer, as she was coming home, she met the Prisoner and another; and

While the other catch'd hold of her, pretending to kiss her, the Prisoner snatch'd the Porringer; and being pursu'd and taken, he threw it under a Stall, where it was found. Thus the Matter being plainly prov'd against him, the Jury found him guilty of the Indictment; and he was hang'd at *Tyburn* with *John Cullum*.

On the same Day were executed at *Tyburn*, *John Ralph*, *Lydia*, alias *Elizabeth Lane*, alias *Taylor*, alias *Jackson*, and *Elizabeth Boile*, alias *Young*, alias *Betty the Cook*. The first of these Criminals was aged 21 Years, born in the City of *Durham*, of honest Parents, who bound him Apprentice to one Mr. *Armstrong*, a Wine-Cooper in *London*; was condemn'd for stealing a Silver Tankard, value 10 Pounds, 2 Tumblers, value 3 Pounds, 12 Silver Spoons, a Silver Ladle, a Porringer, and other Goods, out of the House of *Henry Robins*, a Victualler, living in the Parish of *St. Clement's Danes*. The other, aged 25 Years, born in the Parish of *St. Dunstan's Stepney*, usually cry'd *China Ware* about the Streets; but at the same time follow'd Thieving, for which she had been ten whipt and burnt in the Hand; but still pursu'd her Wickedness, till she was condemn'd to die for breaking the House of one *John Hatchet*, and stealing thence a Cloth Coat, a Drug-Suit, and other Goods of one *Thomas Bugg*, a Lodger there. And the 3d, aged 40 Years, born in the Parish of *St. Margaret Westminster*, and call'd *Betty the Cook*, from having been formerly under Cook in Foreign Ambassador's Houses,

and other honourable Families; had heretofore been burnt in the Hand for Felony, and upon the Conviction sent to Hard Labour at *Bridewell* but taking no Warning by this Punishment and Correction, she was condemn'd upon two Indictments, for stealing three Suits of Head cloaths, a Bible, and other Goods, out of the House of *Daniel Whitfield*; and for stealing two Gold Rings, value 30 Shillings, and other Goods, value 40 Shillings, out of the Dwelling House of *Mary Lambert*. The Cause of her following such a wicked Course as she had done, was her Pride, which rais'd in her a Desire of living above her Condition and Circumstances in the World; and to compass this, she thought Thieving was her readiest Way; but therein found herself much mistaken; for instead of growing rich and great, and able to live at Ease, she brought Poverty, Shame, Misery and Ruin upon herself by those very wicked Practices, from which she expected to reap great Advantages and Satisfaction. Whilst under Sentence of Death, she was very uneasy and restless, discovering a hot, violent and unruly Temper; for because a Fellow who had given her the *French Pox*, would not come to see her under her fatal Misfortunes, she swore she would haunt him after Death. Again when she was going into the Cart to be executed, there being a Man and a Woman there before to be hang'd with her for Company, she swore she would not be squeez'd in for any Body, and therefore would have more room

room to seat her self; and having a Smock at Pawn in *Holborn*, she call'd at the Pawn-broker's as she rid by to *Tyburn*; but he refusing to give it her, she in a very great Passion swore she would plague him for it after she was hang'd.



JOHN PRICE, *Hangman, Thief,*
and Murderer.

It would be but little Benefit and Satisfaction to the Reader, to have an Account of this Criminal's Extraction, because it is so extraordinary mean; or to tell the City, Town; or Village where he was born, tho' he first drew his Breath in the Fog-end of the Suburbs of *London*; and, like *Mercury*, became a Thief as soon as ever he peept out of the Shell.

The Impiety of Fortune having reduc'd his miserable Parents to such Extremity, that they could not bestow on this their Son, who was the Fruit of their first Loves, any Education; it was his misfortune to improve himself in all manner of Wickedness, and at such Years too, that one would have thought the Paucity of them might have preserv'd his Infancy from acting any Villany, till turn'd of Seven: But so prone was he addicted to all manner of

Vice, that as soon as he could speak, he would Curse and Swear with as great a Passion and Vileness as is frequently heard round any Gaming-Table. Moreover, to this unprofitable Talent of Profaneness, he added that of Lying; in the Art and Mystery whereof he was so dextrous, that it was once a means of saving his Life. For when *John Price* was about 18 Years of Age, living as a Serving-man with a Gentleman in the Country, he turn'd him out of his Service, purely upon the account of his excessive Lying; when going towards *London*, and robbing an old Market-Woman of about 18 Shillings near *Brentwood* in *Essex*, he was taken by some Travellers coming suddenly on him in the Fact, and committed by a Magistrate to *Chelmsford-Goal*; where at the Assizes pleading guilty at his Tryal, he receiv'd Sentence of Death; but his late Master being then High-Sheriff of the County of *Essex*, and taking Compassion on his Servant's Misfortunes, did not permit his Sentence to be put in Force against him; of which the Judges being inform'd the next Assizes, they went down thither, and severely blaming the Sheriff for not putting their Sentence in Execution, especially when the Criminal had pleaded guilty to the Crime laid to his Charge; the Sheriff said, He acknowledg'd that such a Man had been condemn'd the last Assizes; but then the Reason for not executing him was this, he knew the Fellow to be such an abominable, prodigious, unaccountable Liar, that there was not believing one Word

he said; so his pleading guilty to what was laid to his Charge, was in his Opinion an evident Sign we ought to believe him innocent of the Fact, and therefore he would not be guilty of hanging an innocent Man for the World. Which facetious Story of Mr. Sheriff making the Judges smile, they reprieved the Criminal, but with a severe Reprimand, and strict Charge of never coming before them any more.

Soon after this Escape from the Gallows, John Price makes the best of his way for London; where still pursuing the Paths of Vice, he associated himself with a Tribe of Pick-pockets, and those vagabond Rogues whom we call Gypsies, and with these Tatterdemalions he ran up and down the Country, frequenting all Fairs and Concourses of People, till he was catch'd diving in a Pocket that was none of his own, and committed to *Newgate in Bristol*, and being there severely whipt for his Fault, he went on board a Merchant-man, and afterwards served in two or three Men of War; but then not forbearing to pilfer from the Seamen, for which he was afterwards whipt at a Gun, and pickled with Brine, and was once keel-hawl'd; which is fastning a Rope about him just under his Arms, and drawn up to the main Yard-Arm on the Starboard-side, he isounc'd from thence into the Sea, and just cover'd with the Water, a great Gun is fir'd over his Head, which stuns him; then another Rope is so order'd about him, that the Seamen draw

him under the Keel of the Ship to the Larboard-side, and there draw him up.

These Punishments at Sea made him have an horrid Aversion against the Sight of Salt Water; and coming ashore at *Portsmouth*, ran away from his Ship to beloved *London* again where he would never hearken to any whole some Counsel that was given him, but was resolv'd to break through all virtuous Sentiments and wholly to betake himself to all manner of Wickedness. Tho' he had been whipt both by Land and Sea, and burnt once in the Hands at *Hertford* Assizes, he could not yet forsake Villany; and entring himself into a Gang of Foot-Pads, who one Night going upon their Exploits, divided themselves into three Bands and an Attorney then falling into their Hands near *Hampstead*, his Money they demanded with a thousand Oaths and Curses that they would pistol him unless he presently deliver'd according to their Demand he gave them what Money he had about him, which was Eight Guineas, rejoycing howsoever that he had no past, as he thought, all Danger: When lo, suddenly as he came up to the half-way House betwixt that Place and *London*, he was again surrounded with the second Band of the Rogues, who viewing him nearly, demanded whence he came, and where he was going; whom he related his piteous Adventure, and into what cruel Hands he had fallen. *How cruel?* answered one of the Gang; *How do you use these Terms? And who made you*

bold as to talk to us with your Hat on? Pray, Sir, be pleas'd henceforwards to learn more Manners. Which saying, he snatches his Hat and Wig off his Head, and took a Diamond Ring off his Finger, in all to the Value of 15 Pounds. What could our poor Lawyer now do? To return back again, was, to leap out of the Frying-Pan (as we say) into the Fire: wherefore he faintly puts on. When scarce had he got past *Kentish-Town*, but the third Band, who lay as Centinels in this Place, make up to him, bringing along with them a Man who had not a Rag of Cloaths on his Back, no not so much as a Shirt, a dreadful Thing, considering the time of Year, it being in the depth of Winter: *Sir* (said *Price*, who was in this Party) *you will do a charitable Deed, to let this poor Wretch, whom we have just now stript, have your upper Coat, or rather both upper and under, who you see hath nothing to cover him, being almost dead with Cold.* The Lawyer would willingly have pleaded, that Charity begins at home, and that every Man is bound by the Laws of Nature to conserve his own Being rather than anothers: But alas! his Clients were other kind of Men than to be mov'd by the Laws of the Land or Nature either; wherefore they take from him both his Coats and Wastcoat, telling him it was a Favour that they took not from him his Life also, seeing he made so bad Use of it.

Not long after this, *Price* and one of his wicked Associates privately conveying themselves

selves one Evening into a House in *Fleetstreet*, crept up into a Garret fill'd with nothing but old Lumber with an Intent to rob the People; but in the Night bustling about in the Dark, as *Price* was going to a Table for a Pistol he had laid there, he had no sooner laid his Hand on it, but it presently (having a very easy Spring) discharges, and awaken'd them of the House, who immediately began to rise to secure them. *Price's* Comrade flies presently to the Window, where they had fasten'd a Rope ready for their Escape, and first offers to slide down, when scarcely had he got above a Story and half from the Ground, but the Rope broke, and he falls down: However, as naught is never in danger, he receiv'd not so much hurt, but that he made a Shift to scramble away. In the mean time *Price* being left behind, was as a Man amaz'd, seeing himself alone three or four Stories high, without any possibility of following his Companion; but resolving to venture Neck or Nothing, he quickly removes the remaining Part of the Rope to another Window, whereby he might let himself down into the Balcony, whither he was no sooner got to, but all the People of the House were now in an Alarm, upon which he jumps out full into a great Basket of Eggs, which a Man coming from *Newgate* Market had on his Head, and running all about his Ears, nay all his whole Body as he lay upon the Ground, there was then as great an Outcry of Murder as there was of Thieves; but all to no purpose, for

Price

Price having broke his Fall by his Jump into that brittle Commodity, he made his Escape likewise, to reign longer in his Roguery.

Jack Price having got clear this Time, and beginning to be very much noted about Town, takes a Journey into the Country, stripping all the Hedges he met with that had any Linnen on them, till he had reach'd *Cumberland*; where putting into a little Inn, the People whereof were none of the honestest, and finding by his Discourse that he was a Servant fit for their turn, he was entertain'd as their Tapster, and set into the Secret of their murdering Travelers that sometimes lay there: But long he had not been in this new Employment, before a Gentleman happen'd to put into this Inn for Lodging; who being in his Chamber, he perceiv'd, a little after Supper, the Servant to creep as she was making his Bed, and was secretly inform'd by her of the Danger he was in. Amongst other Things she told him, 'twas the Inn-keeper's Custom to ring a Bell, at the sound of which several Rogues came running; when presently one of them feigning to be servant to the Inn, comes to the Chamber where the Guests are, and making as if he would snuff the Candle, would put it out, upon which the other Villains would enter and fall upon them, and so most cruelly murder them, there being none that could escape them. This Gentleman considering with himself what to do, causeth the Maid to bring him a Lantern, and puts a Candle lighted in it, and hiding

hiding his Lanthorn under a Stool, lays ready his Arms, and stands upon his Guard. When scarcely had he sat himself down, but a great boorish Fellow enters, who very officiously a Servant of the House, so snuffs the Candle, that he snuffs it out; but the Gentleman causes presently his Man to bring out the Lanthorn, repels the Villains, who came in very boisterously upon him, killing two of them, and puts the others to flight; seizes on the Inn-keeper and his Wife, delivers them into the Hands of Justice; and at the Assizes it being prov'd by the Maid they had murder'd at several times 14 of their Guests, whose Bodies were found in an arched Vault in the Garden, to which they had a secret Passage out of a Cellar, they were both condemn'd and executed, the Inn-keeper himself being afterwards hang'd in Chains.

As yet *Price*, tho' his Inclination was good had been in no Murder, nevertheless the Terror of a bad Conscience persuading him he should suffer the same Fate, because he was a Servant to such bloody Wretches, he ventures to set once more, in a Collier, which coming to *London*, he there left her, after he had robb'd the Master's Cabbins of some few Cloaths, and 20 Pounds in Money, with which he liv'd riotously about the Town, till he was committed to Newgate for some other Crime, which being but Petit Larceny, he was only whipt at the Cart Arse, and upon paying his Fees obtain'd his Liberty again. Afterwards endeavouring to mend his Fortune by Marriage, he enter'd into

the State of Matrimony with a young Woman call'd Betty, whose Employment was daily to attend the Goal of *Newgate*, and to run on Prisoners Errands. By this means, and his own good Behaviour, he quickly rais'd himself to Preferment, for he was made Hangman for the County of *Middlesex*; but the first Day he officiated at the Sessions at the *Old-Baily*, going to the *Blue-Boar* Alehouse situated not far from Justice-Hall, it was his Misfortune to have his burning Irons pick'd out of his Pocket, for which he was forc'd to pawn his Wastcoat to have them back again. However, he soon retriev'd this Loss, for what with slightly putting a T, which was all the Letters he knew of the whole Alphabet, on a Thief's Hand, and correcting others with a gentle Lash, he redeem'd his Wastcoat, and bought a Shirt into the Bargain. Moreover, at the first Cast of his Office he perform'd at *Tyburn*, he made as much of the Executed Persons Cloaths among the Brokers in *Monmouth-Street* and *Chick-Lane*, as procur'd him a good Dinner, and a drunken Bout to Boot: And though he was bad enough in many Things, yet had he one good Principle in him, and that was all, for let him have ow'd Money to any body, if he could not pay them, he was very willing to work it out whenever they pleas'd; a Principle indeed which every Man is not endow'd with, as not caring to work for a dead Horse.

Whilst he was in this Post, he took upon him a great deal of State, making every *Geneva* Shop

Shop his Office, and every Bawdy-House his *Seraglio*. Instead of one Wife he had two; and on every Execution-Day he had as great a Levee as some Persons of Quality; being attended on by Broom-Men for old Hats; Periwig-Makers for old Wigs; Brokers for old Coats, Suits, and Cloaks; and Coblers for old Shoes. Indeed he was a Man every way qualified for this Station, for he had Impudence in abundance, Cruelty at his Fingers-ends, Drunkenness to perfection, and could swear as well without Book as within. However, these natural Parts could not protect him from Envy; for several envying his Felicity, they endeavour'd to lower his Top-sail, and at last blew him out of the Haven of his reputable Business by his manifold Failings.

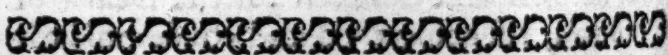
Truly some were glad he was to catch nobody any more at *Hyde-Park-Corner*; and others as sorry, especially your *Flat-Caps* and *Bunters*, whom he often oblig'd with an old Shirt or an Handkerchief; and indeed that which most troubled him for the Loss of his Place, was only that he could not any more send Men out of the World, without being call'd to an Account for it. Now he is left to shift for himself again; and indeed so long as he had any Fingers he could make as good a Shift as any body, for there was nothing, except it lay out of his reach, but what he made his own.

Alas! He still led a most wicked and dissolute sort of a Life, till one Night going over
Bunhill

Bunhill-Fields, in his drunken *Airs*, he met an old Woman, nam'd *Elizabeth White*, a Watchman's Wife, who sold Pastry-Ware about the Streets. This poor Creature he would have ravish'd, and because she resisted the heat of his Lust, he violently assaulted her in a most barbarous manner, almost knocking one of her Eyes out of her Head, giving her several Bruises about her Body, breaking one of her Legs, and wounding her beneath the Belly. Whilst he was acting this Inhumanity, two Men coming along at the same time, and hearing dreadful Groans, supposed somebody was in Distress, and having the courage to pursue the Sound as well as they could, at last came up to the distressed Woman, which made *Price* to damn them for their Impudence. However they seiz'd him, and brought him to the Watch-house in *Old-street*, from whence a couple of Watchmen were sent to fetch the old Woman out of *Bunhill-Fields*, who within a Day or two dy'd under the Surgeon's Hands. *Price* was sent to *Newgate*, where he seem'd to be under a great Surprise and Concern for the Death of the Woman, till being try'd and condemn'd for her, he was no sooner confin'd in the Condemn'd Hold, but laying aside all Thoughts of preparing himself for his latter End, he grew supinely void of all Grace; and instead of repenting for all his manifold Sins and Transgressions, he would daily go up to Chapel drunk, or intoxicated with cursed *Geneva*, comforting himself even to the very last that he should

330 RHODERICK AUDREY,

should fare as well in a future State, as those who had gone the same way before him: Thus his Conscience was eas'd with the Pleasure of thinking he should have Company under a State of Damnation. At length the fatal Day came, wherein he was to bid Adieu to the World, which was on *Saturday*, the 31st of *May*, 1718; and as he was riding in the Cart, he several Times pull'd a Bottle of *Geneva* out of his Pocket, to drink before he came to the Place of Execution, which was in *Bunhill-Fields*, where he committed the Murder. Being arriv'd at the fatal Tree, he was upon Mr. *Ordinary's* Examination, found so ignorant in the Grounds of Religion, that he troubled himself not much about it; but valuing himself upon his former Profession of being Hangman, stil'd himself *Finisher of the Law*, and so was turn'd off the Gibbet, Aged upwards of Forty Years; and the same Day was hang'd at *Stone-Bridge* at *Kingsland* in Chains.



RHODERICK AUDREY, *a Thief.*

TO give an exact Character of this Malefactor, requires a curious Pen; consider

ing that for his Dexterity in Thieving, he was begotten by some Thief, and so came an acute Thief into the World. He could scarce speak plain when he began to Practise the taking of what was none of his own; and so improv'd himself in the Art and Mystery of Thieving, that he was hang'd a little after he was turn'd the Teens.

'Tis true, he had Two elder Brothers; who envied his Acuteness in Villany, and as they had the Priority of Birth, so they thought it their Birth-right to exceed the youngest, in what brought 'em also to the Gallows; though one of 'em made himself an Evidence against his own Mother, to save himself from Swinging. We must own they left nothing unattempted to claim a Superiority over *Rhoderick* in the Faculty of Thieving, as robbing Friend or Foe; but the greatest of their Exploits was only for Pots, or Tubs of Butter, Pieces, not Fitches of Bacon, wet Linnen, and old Cloaths; whereas the other scorn'd to meddle with any Thing but Plate or Money.

When the young one, who is the Subject of this Discourse, began first to launch abroad in the World, he was (though his Friends could bestow neither Writing nor Reading upon him,) so ripe-witted in Roguery, that none of his Years could match him; he had not seen Nine, when he was a great Proficient in Iniquity; and was so successful in his Designs, that with the Decoy of a Sparrow, he got above Two Hundred Pounds
in

332 RHODERICK AUDREY,

in less than a Twelvemonth. His way was this; he'd go to *Chelsea*, or *Hampstead*, or *Bow*, or *Lambeth*, *East*, *West*, *North*, or *South*, for he was never out of his Road, and carrying a Sparrow along with him, would be playing about a House, where he saw a Side-Board of Plate in the Parlour, or any other good Moveable, learning the Bird to climb the Ladder, or fly to Hat; and if the Sashes were open, or the Street-Door, he would throw in his Sparrow, then follow it to catch it again, he stole away the Plate, and left the Sparrow to answer for his Master's Conduct. But this Stratagem was very serviceable in another Respect; for if he was seen by any body in the House before he had finish'd his Work, it was a very plausible Pretence that his Design was no other than running after his Bird, as honest Children will do in such Cases; and he being also in the Case of Infancy in a manner, the People that so caught him, did no otherwise than let him go about his Business; nay, sometimes were so kind, as to help him to catch it: And as it was then impossible for him to carry away the whole Plate-Fleet at once, nevertheless he oblig'd those that help'd him, with the taking away but only a Silver Spoon, or a Fork.

In this manner he was successful for some Time, having bit a great many in *Kensington-Square*, as well as at *Fulham*, *Highgate*, *Islington*, *Hackney*, and other Country Villages about *London*; till being so well known at catch-

ing

ing Sparrows, that they would as often catch him, and send him to fly his Sparrows in *Bridewell*. Here he had been so often used to Punny and Block, that it rather harden'd him in his Audaciousness; for when he was from working on Hemp, that precious Commodity by which he died, he still went on daily in his pernicious Courses, but not in a Morning; as saying, there was nothing to be got then but a few Tea-Spoons, and *China-Ware*: Nor would he often go Abroad by Night, because then Parlour-Shutters being clapp'd up, prevented his seeing what House could furnish him with a Parcel of Plate to his Mind. His hunting about for a Prey was always about Dinner-Time; not but that he would go out Morning and Evening, if a Blow was set him; that is to say, if any of his Society gave him Intelligence, that then there was an Opportunity of taking a Quantity of Wedge, which in the Thieves Language is Silver, which would keep him and them for a Week, without going Abroad upon another Exploit.

And when that Money was gone, Exploits he still went upon, till all the Country Towns and Villages within Ten Miles about *London* were so sensible, that the Boy who play'd with the Sparrow they knew to be a Thief; where- by he became so much noted, that he was often sent to *New-Prison*, and the *Gate-House* at *Westminster*; the Justices taking so much pity on his tender Years, as not to commit him

334 RHODERICK AUDREY,

him to *Newgate*, for fear of being spoilt though he was already spoilt to their Hand. This Favour still encourag'd *Rhoderick* in his Villany, till at last he was committed to *Newgate*, whither he went Twenty Times afterwards; and being try'd upon a Matter of *Petit-Larceny*, for which the Jury found him guilty of Ten-Pence, he flung from the Bar Shilling to the Judge, desiring his Lordship to give him Two-Pence for his Change; which Piece of Impudence caus'd him to be so well flaug'd, that he never valu'd Whipping at the Carts-Arse after.

Playing his Pranks on t'other Side the Water in *Surrey*, he, with one *Jacob Letbert*, who is also hang'd, was committed to the *Marshalsea* Prison in *Southwark*; from whence by a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* being removed upon a sham Robbery charg'd against 'em on this Side the Water, and no body appearing against them, they had the good Luck to procure their Enlargement; for these Young Men were not so extravagant, but they deposited a little Bank against a Rainy Day, in the Hands of an old Tutor of Thieves, keeping a Publick House, not far from *Whitechapel* Church, else they had been sent out of the Land of the Living some Years before they did make their last Exit at *Tyburn*.

To hard Drinking he was not overmuch addicted; but for Gaming and Whoring he was a little Devil; 'tis said he had (as long as he was a Young Man) a Wife too, who

nick-nam'd him *Man Tod*; her own Name, before she Bedded with him, and had lain with a Hundred Thieves of his Sex besides, as *Kate Smith*, the Daughter of a Hawker, born in *St. Giles's* Parish, where *Audrey* was, and got a great deal of Money, by pretending to be a Sempstress: Under which Cover going with an empty Band-Box in her Hands, early in the Morning to a Gentleman's House, and knocking at the Door, impudently asks the servant that opens it, whither the Lady is Stirring, for she had brought such a Parcel of Lace and Muslin, as her Ladyship had bespoke of her the Night before. The Lady, *Madam Bite* knows not then Stirring; and the Servant innocent-supposing her plausible Story true, brings her to the Parlour to tarry, till he or she goes up to acquaint the Lady of the Sham Sempstress sitting below; but before she receives an Answer from above, she rifles Parlour and Closets for what she can find fit for her Turn, and marches off. Though she has been condemn'd to this Trade, she follows the same Trade still, and will not leave it off, till she can purchase a Seat in *Hide-Park-Corner* for Life.

But to return again to *Kate's* pretended Husband *Audrey*; as he was one Day, about Dinner-Time, walking with another through *Soho-square*, and espying a great Parcel of Plate in the hands of a person of Quality's House, his Mouth sadly water'd at the glittering Sight; he could not resist it with a safe Conscience; and holding Council with his Comrades about it, he

thought

336 RHODERICK AUDREY,

thought it impracticable to attempt the taking of it: However, young *Audrey* would not acquiesce to his Opinion, have it he would; desiring his faint-hearted Comrade, who wore a Green Apron, to lend it him, he presented steps to an Oil-shop, buys Two or Three Barrels of Whiting, returns to the House he was resolv'd to Attack; and getting upon the Railing, falls to cleaning the Windows with the Whiting, and a foul Handkerchief, with as good an Assurance as if he had been the Butler, or some other Servant belonging to the Family. He was mighty handy about his Work, lifting the Sashes up and down, and going in and out to clean them, without any Suspicion of Peeping by, who could have no Mistrust of him, not dwelling there; till at last he clean'd the Side-Board of all the Plate, which he brought away in his Apron, to the Value of Eighty Pounds.

Another Time young *Audrey* going through *Golden-Square*, in Company with the said Companion, and seeing a great many Silver Forks and Spoons, with other Pieces of Plate lying on the Dresser, under a Kitchen Window, he and his Comrade falls a playing at *Pitch and Huffer* just against it; and at last letting a Halfpenny rowl down the Window, *Audrey* was climbing over the Rails to get down after it; at which the Cook-Maid spying, and telling him he should not come down, nor have what was fell down; and he on the other Side, begging and praying for it, and

making the best of his way downwards, it put the fiery Cook-maid into such a Passion, that she runs up Stairs in a great Fury to beat 'em; in the mean Time, *Audrey's* Comrade put a Stick he had in his Hand through the Knocker of the Door, so that with all her pulling, and locking and unlocking, as thinking some Fault was in the Lock, she could not open it: But whilst she was in this Fatigue, *Audrey* was not idle, for he got the Plate out of the Kitchen-Window; saying, when he came out, *You B.B.B. Bitch*, (for he much stutter'd) *I have got it, and no Thanks to you*; which made her reply (though she knew not what he had got) in a propheticall Manner, *Ay, you young impudent Rogue, I'll warrant I shall see you hang'd*. But whether she did or not, I can't tell: however, if she did not, a great many Hundreds did for her; and must needs say, that she went very decent to the Gallows; being in a White Waistcoat, clean Napkin, white Gloves, and an *Orange* in one Hand, but no Book in t'other; though a great many, who could read no more than he, when they went to be hang'd would have a Book, to seem either Learned or Devout.

He would often upbraid his Two Brothers with the Meanness of their Spirits, in stealing such trifling Matters, which were not worth taking the Pains of carrying away; telling them, they were only fit to rob Orchards, Roosts, and Sries, of their Fruit, Pullen, and Eggs, at which they were pretty expert; especially

336 RHODERICK AUDREY,

thought it impracticable to attempt the taking of it: However, young *Audrey* would not acquiesce to his Opinion, have it he would; desiring his faint-hearted Comrade, who wore a Green Apron, to lend it him, he presented steps to an Oil-shop, buys Two or Three Barrels of Whiting, returns to the House he was resolv'd to Attack; and getting upon the Railing, falls to cleaning the Windows with the Whiting, and a foul Handkerchief, with as good an Assurance as if he had been the Butler, some other Servant belonging to the Family. He was mighty handy about his Work, lifting the Sashes up and down, and going in and out to clean them, without any Suspicion of People going by, who could have no Mistrust of him, not dwelling there; till at last he clean'd the Side-Board of all the Plate, which he brought away in his Apron, to the Value of Eight Pounds.

Another Time young *Audrey* going through *Golden-Square*, in Company with the aforesaid Companion, and seeing a great many Silver Forks and Spoons, with other Pieces of Plate lying on the Dresser, under a Kitchen Window, he and his Comrade falls a playing at *Pitch and Hufsel* just against it; and at last letting a Halfpenny rowl down the Window, *Audrey* was climbing over the Rails to pick it up; at which the Cook-Maid seeing him, and telling him he should not come down, nor have what was fell down; and he on the other Side, begging and praying for it, and

making the best of his way downwards, it put the fiery Cook-maid into such a Passion, that she runs up Stairs in a great Fury to beat 'em; in the mean Time, *Audrey's* Comrade put a Stick he had in his Hand through the Knocker of the Door, so that with all her pulling, and locking and unlocking, as thinking some Fault was in the Lock, she could not open it: But whilst she was in this Fatigue, *Audrey* was not idle, for he got the Plate out of the Kitchen-Window; saying, when he came out, *You B. B. B. Bitch*, (for he much stutter'd) *I have got it, and no Thanks to you*; which made her reply (though she knew not what he had got) in a propheticall Manner, *Ay, you young impudent Rogue, I'll warrant I shall see you hang'd*. But whether she did or not, I can't tell: however, if she did not, a great many Hundreds did for her; and must needs say, that she went very decent to the Gallows; being in a White Waistcoat, clean Napkin, white Gloves, and an *Orange* in one Hand, but no Book in t'other; though a great many, who could read no more than he, when they went to be hang'd would have a Book, to seem either learned or Devout.

He would often upbraid his Two Brothers with the Meanness of their Spirits, in stealing such trifling Matters, which were not worth taking the Pains of carrying away; telling them, they were only fit to rob Orchards, Roofs, and Sties, of their Fruit, Pullen, and Eggs, at which they were pretty expert; especially

338 RHODERICK AUDREY,

cially his Brother *John*, who being a Tapster some small Time at *Highgate*; one Day an Ancient Widow in the Town, that had newly had a Sow pigg'd, in a Field not far from the Cottage where she dwelt, *Jack Audrey* happening to come by with some Puppies in his Lap, which he was sent to drown, spy'd the Sow and her young ones in a Ditch, to which he repair'd, and for his Three Puppies which he left, takes as many of the Pigs away with him to a private Place in *Cane-Wood*, where *Jack*, as often as he could in a Day, constantly resorted, and fed them with Milk, which he had learn'd to milk from the Cows that were feeding there by into his Hat, till he had brought them up to some Three Weeks Growth still cutting their Hoofs to the very Quick, so that they could not run thence; and being ino found out, no other Talk was had in *Highgate* and thereabouts, than of the strange and prodigious Birth of this Sow, every one thinking that she had Litter'd one half Pigs, and the other Puppies, which was universally look'd on as very ominous of some ensuing Disaster; nor was the same unriddled, till *Jack* having one Day Liberty given him to go to *London*, was catch'd driving them up to Town.

But as young *Rhoderick*, for Roguery, carried away the Bell from either of his Brothers *Jack* or *Will*, we shall still trace his Life; and shew how stealing a Box, and Plate, and Money, out of a House in *Red-Lion-Square*, he was taken in the Fact, and committed to

Newgate

Newgate
the fa
to ha
at Cle
Six Mo
William
also co
shew'd
Anns
rempte
ay, bu
werthel
Hough
of his
wounde
one Pe
Prison,
Penknif
young
ey's Cl
Pounds,
Bridowe
Twenty
were soo
about T
was app
Piece of
Being
ast Tim
break ou
gems, bu
Here his
Fasting,

Newgate; and when brought on his Tryal for the same, was burnt in the Hand, and order'd to hard Labour for Two Years, in *Bridewell* at *Clerkenwell*. Here he had not been above Six Months of his Time, before *Richard Keel*, *William Lowther*, and *Charles Houghton*, were also committed for Two Years; and being shew'd by young *Audrey* where the Keeper's Arms lay, the Three abovesaid Persons attempted to break into the Room where they lay, but were prevented in their Design: Nevertheless, they made a Riot, in which *Charles Houghton* was kill'd on the Spot, *Keel* lost one of his Eyes, and *Lowther* was desperately wounded in the Back; on the Keeper's Side, one *Perry*, his Turnkey, and Sutler to the Prison, was stabb'd through the Heart with a Penknife; and whilst this Engagement lasted, young *Audrey* broke into the Deceased Turnkey's Chamber, from whence he stole Twenty Pounds; and then found a way to break out of *Bridewell*; making Way also for Eighteen or Twenty more, who follow'd their Leader, but were soon retaken, excepting him, who skulk'd about Town Four or Five Months before he was apprehended, and that upon acting a fresh Piece of Villany.

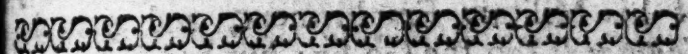
Being now committed to *Newgate* for his last Time, his Thoughts were employ'd how to break out there too; using some few Stratagems, but was unsuccessful in all his Attempts. Here his chief Diversion was Eating instead of Fasting, Drinking instead of soberly Living; Gaming

340 RHODERICK AUDREY;

Gaming instead of saving what he had; Whoring instead of preserving his Health; Swearing instead of Praying; and Damning himself instead of making a due Preparation for his latter End. When he came before the Bench again, they knew him very well by his Impudence, of which he had a good Stock; and being found guilty of Stealing, after his late breaking out of *Bridewell*, a great Quantity of Plate, Sentence of Death was past on him. Whilst he was in the Condemn'd Hold, he was no Changeling; for no more thinking of Hanging, than he did of his dying Day, he was rude, hindering other Prisoners that were under the same unhappy Circumstances, and would employ the short Time appointed for them to live to the best Advantage, from performing the laudable Exercises of Devotion. But yet he had so much Grace in him, as to own the Sentence past upon him was just, and confess'd above a Hundred Robberies in particular that he had committed; besides acknowledging his Commission of as many more which he could not call to Mind where. What he stole was (as abovesaid) Plate and Money to the Value of Two Thousand Pounds a Times; but so profuse had he been with it that he had scarce Money to buy him a Coffin. At last the fatal Day was come, in the Year 1714, when he was to go from hence, and be no more seen; then being convey'd in a Cart unpitied by all honest People to *Tyburn*, he seem'd there very loth to die; but no Reprieve

coming

coming, which he expected to the last, in Consideration to his Youth, he died to the sorrowful Tune of a Penitential Psalm, Aged but 16 Years.



JAMES BUTLER, a Highwayman.

James Butler was born at Kilkenny in Ireland, whose Parents were People of good Repute, and therefore were astonished at his early Exorbitances; for when a Child, he was continually beating his Companions; but above all, they durst not leave him alone, by reason of his natural Inclinations to Stealing. In the mean Time, he not brooking, as he grew up to Maturity, the Severity of his Father, whose Endeavour was to make him an honest Man, and being naturally Licentious, he was resolv'd to leave him, and follow the Wars, that he might have his boundless Humour. As he was ready to depart, he was a long Time deliberating under what Party he should serve, whether Queen Anne, or the late French King; but being a most Bigotted Papist, he was resolv'd to serve the latter. To facilitate this Design, as wanting Money, he Listed himself for a Soldier at Galway; from whence some

Men, which were Draughted out of his Regiment, and he among them, being sent to the *English Army in Spain*, he no sooner arrived there than he deserted to the *Spaniards*.

But our new Adventurer not liking the Fatigues of a Soldier's Life, he was soon weary of his Military Employment, and gives the *Spaniards* too the Go-by; but had first robb'd his Captain's Tent of a considerable Quantity of *Moydores*, and then travell'd into the farther Parts of that Part of *Spain* call'd *Andaluzia*. Here his Money grew short, and being put to his Shifts, he contriv'd many Ways for his Subsistence, but they did not answer his Expectations; so that then he began (ashaving the *Spanish* Tongue pretty fluent) to make himself admir'd as a Man of another World, coming from the *Antipodes*; and giving People to understand, that he was chief Physician to the Great *Mogul*, and King of *Persia*: And as such a one he mounted the Stage, being in all Points indeed a most accomplish'd Mountebank, no Disease coming amiss to him, and pretending to Cure the very Incurable. Upon the Stage he so charm'd the People into Astonishment with his Babble, that he made them buy off again his Drugs; and continuing (as he pretended) for the Publick Good, to Trumper forth the marvellous Secrets of his Medicines; but above all, promising them strange Things, if they would take the Pains to come to confer with him at his Chamber: He was as good as his Word to

a cer-

a certain Lady that came to him for Advice upon some particular Occasion, shewing her, to her Cost, that his Fellow was yet unborn; for having first ravish'd her, he next robb'd her of Gold and Jewels to a very considerable Value, and Gagging and Binding her, took Horse and rid clear away.

His next Progress was into *Italy*; where his Pocket being at a low Ebb again, by losing his ill-got Riches at Play, when at *Venice*; to recruit it again, he sets up for a Conjuror; pretending that for occult-Philosophy, for a full Knowledge of the utmost Effects of Art and Nature, and for his sharp Insight in the Mysteries of the Superior Bodies; but above all, for an entire Command of the Infernal Spirits, no Mortal could ever yet attain to such boundless Ability. And then discovering himself to them, with a Thousand Injunctions of Secrecy, he offer'd to sell them Familiar Spirits, to shew them Spectrums and Demons in Glasses; to the Covetous he would promise, for such a Sum of Money paid down to him before-hand, to teach them to discover Golden Mines; to Kind-hearted Maidens, their as kind Sweethearts; and to Fops, and ingenious Triflers, the Philosopher's Stone.

But *James Butler* finding the Income of his Rhodomontadoes did not answer the Pains he took to cheat the Ignorant out of their Money, he Lifted himself in a Troop of *Banditti*, which are Robbers, who commonly kill all Travellers that unhappily fall into their Hands. He had

not been long in this infernal Crew; but as he was roving about the *Alps* for a Prey, they met with a fat lusty Fryar-Mendicant, who having a Bundle about him larger than 'tis usual for any of that Fraternity to carry, they examined into the same, and found it full of Gold and rich Jewels, to the Value of above 20000 Pounds; which great Prize they took from him; withal telling him, that such Things did not belong to any of his Order, who are bound to observe the Rules of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. Whether they kill'd him or not, is not certain, but he was never heard of afterwards. And in robbing him, was verifi'd the old Proverb, *Fallere fallentem non est fraus*; that is, *To deceive the Deceiver is no Deceit*; for what he had, being deliver'd to him by the late Queen *Mary*, Consort to King *James II.* to reposit for her at *Modena*, he had ran away with it, with a Design to have forsaken his holy Function, to live a Laick's Life in a Country where it was out of the Queen's Power to have call'd him to an Account for her Loss.

Of this Booty *Butler* had no great Share, as being but newly enter'd among the *Banditti*; which he resenting, left them. And one Day going to see a Man executed at *Florence*, amongst the Crowd he singled out a young Gentleman, well cloath'd, and of a good Mien; and enquiring of him for what the Prisoner suffer'd, *He hath killed*, answer'd he, *a Gentleman of great Esteem at the Florentine Court,*

as well for his Birth as excellent Qualities; and the common Report is, that he went even to his Bed, and there strangled him. At which Words Butler smiling, cry'd out, that he was a silly Rascal to suffer himself to be taken. For my part (continu'd he) should I ever have occasion to do the like, I defy the taking of me. The Gentleman at these Words look'd stedfastly on Butler; and observing in him the Countenance of a Rogue that dar'd do any thing, You seem to me (says he) to be a Person that would not baulk an Adventure, because dangerous: But the Business which I shall propose to your Consideration, may be effected with small Hazard, provided you be secret, and follow my Directions. These Words at first startled Butler, as having never before had any Commerce with the Proposer. Yet notwithstanding, he fails not of giving him Attention; telling him withal (that he might the better sound him) that if he had any thing of Concernment to acquaint him with, they should withdraw, and discourse together without Witnesses. In saying which, they both walk out of the Crowd, and the Gentleman carries Butler to a Tavern where he was used to frequent; and there having conveniently seated themselves, and drank a Glass or two, offers him 500 Pieces of Gold, if he would undertake to murder an old Uncle of his, whereby he should inherit a great Estate. Butler likes his Proposals, and promises him his Uncle dead by Midnight: Upon which promise the Gentleman gives him

346 JAMES BUTLER,

100 Pieces in Earnest, with a Promise of the rest when he had done his Work. They part thereupon, and *Butler* goes immediately to one of the *Banditti*, who was a Man as full of wicked Resolutions as himself, and ready at all Times to execute the most horrid Villanies; to whom he communicates his Design, and 50 Pieces, half that which he had receiv'd, and agree together concerning the Manner of the Murther. Wherefore at Eleven of the Clock in the Night they go to the old Man's House, and finding the Doors shut, they with their Betries and other Instruments forc'd them open and enter'd; and having with them a dark Lanthorn, they go softly up Stairs, and finding the old Man in Bed, they most inhumanly murther him; which having done, they put him in a Sack, and carry him each of them by turns directly to the Place where the Deceased's Nephew had appointed them. And having receiv'd the rest of the Money, they together dig a Hole, and throw the Corpse in it; which they had no sooner done, but these two bloody Wretches, fearing lest the young Gentleman should at one time or other discover them, fell upon him likewise, and kill'd him, throwing him into the same Hole with his Uncle. And at the same time *Butler*, whether beginning to mistrust his wicked Comrade, or being desirous to have all the Money to himself; yet so it was, that he fell upon him unawares, and treats him as the two others

covering

cover
and
H
feari
out o
his v
quair
Com
ries i
lay he
of the
purpo
broug
his M
of his
findin
they g
that
preter
before
teously
with
lock i
having
ler's L
duct
walk'd
Comp
ther K
indeed
Money
But
Franc

covering him with Earth in the same Place; and so departs.

Having thus committed three Murders, and fearing Justice should overtake him, he flies out of *Italy* into *France*, and made the best of his way for *Paris*, where he soon became acquainted with a Gang of Thieves, in whose Company he Nightly committed several Robberies in the Suburbs of *St. Marcel*. Whilst he lay here, he had Notice of a young Gentleman of the Province of *Champagne*, who came on purpose to *Paris* for his Studies, and had brought a considerable Quantity of Money for his Maintenance. Whereupon he and some of his roguish Companions accosted him, and finding him of an easy and pliable Temper, they grew in a short time so well acquainted, that they must needs go to Dinner together, pretending themselves likewise Scholars. But before they went, *Butler* orders (mighty courteously) the Porter, coming from the Carrier's with his Trunk, to set it in his Closet, and lock it, giving the Gentleman the Key; which having done, they all set out from from *Butler's* Lodging. When having din'd, they conduct him to the College of *Navarre*, and walk'd him up and down till they thought their Companions, to whom they had given another Key of the same Closet, had convey'd, as indeed they did, all the young Gentleman's Money and Cloaths away.

But *Butler* beginning to be too notorious in *France*, he comes into *Holland*, and riding towards

wards Night just out of *Rotterdam*, he overtakes a single Woman in a very genteel Garb young and fair, whom he accosted, enquiring how far she travell'd: I should, answers she, reach the *Hague* this Night; but if the Evening comes on too fast, shall be willing to take up a few Miles short thereof, rather than venture there alone. To which *Butler* very jocundly replied, If, Madam, you please to take a Stranger with you for your Conduct, I assure your Ladyship I will see you safe thither. The Lady return'd her Thanks, and accepted his Offer, if the same would not be incommodious to him, of which he assur'd her the contrary; adding, that he should think himself very happy in her Ladyship's Company, not only for that Day, but till she had reach'd her Home, if she pleas'd to admit him to that Favour. Well, Sir, says she, you are on your good Behaviour; and according as you demean your self to Night, you may expect what you are pleas'd to term a Favour, will be easily conferr'd upon you. I doubt not, pursues he, but your Ladiship shall approve of my Service, tho' I cannot but fear I shall be as much put to it to resist your Charms, if you grant me no Encouragement, as the most enamour'd in the Sight of those fair Blessings they sigh after. Travellers, Sir, adds she, are free of their Favours; and you need not fear that she whom you are pleas'd to accompany, is the most unkind of her Sex; tho' I must limit your Pretensions to Civility, beyond which I never shall be

be induced to extend the same. Madam, says he, it will be hard in sight of the Haven, to be barr'd an Entrance; yet if your Pleasure prescribes me, I shall endeavour Obedience. But after many Compliments were pass'd on both sides, he did prevail with her to pass for his Wife at the Inn they were to put up at; upon promising by all the Vows he could imagine, that if she condescended to admit him that Night to her Side, he would be as harmless as the most innocent of her Sex. Alas! Sir, says she, it is as hard to trust as to deny you. So being come to the Place they design'd, after having a good Supper, the Lady pretending still great Modesty, Had I first known this had been the Issue of your Request, I should have avoided those Favours that gave Foundation thereunto. Dear Madam, pursues he, repent not your Kindness, which hath been so obliging to me; and by all that's good, by your own self, I vow in the Presence of that Heaven that oversees us, you shall rise from me, if it be your hard Resolution so to do, as unspotted in your Honour, as if an Infant was nuzzled in your Bosom, which even my Hands shall never commit the least Trespas, on. For once use your Commands with me, (replies the Lady); the Wife must obey her Husband; but, Sir, remember, remember what you have promis'd, and let not my Morning Blushes retort the Falshood of your Evening Pretences into your guilty Eyes. To which he reply'd with all the Gratitude the Occasion seem'd to require, and for

for Joy drinks 5 or 6 Bottles of Wine with his Host, who had order'd their Bed to be prepar'd, to which the Lady retir'd with her Hostess to fit her Night-Dresses, leaving them together till *Butler* was pretty mellow. So then he went to Bed, where he had no Reason to complain of his Lady's Reservedness; the Night hid her Blushes, and she with some little Opposition receiv'd his Embraces; with which he was so well satisfy'd, that Morning had almost discover'd it self before he fell to sleep; when, what with the Evening's Drinking, and the Night's Pleasures, he slept very soundly, which gave the Lady the favourable Opportunity of stealing softly out of Bed; and quickly arraying herself, she order'd the Chamberlain to bring her Husband's Portmanteau for some Linnen she wanted; and next commanding the Hostler to saddle her Husband's Horse mounts it before the Landlord was stirring, saying to the Servants, she would return by that time he rose; which they not in the least suspecting, let her ride away. The Day was far advanc'd e'er *Butler* awak'd, so that he did not much wonder his Mistress by that time was got from his Side. His Landlord came up, and wish'd him a good Morning; adding, that his Wife was a very early Lady, for that she had rid out 4 or 5 Hours ago, to pay a Visit to a Gentlewoman a Mile or two off, but would be back again by Noon. Very pretty, egad, cried *Butler* to himself, I am fairly cullied out of my Horse; and began to ask for his Portman-

beau. 'Tis here in the Room, Sir, answers the Chamberlain; your Lady had it to take out her Linnen this Morning. Let me see it, says he; whereupon the same was brought much lighter than it was the Night before, by at least 2 or 300 Pieces of Gold. Ha! says he to himself, now I am at last out-trick'd; but however, I'll bear it, because my Landlord shall not ridicule me. And truly, we must needs say, that *Butler* could not much blame his Mistress, who had outwitted him, because it was his own Weapon which he daily us'd against Approaches of Necessity; and in short, the very same that had ever defended him against Adversity with, till he came to the Gallows.

The Biter being thus bit, he paid his Reckoning out of his Lady's Horse, which, without doubt, was worse than his own, or else she had made no Exchange; and with the Remainder of the Money for what it was sold, he brought himself to *England*, and came to *London*; where Poverty creeping upon him apace, he had the Impudence, in the Company of two more, to attack a Coach not far beyond *King's-Gate* in *Gray's-Inn-Lane*; but a vigorous Resistance being made by those in it they rid off as fast as they could. However, *Butler* was taken, and committed to *Newgate*; and being (as not having robb'd the Prosecutor) only indicted for an Assault, he was fin'd 100 Pounds, and before he got the Fine remitted, he lay in *Newgate* a Year; in which Time he had a Child by one *Haverly*, a Debtor's Woman

352 JAMES FILEWOOD,

Woman then in the same Goal above 7 Years, but is now at Liberty.

And *Butler* also procuring his Liberty again, he must still pursue his old Courses of robbing on the Highway, in Company of one *Noder*, an Upholsterer's Son by *Fleet-Ditch*; but being so unsuccessful as to be taken near *Holloway*, they were both committed to *Newgate*; and taking their Trials at the *Old-Bailey*, they were both condemn'd for their Lives; and though great Intercession was made to save these unhappy Criminals, yet were they both convey'd to *Tyburn* in 1716, where they were both executed; *Butler* in the 28th. Year of his Age, the other aged 26; and the former of them was buried in the Church-yard of St. *Andrew's Holborn*, at the Charge of a lewd Woman, who maintain'd him all the while he lay under his last Confinement.

JAMES FILEWOOD, alias VILET, a Snatch-Cly.

James Filewood, alias *Vilet*, but the former is his right Name, was born of very honest Parents in the Parish of St. *Peter* in *Cornhill*. His Father was a Poulterer, to which Occupation this unhappy Person, with two or three other

other Brothers, pretended originally to follow; but finding that the fiddling Work of scalding, picking, and gutting Cocks and Hens, and other Poultry, was not so beneficial as picking Pockets, they took up that Employment, as knowing there was their ready Money as soon as they had done their Work.

'Tis true this Fellow has suffer'd Death, but there are some of his Brothers deserve it more, one of 'em having been formerly condemn'd, but Mercy being ill bestow'd, the Fellow lives yet to do a great deal of Mischief; and another of them has been at *Old Bridewell* by *Fleet-Ditch*, where he was two Years at Hard Labour; which going hard against the Grain, he and some other Prisoners mutiny'd, with a Design to break out; but the Keepers and Blue-Waistcoat-Boys soon quell'd them. And in this rash Attempt, one *Isaac Rag*, a Prisoner then with him, and who was since an Evidence against *Will. White*, and another Person hang'd with him, for the horrid Murder of *Mrs. Knap* in *Jocky-Fields*, about two Years ago, had one of his Eyes shot out.

But to return to *James Filewood*. As soon as he had list'd himself under the Banners of Wickedness, he first went a *Clouting*, that is, picking Handkerchiefs out of Pockets; in which having pretty well improv'd himself, after often being duck'd in a Horse-Pond, or pump'd, he next ventur'd to pick Pockets and Fobs of Money and Watches. To which Purpose, he always gave his constant Attendance at the
King's

King's going to the Parliament-House, the Lord-Mayor's Shew, the Artillery-Men making a Mock-Fight, Entries of Ambassadors, *Bartolomew* and *Southwark* Fairs, *Drury-Lane* and *Lincolns-Inn* Play-Houses, or any other Place where a great Concourse of People is drawn together upon any occasion; and to be sure he never mis'd going on *Sundays* to Church, tho' it was more to serve the Devil, than that Omnipotent Majesty, to whose Honour and Glory the House of Prayer is erected; and here he would, as well as pick Pockets, change an old Hat or two for a new one.

However, he was addicted to all sorts of Thefts as well as picking Pockets; for one Day meeting a Country Fellow driving a Cart betwixt *Edgworth* and *Watford*, in which he was fast asleep, *Violet* very fairly takes the Horses away and sold them at a Fair in *Buckinghamshire*; but when the Fellow came to awake he was in a great Consternation, swearing that he had either lost his Horses, or else found a Cart, but he found the first Supposition truest to his Cost, for he was forc'd to serve the Farmer who own'd them, some Years without Wages, to make him some satisfaction for his Loss.

In the late Queen's Reign, *Violet* being try'd at the Affizes at *Oxford*, for a Matter in which he was allow'd the Benefit of Clergy, being put to read his Neck-Verse, at which he was no Artist as being illiterate, a Student standing at the Bar, took so much Compassion as to in-

struck

trust him. The Words were, *Lord have Mercy upon us*: So he held the Book, and the Scholar bid him say after him: *O Lord*, says the Scholar; *O Lord*, says *Vilet*; and his Thumb being upon the other Part of it, the Scholar said, *Take away thy Thumb*; says *Vilet then*, *O Lord, take away thy Thumb*. Quoth the Judge, *Legit, aut non legit, ut Clericus?* And he that was appointed to answer, being pleased to favour the Criminal, reply'd *Legit ut Clericus*; by which means he sav'd his Neck this time.

This Spark was a Cheat as well as a Thief, for one Day this *Vilet* meeting with another of his own Profession, nam'd *William Clark*, *Come Will* (quoth he) *since we have so happily stum- bled upon one another, let us take a Pint toge- ther*. *A Match*, says the other, so they went to a Tavern in *Holborn*. But drinking about a while, when they came to examine their pockets, they found themselves deceived, one thinking the one had, and the other thinking the other had Money enough to defray the Reckoning, when indeed both of them could make out above a Groat. Hang it then (said the *In- ter*) we had as good be in for a great deal as little; so they call'd lustily till it came to 5 or 6 Shillings, then looking out at the Win- dow, as if they had been viewing the Descent, says one to the other, *I have it now*. Upon that, knocking, and desiring to speak with the Master, up he came. *Sir*, says *Vilet*, *we came together about a mathematical Business, to mea- sure from your Window to the Ground: I have laid*

laid upon 13 Foot 9 Inches; my Friend on 12 Foot; and you are to be Judge that I slip not this Line (which was Packthread upon a piece of Brass, which Joiners and Carpenters use in Mensuration) till he goes down, to see whether from this Knot (shewing it him) which is just so much, it reaches to the Ground. The Vintner was content. The other Sharper being below in the Street, cry'd, *It did not reach by Eleven Inches.* Pray, Sir, said Vilet to the Vintner, *Hold it here, till I step down and see; for I won't believe him.* So down he went, telling the Drawer he'd paid his Master, and away they both scourg'd, leaving their String for the Reckoning.

Once *Femmy Vilet* having stol'n an Alarm Watch, stiffly deny'd it before the Justice, so that upon the slender Evidence he was discharg'd; but before he got out of his Worship's Presence the Alarm went, and he was order'd to be brought back again, and search'd, at which he cry'd out, *O! what hard Luck have I, that I could so easily baffle both Justice and Constable, and yet am trapann'd by the Watch.* But for all his jesting, the Justice was in such good Earnest now, that he committed him to *Newgate*, and had he not so far made it up with the Prosecutor to throw in a Bill of *Ignoramus* at Sessions, he might have perhaps been hang'd then.

Once *Vilet* having been at some Country Fairs to see whom he might devour, he got a pretty deal of Money, but falling into Play

with

with a Shoemaker at *Lincoln*, it was his misfortune to lose it, Cloaths and all, insomuch that he was forc'd to clad himself with *Crispin's* old Cloaths, and took also his Leathern Apron, the better to screen him from pressing, it being about Seven or Eight Years ago, by pretending to be of the *Gentle-Craft*, if question'd in his way to *London*. Also when he departed from *Lincoln*, the *Shoemaker* was so civil, as having won 40 or 50 Pounds of him, to put 20 Shillings into his Pocket to bear his Charges. With this he sets out to travel, and coming to a lone Inn on the Road betwixt *Grantham* and *Stamford*, he puts in there, and being so good a Customer as to spend Four or Five Shillings, the People provided him a good Lodging, and *Femmy* went to Bed betimes. It so fell out, that after he had been a Bed some time, they had several Guests came to the Inn, which took all their Lodgings, so that a Parson coming in very late, they had no room to lodge him; the Parson rather than go farther chose to accept of a Bedfellow; but there was none cared to be disturb'd at that time of Night but *Vilet*, whom they took for a *Shoemaker*, as pretending such to them, who was well enough pleased with the Honour of having such a Bedfellow. Matters being thus accommodated, and the Parson a-bed, he soon fell asleep, and slept very heartily, being tir'd with the Fatigue of his Days Journey; but *Vilet* having slept well before, had no mind to sleep any more that Night, but lay awake meditating Mischief;

and seeing the Parson had a great deal of Money in his Pockets, which he pull'd out upon the Occasion of paying for a Pot of Beer, which he call'd for to make his Bedfellow drink, he was contriving how to change Breeches with him, well knowing his own Pockets were but thin-lin'd with that precious Metal. And after having resolved what he would do, he gets up at the Dawning of the Day, and puts on not only the Parson's Breeches, but also all his Sacerdotal or Canonical Garments, finding they fitted him very well; and being rigg'd in those Sacred Habilliments, down Stairs he goes very softly, and calls the Hostler, bidding him bring his Boots, and make ready his Horse. Now the Hostler, not in the least mistrusting, but that *Vilet* being in that Dress was really the Parson, brought him his Boots, and ask'd him what Corn he must have? He told him half a Peck of Oats, which was accordingly given him; and *Vilet* was very uneasy till the Horse had eat them; but in the meantime, that he might be the sooner ready to go, he call'd to pay; and was answer'd he had paid all last Night but for his Horse. The Horse having eat up his Corn he was very much in haste to be gone; but the Hostler asking him what it was a Clock by his Watch, which he saw the Parson pull out the Night before, it put *Vilet* to a little stand, not having so far examin'd his Pockets as to know whether he had one or no, and therefore being loth to make a vain Essay, he answer'd that his Watch was

down, and so got upon his Horse, and giving the Hostler a Shilling, rid away as fast as he could; and it being Summer-Weather, he had a long Day before him. After he had rid a considerable way he examines his Pockets, and finds in them Six Guineas, Four Pounds odd Money in Silver, and a very good Watch; and having found himself so well provided, he rid away the more merrily, resolving to live well as long as that lasted.

But let us return to the true Parson, whom we left fast asleep in his Bed. About Seven in the Morning, it being in *June*, the Parson wakes, and going to bid his Bedfellow good morrow, he soon found not only that the Bird was flown, but also that he had flown away with his Feathers; for he saw nothing there but some old Cloaths, which he supposed to belong to his Bedfellow; whereupon he calls for somebody to come up; but the Servants, who supposed it to be only the *Shoemaker*, ask'd him, what a Pox ail'd him to make such a Noise, and bid him be quiet, or else they'd make him quiet. This vext the Parson, and made him knock the harder; which made the Chamberlain come up, and threaten to thresh his Sides, if he would not be quiet. The Minister wondring at this rude Treatment, ask'd, where was his Cloaths? The Chamberlain still taking him for *St. Hugh*) reply'd, *Where the Plague should they be but upon the Chair, where you left 'em? Who the Devil do ye think would meddle with your Cloaths? They an't so much*

much worth I'm sure, you need not fear any body's stealing them. The Man's mad, I think replies the Parson: *Do ye know who you speak to?* *Speak to,* says the Fellow; *Yes, sure, I think I do. If you did, you'd use better Words* says the Parson. *Better Words,* says the Man *my Words are good enough for a drunken Shoemaker. Shoemaker!* says the Parson; *I am a Shoemaker, I am the Minister that came in here last Night. The Devil you are,* replies the Chamberlain; *I am sure the Minister went away soon after three a Clock this Morning* With that the Minister gets out of Bed in his Shirt, and taking hold of the Chamberlain by the *Sirrah* (says he) *bring me my Cloaths, and my Money, and my Watch, or I'll break your Neck down Stairs.* With this Noise and Scuffle comes up the Master of the Inn, and some other of the Servants; who presently knew that it was none of him who they took for a Shoemaker; and upon a little Enquiry into the Matter, found that St. *Hugh* had made an Exchange with the Parson. Whereupon the Master of the Inn furnish'd him with a Suit of his own, and Money to bear his Charges, till they could hear what became of the Thief.

A little after this Transaction, *Violet* was one Day going through the Alley which leads on by St. *Peter's* Church in *Cornhill* into *Grace-church-Street*, where a Captain who was dressed in a very fine Suit of new Scarlet, being making Water, he comes behind him, and cuts a piece of one of the back Skirts, and then following

the Officer cries out, *Oh! Sir, your Taylor has forgot to sew on a Piece to one of your Skirts.* The Gentleman looking upon it, said, *Hang the Taylor for a Son of a Whore, so he has.* He puts into the next Tavern in *Gracechurch-Street*, not far from which happen'd to live his Taylor. He is shew'd up Stairs, and a Pint of Wine is carried up to him. In the mean time *Vilet* dogs him, goes into the Tavern, pretending to the People at the Bar he was a Servant to the Officer just gone in, and therefore before he went up to him, desired by all means they would be pleased to lend him a blue Apron, for his Master being a whimsical sort of a Gentleman, it was his Humour always to wait upon him in every Tavern he goes to with a Blue Apron. An Apron was lent him, he ties it on, and then going up Stairs to his pretended Master, asks him, but not in an extraordinary high Voice, *Whether he call'd?* No (reply'd the Gentleman) but bark ye me, Drawer, my confounded Dog of a Taylor, who lives hard by, has forgot to put a piece in one of my bind-Skirts; do me the Favour to carry it to him, to put one in, and I shall give you something when you come back. Yes, Sir, said *Vilet*; so helping the Gentleman off with his Coat, away he comes down Stairs to the Bar, telling them that he was just going to his Master's Taylor, with his Coat to have an odd job done to it, and as it miss'd, his Master desir'd the Gentlewoman to lend him her Husband's Cloak to keep the Coat dry. Not

R

mistrusting

mistrusting any thing, the Vintner's Wife gave him her Husband's Cloak, with which *Vilet* went away; and not returning in two or three Hours, the Gentleman was Staring and Swearing for his Coat, calling up the Drawers to know which of them it was that carried it to his Taylor. They told him it was none of them, but his Man that had it. He swore he had no Man; which made the Woman of the House then begin to look after her Husband's Cloak, swearing his Servant had it; and the Captain Cursing and Sinking that one of her Drawers had his Coat; till at last beginning both to be cool, and enquiring more sedately into the Matter, they found that one cunning Rogue had cheated two that were really so by their Professions.

But *Vilet's* Thread of Villany being almost spun to an End, he went upon the new Lay of *Snatch-lying*, which is snatching Pockets from Womens Sides, and which Fashion bringing up has brought several to the Gallows. He was at length taken in an Exploit of this Nature, and though the Value he took from the Person did not come to Ten Shillings, yet was he convicted thereof; and likewise upon another Indictment prefer'd against him by Mrs. *Frances Baldock*, for snatching from her a Pocket valued one Shilling, and in which was twelve Guineas, and two Pistoles. For these Facts he receiv'd Sentence of Death at Justice-Hall in the *Old-Baily*; but no Report being given in to the King of the Malefactors then condemn'd

the Sessions he was try'd, he remain'd in the Condemn'd Hold till another Sessions; when the Dead-Warrant being sign'd for Eight Criminals, he was one among them appointed for Death; and accordingly on the 31st of *October* 1718, he took shipping at *Newgate*, sail'd with a fair Wind up *Holbourn* River, and striking against the Rock of *St. Giles's* was cast away at *Tyburn*, in the 27th Year of his Age.

Tho' many are the Examples made in a Year of such Wicked Wretches, yet hanging being an easy Death, or as the Thieves themselves call it, *Half an Hours Pastime*, they no more dread the Gallows than they do the penetrating a Murder to screen their Villany from the Knowledge of Justice. 'Tis true, we have that merciful Compassion in *Great Britain* towards Offending Persons, as not to put them to such exquisite Pains and Torment; but if Thieves were to be so punish'd in this Nation, I believe the Terror and Fear thereof would make fewer than there now are. I do not presume to direct the Parliament what Laws they shall Enact for the Punishment of Highwaymen, House-breakers, Foot-Pads, Shop-lifters, Pick-pockets, Horse-stealers, or Thieves of any kind; but in my Opinion, any of those Offenders ought to suffer Death alike, or at least be sent, during Life, to dig and delve in the Lead Mines in *Cornwal*, or the Coal-Pits at *Newcastle*; which perpetual Labour they would count worse than Hanging. But since our Laws are so very favourable to Thieves, as
not

not to hang them for every Fact, it is necessary that honest People ought to know how to punish such Vermin to the very uttermost; which may be done two Ways: First, by bringing the Records against a Man or Woman, which (tho' the Fact he or she hath committed against the Prosecutor, would not be found otherwise than a simple Felony, that is to say, burning in the Hand) then would cause the Court to charge either guilty of Death; and tho' the Thief stands not upon Record in the Court where try'd, yet if he stands upon Record in any other County, you may produce the Records of another Place against him, in the Place where he is last prosecuted, and upon the same convict him. Secondly, If an Adversary is so compassionate as not to take away the Life of a Malefactor that wrongs him, but would otherwise severely punish him, then having prosecuted the Offender, who perhaps is found by the Jury guilty of the Indictment, to the Value of 4 Shillings and 10 Pence, or else guilty of *Petit-Larceny*, or bare 10 Pence, after he is burnt in the Hand, and suffer'd Hard Labour an appointed Time, or whipt at the Cart's Tail; as that is only Satisfaction to the Crown, and not the Subject, you may bring a Writ of *Trover* and *Conversion* against him, which in our Municipal or Common Law signifies an Action which a Man hath against one, that having any of his Goods, refuses to deliver upon Demand; for by Vertue of this Writ, you shall detain him in Goal till he makes good your Loss.

F 12

MUSEVM
BRITAN